

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF

HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF GUSTAVUS VASA, FOOL OF QUALITY, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES OCTAVO.

Revised and corrected by the
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,

WITH A
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR,
AND HIS
L I F E.

BY MISS BROOKE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN;
PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR.

1792.

THE
OPTICAL WORKS
OF
HENRY BROOK, JR.
ANALYST OF GLASS, & FURNISHER OF OPTICAL GLASS,
IN CONJUNCTION WITH
H. BROOK, JR.
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

NOTED BY THE AUTHOR

BY HENRY BROOK, JR.

OF NEW YORK



UNIVERSAL BEAUTY:

PHILOSOPHICAL POEM,

IN SIX BOOKS.

Πάντα δι' αὐτῆς ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτῆς ἐγένετο ἅδ' ἔτι, ὃ γέγονεν.
Ἐν αὐτῇ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν το φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.
Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία ἀπ' οὗ κατέλαβεν.

PRINTED MDCCXXXV.

VOL. I,

B

The Author introduces his work with a general survey of the whole, in nature of the plan or argument; and then commences anew with a demonstration, a priori, of the being and attributes of God. Thence proceeds to creation, in which he endeavours at an opinion of the manner, as near as possible he may; as also of the nature and difference of the substances of spirit and matter; the economy of the universe; the astronomic system, physics, anatomy, and most branches of natural philosophy; in which the technical terms are as few, and the whole explained and made as easy and obvious as possible. The connection, dependence, use, and beauty, of the whole. Man considered; the nature of his being; the manner of his attaining knowledge; the analysis of the mind, faculties, affections, and passions; how they consist in each individual, and in the species. The nature of freedom; that it is not in the will; what it is, and wherein it consists, demonstrated. Of vice, misery, virtue, and happiness; their nature and final tendency. The whole being wrought into one natural and connected scheme, the author rises whence he began, and ends with a poetical rhapsody in the contemplation of the beauty of the whole.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

B O O K I.

TRITONIA! goddess of the new born skies,
Birth-day of heaven, wise daughter of the
ALL WISE;

When from Jove's head in perfect sapience born,
Of heaven you rose the first empyreal morn,
As erst descend—— 5

To mortals thy immortal charms display,
And in our Lake thy heavenly form survey!

Or rather THOU, whom ancient prophet stiles
VENUS URANIA! born the babe of fables,

VER. 1. TRITONIA!] Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is fabled to have sprung from the head of Jupiter; and, coming down on earth, to have viewed her own perfections in the lake Triton in Africa, from whence she was called Tritonia! She is here addressed as the IDEA of the Self-Existent Author of all things, as first containing in itself the beauty of all created things; and after, surveying that beauty by reflection from the things so created.

VER. 9. VENUS URANIA!] This VENUS, whom the ancients stiled URANIA, or heavenly, is addressed as representing nature, or the creation, rising out of chaos in the perfection of beauty.

4 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

When from the deep thy bright emergence sprung,
 And Nature on thy form divinely hung ; 11
 Whose steps, by Loves and Graces kiss'd, advance,
 And laughing Hours lead on the sprightly dance ;
 While Time, within eternal durance bound,
 Harmonious moves on golden hinges round— 15
 Such, Goddess ! as when Silence wondering gazed,
 And even thyself beheld thyself amazed ;
 Such haply by that Cœon artist known,
 Seated apparent queen on Fancy's throne ;
 From thence thy shape his happy canvas blest, 20
 And colours dipt in heaven thy heavenly form
 confest—

Such, Goddess ! thro' this virgin foliage shine ; }
 Let kindling beauties glow thro' every line, }
 And every eye confess the work divine. }

O say, while yet, nor time, nor place was
 found, 25
 And space immense in its own depth was drown'd ;
 If Nothing was, or Something yet was not,
 Or tho' *to be*, e'erwhile was *unbegot* ;
 If caused, then how ?—if causeless, why effect ?
 (No hand to form, nor model to direct)

VER. 18. *Cœon Artist*] APOLLO, born in the island Cos
 or Cœos.

Why ever made?—so soon?—or why so late?

What chance, what will, what freedom, or what
fate?—

Matter, and spirit, fire, air, ocean, earth;
All Nature born, nor conscious of its birth!—

Alike unconscious did the womb disclose, 35
And Nothing wonder'd whence this Something
rose—

Then, by what power?—or what such power could
move?

Wisdom, or chance?—necessity, or love?

O, from what root could such high plenty grow?
From what deep fount such boundless oceans flow?
What fund could such unwearied wealth afford? 41
Subjects unnumber'd! where, O where's your
Lord?

Whence are your attributes of time and place
Won from eternity and boundless space?
Motion from rest? just order from misrule? 45
A world from nought?—all empty, now all full!
From silence harmony? from darkness light?
And beamy day from everlasting night?
Light, matter, motion, music, order, laws!
And silent dark nonentity the cause? 50

Ver. 48. *From everlasting night?*] Such supposed as originally so, and being eternal.

6 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

But chance, you'll say—I ask you, chance of what,
 If nothing was?—'tis answer'd, chance of nought.
 Alike from matter moved, could BEAUTY rise,
 The florid planets, and gay ambient skies;
 Or painted skies, and rolling orbs, dispense 55
 Perception, life, thought, reason, judgment, sense.
 MYSTERIOUS THOUGHT! swift ANGEL of the mind!
 By space unbounded, tho' to space confined,
 How dost thou glow with just disdain, how scorn,
 That thought could ever think thee earthly born?
 Thou who canst distance motion in thy flight, 61
 Wing with aspiring plume the wondrous height,
 Swifter than light outspeed the flame of day,
 Pierce thro' the dark profound, and shame the
 darting ray;
 Throughout the universal system range, 65
 New form old systems, and new systems change;
 Thro' nature traffick on, from pole to pole,
 And stamp new worlds on thy dilated soul;
 (By time unlimited, unbound by space)
 Sure demonstration of thy heavenly race, 70
 Derived from that, which is derived from none,
 Which ever is—but of HIMSELF alone!

Ver. 53. *From matter moved*] One of the atheistical unaccountable evasions, is to account for the order of nature by matter and motion.

O could'st

O could'st thou search—nor may'st thou search
in vain,

Haply some glimpse, some dawning to obtain,
Some taste divine of thy eternal spring, 75

Above those Heliconian bards to sing—

How HE who inaccessible remains,
Yet omnipresent thro' all nature reigns;
Whose age blooms ever in eternal youth,
His substance, Beauty, and essential Truth, 80
Essential Truth! and Beauty's charm! in course,
Of boundless Love the ever boundless source!
Of boundless Love, which would not, could not
miss,

To be the boundless source of boundless bliss!—
Beatitude, rejecting all access! 85

Repletion, never to be more, nor less!
Why this Ineffable, this Inexpress, this
This Fulness in Himself, past utterance blest,
Spontaneous pour'd these wondrous worlds around,
And fill'd with blessings this immense profound? 90

Swift rolled the spheres to their appointed place,
Jocund thro' heaven to run the various race;
Orb within orb in living circlets turn,
And central suns thro' every system burn;
Revolving planets on their gods attend, 95
And tow'rds each sun with awful reverence bend;

8 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Still tow'rd the loved enlivening beam they
wheel,

And pant, and tremble, like the amorous steel.
They spring, they revel in the blaze of day,
Bathe in the golden stream, and drink the orient
ray ; 100

Their blithe satellites with lively glance,
Celestial equipage, around them dance ;
All, distance due, and beauteous order keep,
And spinning soft, upon their centers sleep :
The eternal clue the mazy labyrinth guides, 105
While each in his appointed movement glides ;
Transverse, ecliptick, oblique, round they run ;
Like atoms wanton in the morning sun ;
The seeming vagrants joy to cheat the view,
These turn, these change, these fly, and these
pursue ; 110

The implicit discipline to order tends,
And still in regular confusion ends—
Each to his native vortex is assign'd,
And magick circles every system bind ;
A deeper charm each individual holds, 115
And firm within its atmosphere enfolds ;
The secret spell, thro' every part, and whole,
Distinct, intire, invades it like a soul ;

VER. 115. *A deeper charm*] Attraction or gravitation.

Its

Its atoms at the amorous touch cohere,
And knit, in universal wedlock share. 120

All teeming wedlock ! on the genial hour,
Space furnish'd out one boundless nuptial bow'r ;
Ten thousand thousand worlds, profusely gay,
The pomp of bridal ornament display—
How modified, here needless to be told ;
Whether terrene, or of ethereous mold ;
Gross, porous, firm, opaque, condense, or rare ;
Or argent, with celestial tempering clear ;
Pellucid, to imbibe the streaming light ;
Or dun, but with reflected radiance bright ; 130
Or dazzling shrine, or of corporeal leaven,
Terrestrial, that unfold an earthly heaven
Unspeakable ! their landskip hill, and dale,
The lowly sweetness of the flowery vale,
The mount elate that rises in delight, 135
The flying lawns that wanton from the sight,
The florid theatres, romantick scenes,
The steepy mountains, and luxuriant plains,
Delicious regions ! plants, woods, waters, glades,
Grotts, harbours, flowrets, downs, and rural shades,
The brooks that sportive wind the echoing hills,
The pearly founts, smooth lakes, and murmuring
rills—

Myriads of Edens ! blissful, blissful seats !

Arcadian

10 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Arcadian groves, sweet Tempe's blest retreats,
 Delightful Ennas, and Hesperian isles, 145
 And round, and round throughout, Elysium
 smiles—

Consummate joy, peace, pleasure without end,
 Thro' mansions numberless their guests attend,
 Nor long inanimate—As when some cloud
 Throws on the beamy noon her sable shroud, 150
 Wide o'er the green a dusk and stillness creep,
 And glittering swarms beneath the verdure sleep;
 Quick, and at once, the drowsy shade gives way;
 At once breaks forth the bright enlivening ray;
 At once, the gay, the quickening insects rise, 155
 And gilded squadrons strike our wondring eyes;
 Musick flies wanton from ten thousand wings,
 And life and joy thro' every region rings—
 Or when glad news some sudden transport start,
 The flood swells instant in the labouring heart; 160
 The limbs its lively energy attest,
 And catch contagion from the exulting breast;
 Tumultuous, thro' our little world it flies,
 Smiles in the dimpling cheek, and lightens from
 the eyes—

Or so—or yet beyond compare—as wide 165
 As spaces endless from some point divide,
 Sudden the universal world conceives;

As

As sudden, nature with her burden heaves;
Quick pulses thro' each throbbing artery beat,
And all the matron glows with genial heat; 170
At once reveals her offspring to the sight;
Up spring the numbers numberless, to light!
The one, the various, blessed, glorious birth,
Of every world, heaven, ocean, air, and earth—
Diverse, throughout their infinite abodes; 175
Their essence, nature, virtues, forms, and modes
Ineffable! that mock where fancy soars,
Or what the deep of deepest thought explores,
By visionary semblance, quaint device,
By gloss, trope, type abstruse, or emblem nice—
Ideal, how untoward to convey, 181
Or reach conception by the dark assay.
All perfect, yet alike not perfect found,
With differing virtues, differing glories crown'd;
The prime pre-eminent, and heavenly born, 185
Whom splendors next to Deity adorn,
Lightnings divine, indued with native right
Of regal scepter and transcending might,
Such, whom eternal PRESCIENCE might invest
Far blazing, with monarchal titles graced; 190
Of bright, the brightest; pure, the most refined;
All intellect, quintessence of the mind;

Cherubie

12 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Cherubic harmonies, Seraphic flames,
 Empyrean natures with empyreal names,
 Natives of heaven!—Nor want the lucid spheres,
 Of blest inheritance the blissful heirs; 196
 Angelick shapes that wing the ethereal space,
 And scarce inferior to the heavenly race;
 An uncompounded radiant form they claim,
 Nor spirit all—nor yet corporeal frame; 200
 Than one, more dense—than t'other, more refin'd;
 If spirit, organiz'd—if matter, mind:
 Their essence one, imperishable, bright,
 Vital throughout, all heart, ear, sense, and sight.

Thro' various worlds still varying species range,
 While order knits, and beautifies by change; 206
 While from the UNCHANGEABLE, the ONE, the
 WISE,

Still changing endless emanations rise,
 Of substance duplicate, or triple, mix'd,
 Single, ambiguous, or free, or fix'd; 210
 From those array'd in heaven's resplendent robes,
 To the brute essence on terrestrial globes;
 Nor such inelegant, nor less demand
 The curious texture of the Almighty Hand:
 Thrice happy all, and lords of wide domains, 215
 Celestial vales, and elemental plains!

ONE

ONE is the FLOOD which universal flows;
And hence the reptile, hence the Seraph glows:
Still equal, tho' unequal, that and this;
Since fulness bounds, and all are fill'd with bliss. 220

Now had the ETERNAL ARCHITECT supreme,
In amplitude stretch'd out this wondrous frame,
Equipt magnificent the house of God,
Thro' height, and depth, his boundless, blest
abode!

One house, one world, one universe divine, 225
Where countless orbs thro' countless systems shine;
Systems, which, viewed throughout the circuit
wide,

Or lost, or scarce the pointed sight abide,
(Thro' space immense with diminution seen)
Yet boundless to those worlds that roll within; 230
Each world as boundless to its native race,
That range and wanton thro' its ample space,
Frequent, thro' fields, thro' clouds of fragrance
stray,

Or skim the watery or etherial way:
For now, with vivid action, nature swarms, 235
And life's dear stream the purpling conduit
warms;

The continent, blithe air, and floating seas,
The smiling lakes, swift floods, and winding bays,

The

The nooks, the crannies, nurse a numerous brood,
 And aptly yield their alimantal food, 240
 Adjusted to the trunk's unwieldy size,
 As nice proboscis of luxurious flies;
 Or azure tribes that o'er the damson bloom,
 And paint the regions of the ripening plum.

From every root, the lavish plenty grows; 245
 In every stream, perpetual pleasure flows;
 Each ravish'd sense with endless bounty feast,
 The SOUL, and ear, and eye, and smell, and touch,
 and taste.

Their sweets, the blossoms plants and flowers be-
 queath;

Elixirs from the steaming vapours breath; 250
 In balm imbosom'd every region lies,
 Of ambient æther, and infolding skies;
 As the great MOVER wrapt each wheeling sphere
 In the soft down of elemental air
 Transparent, to imbibe the golden beam, 255
 And wide around spun out th' ethereal stream,
 Where worlds in endless revolutions move,
 And swim on the abyss of endless LOVE.

URANIA! NATURE! from thy heights descend,
 And low to earth thy bright irradiance bend; 260
 Dispel the clouds that round our fancy stray,
 The mist that damps our intellectual ray;

And shew what power all height of power tran-
scends,

And in one act performs ten thousand ends.

Say, why this globe has its appointed place, 265
And why not vagrant thro' the boundless space?

Why here preferr'd, sagacious to refuse

What thwarts propriety, convenience, use?

Why not more neighbour to the burning ray,

Or more remote from the declining day? 270

Or here, not sedentary fixt and still,

Admonish'd by no voice, obsequious to no will?

Or moving, why in circling eddies round,

And not progressive thro' the immense profound?

Or endless while the dizzy drunkard reels, 275

And round the sun its annual motion wheels,

Whence that innate and delegated power,

Central to spin the swift diurnal tour?

Not self revolv'd, throughout its airy race,

It might expose one constant sultry face, 280

Damn its antipodes with endless night,

And curse with fire the restless sons of light;

VER. 265. *Say why this globe*] The advantage of the
earth's situation—

VER. 271. *Or here*] of its motions—

VER. 277. *Whence that innate*] diurnal, giving to its in-
habitants the grateful vicissitude of day and night, adjusted to
the times of labour and rest—

These

16 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

These ne'er to slumber on the dewy lawn,
Nor those to rise and bless the golden dawn.

Or tho' rotation duplicate endears 285

Sweet change of days, and nights, and rolling
years;

What new vicissitudes of motion bring

The seasons, circling, to the vernal spring?

Whether thro' heaven the winding compass steers,

Or pendulous by mutual balance veers, 290

What SECRET HAND the trepidation weighs,

Or thro' the zodiac guides the spiral pace?

What magick wand the floating orb confines

With polar circles, and the tropic lines?

Or does some VOICE the potent charm command?

Too potent for unwieldy worlds to stand! — 296

" Here, nor elsewhere, thou earth, thy station keep;

" Here, roll thy progress thro' the boundless deep!

" My Word's the bias, and my Will's the way,

" That wheelsthy circlet round the lord of day; 300

" That round thy axis spins thy cumbrous frame;

" That cheers thee with the still returning beam;

" That whirls thy wondrous motions, one in three,

" Where time, and place, still varying, still agree."

VER. 287. *What new vicissitudes*] the manner of its annual motion, calculated for the useful and delightful variety of the seasons; the mutual allay of immoderate heat, and cold; as also for the successive growth and recruit of vegetative nature.

OMNISCIENCE

OMNISCIENCE here no lower mean admits; 305
One slip had main'd ten thousand thousand hits,
Where to one point unnumber'd causes tend,
Concurring to effect one destined end,
Which once attain'd pours forth ten thousand
more;
A blessed sea, that never knows a shore! 310

"Ye Learn'd! who wisely can deny your
God,
"And banish OMNIPRESENCE with a nod;
"In shrewd contempt, at final causes sneer;
"In wilful deafness shut the tortuous ear,
"Nor think it suited to the sounds ye hear;
"Who, in your wisdoms, negatively spy,
"How vain's the texture of the useless eye;
"While fondly thus prime reasoners you'd com-
mence,
"By literally exploding common sense,
"And plead for one concession (only due) 320
"That nature must have err'd—in forming you—
"Approach, ye Sages, to your parent earth,
"Much wiser than the clods on whom she la-
vish'd birth!"

VER. 311. "Ye Learn'd!"] The stupidity of those who
will not perceive.

With deepest art, her skilful plan she lays;
 With equal scale, the least advantage weighs; 325
 How apt, for time, place, circumstance, and use,
 She culls all means, that to all ends conduce!
 Nice to a point, each benefit selects;
 As prudent, every mischief she rejects;
 In due proportions, time, and motion, metes, 330
 Advances to a hair, and to a hair retreats:
 Constant to Good, for that alone she veers,
 And with the varying beam her offspring cheers;
 Cools all beneath her equinoctial line,
 And gives the day throughout the world to shine;
 The nitre from the frozen pole unseals, 336
 And to the tropic speeds the pregnant gales;
 Here, leaves the exhausted fallow to recruit;
 Here, plumps and burnishes the ripening fruit;
 Superfluous hence withdraws the sultry beam, 340
 Here drinks anew the vivifying flame;
 Returns, still faithful to the labouring steer—
 Wide waves the harvest of the golden year;

VER. 324. *With deepest art*] How, even to the extent of infinite wisdom, as nothing less could be the author, (*vide supra*, l. 305.) all is formed and contrived, and in that contrivance adapted, and in that adaption directed, and in that direction extended distinctly, and in that distinction entirely, for the life, light, and comfort of the whole, and through that whole of every part of this our globe! of infinitely possible inconveniencies, no one avoidable inconvenience being admitted; as of infinite advantages attainable, there is not one, consistent with the nature of this earth, left out.

Trades

Trades universal on from pole to pole,
 Inspires, revives, and cultivates the whole; 345
 Frugal, where lack, supplies with what redounds,
 And here bestows what noxious there abounds;
 This with the gift, and that with giving, blest;
 Alike, throughout, of every with possesst.
 Wrapt in her airy car, the matron glides; 350
 And o'er the firmament ascending rides;
 The subtle mass its copious mantle spreads;
 Its mantle wove of elemental threads;
 The elastick flue of fluctuating air,
 Transfused invisible, enfolds the sphere; 355
 With poinance delicate pervades the whole,
 Its ear, eye, breath, and animating soul;
 Active, serene, comprest, rare, cool'd, or warm'd,
 For life, health, comfort, pleasure, business,
 Form'd;
 Useful around, throughout, above, beneath! 360

VER. 350. *Wrapt in her airy car*] the wonderful texture of the air or atmosphere—

VER. 356. *With poinance delicate*] its surprizing subtilty, penetrating even deep below the surface of the earth—

VER. 357. *Its ear*] by which it is as it were one universal sense to this our globe—

VER. 358. *Active, serene*] its modification, admitting various, contrary, and even seemingly inconsistent qualities, suited as well to the single and separate interests of every individual, as to the entire and uniform weal of the whole—

By this, the quadrupeds, the reptiles breathe;
 This gives the bloom of vegetative life;
 Corrects the seeds of elemental strife;
 Broods o'er the eggs, in airy caverns laid,
 Warm'd in the down of their ethereal bed; 365
 Gives motion to the swimmers of the flood;
 Gives musick to the warblers of the wood;
 Rebounds in echo from the doubling vale,
 And wafts to heaven the undulating gale;
 Here hush'd, translucent smiles the gentle calm; 370
 And here impearl'd, sheds meek the showery balm;

VER. 361. *By this, the quadrupeds,*] communicating and continuing respiration to the animal creation—

VER. 362. *This gives the bloom*] as also an inferior or analogous respiration to all plants and vegetables—

VER. 363. *Corrects the seeds*] raising harmony from disorder, and friendship from enmity, by fermenting and reconciling heat and cold, the fiery and watery particles, for the better conception and genial production of the beauties of nature—

VER. 364. *Broods o'er the eggs*] affording a commodious receptacle or nursery for the eggs of numberless animals—

VER. 366. *Gives motion*] conveying the watery inhabitants in their element by the assistance of the swimming bladder—

VER. 367. *Gives musick*] modulating and composing as it were one universal organ for sound, and musick, so as the atmosphere becomes an entire harmony—

VER. 370. *Here hush'd,*] affording the pleasure and sweetness of serenity—

VER. 371. *And here impearl'd*] the nourishment of dew—

Salubrious

Salubrious here, a lively rapture claims,
 And winnows pure the pestilential steams;
 Here buoys the bird high on the chrysal wave,
 Whose level plumes the azure concave have, 375
 Here sits voluptuous in the swelling sail,
 The vessel dancing to the sprightly gale!
 Its varied power to various uses tends,
 And qualities occult atchieve contrarious ends;
 With generative warmth fomenting breed, 380
 Or alimantal with nutrition feed;
 In opposition reconciled to good,
 Alike the menstruum, as sustaining food:
 Or here restorative, destructive here;
 Here nature's cradle, here her funeral bier; 385

VER. 372. *Salubrious here*] and the health of winds, or ventilations, that purge the noxious vapours, and preserve nature fresh and vigorous —

VER. 374. *Here buoys the bird*] wafting the winged tribes in their airy voyages —

VER. 376. *Here sits voluptuous*] and, by a speedy navigation, spreading commerce and society throughout the globe.

VER. 378. *Its varied power*] The various influence of the air on all bodies animate or inanimate: first, in the generation of particular beings; then, in their nutrition; thirdly, affording a healing balsam to the hurts or wounds of all creatures, when recoverable; but if past remedy, fourthly, hastening their dissolution, to rid the world of the nuisance, by restoring the matter to its original principle of nativity; fifthly, to send again the new modelled being blooming afresh in animal life or vegetation.

For the use of the atmosphere as a medium and mirror, *vide* Book II. p. 25.

With keen dispatch on all corruption preys,
 And grateful, from our aching sense conveys,
 Returns the bane into its native earth,
 And there revives it to a second birth,
 Renew'd and brighten'd like the minted ore, 399
 To shoot again to life, more gorgeous than before!

UNIVERSAL

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

B O O K II.

This, and the two ensuing books, contain and finish the general survey or epitome of the whole, being a piece in itself distinct and complete. The author then commences *de novo*, and proposes to answer every doubt, and illustrate at full every part of the foregoing abridgment.

THUS does the mazed inexplicable round,
The aspiring bard, and all his flights confound ;

Ambitious thro' his airy tour to sing,
High born above the soar of Pegasean wing ;
Or raised sublime in prospect, while he turns, 5
Views nature round, and still with rapture burns:
Now in this light the charmer he surveys,
This light he hopes her every charm displays ;
But here unthought of charms discovered lie,
And flash new wonders on the admiring eye ; 10
While BEAUTY, changing with alternate grace,
Varies the heaven of her all lovely face.

24 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Bewilder'd thus, from scheme to scheme he's tost,
 And in inextricable windings lost;
 Where to begin, proceed, or how conclude, 15
 This part omit, or hopeless that elude,
 Doubtful. Again elated in his theme,
 A daring unexampled task he'd claim,
 And wide unfold the Universal Frame;

In mortal draught IMMORTAL BEAUTY snare, 20
 And stamp this leaf as Nature's volume fair.

High argument! nor hopeless to prevail,
 Though for the flight Dedalian plumage fail;
 Tho' erst of that ambitious youth we read,

Dismounted from the Muse's fabled steed, 25
 And story with alluding caution tell,
 How from the sun's bright car the headlong
 driver fell:

Nature, unerring tutorefs, shall preside,
 And through her endless revolutions guide;
 Her various maze its windings shall unbraid, 30
 Her doublings trace themselves, while self be-
 trayed

Her complications to connection lead.

VER. 23. *Dedalian plumage fail*] Icarus.

VER. 24. *Youth we read*] Bellerophon.

VER. 25. *Driver fell*] Phaeton.

For

For while the circumambient air we sing,
 Its springy tension, and elastick spring;
 The quick vibration of the yielding mass;
 How objects thro' its lucid medium pass;
 For Nature how the smiling glass expands,
 Narcissus like, how beauteous Nature stands,
 Self-loved within the splendid mirror shines,
 But self enjoy'd, nor like Narcissus pines;
 How, as a talisman of magick frame,
 This atmosphere conveys the enlightening beam,
 Reflects, inflects, refracts the orient ray;
 Anticipating sheds the rising day—

VER. 33. *For while the circumambient air*] The advantage of the atmosphere's elastick texture; by which it yields to, and closes imperceptibly upon all moving bodies—

VER. 36. *How objects*] The surprizing transparency, continuity, and coherence of its parts, forming an uninterrupted medium for the conveyance of all objects to the eye—

VER. 37. *For nature*] by which it is as it were an universal looking-glass, wherein all nature beholds, admires, and enjoys her own complete perfections—

VER. 41. *How, as a talisman*] Its curious disposition for the conveyance of light; which would be of no use in vacuo, as it is only perceptible itself, by rendering other objects visible—

VER. 43. *Reflects, inflects*] Its still more wonderful quality, in not only reflecting, but refracting, and inflecting the morning and evening beam; in appearance lifting the sun about four degrees above his station, and refracting the light to us when the sun is about eighteen degrees below the horizon; by which means our day is prolonged about two hours, and the tedious night in the frigid zones shortened annually about thirty-two days—

High

High from his seat the solar glory heaves, 45
 (Whose image fires the horizontal waves)
 Abridging, shears the sable robe of night,
 And thro' the globe protracts the chearful light;
 With sweet preambing twilight blends the shade,
 And gently lets our evening beam recede. 50

Thus, born on airy wings the radiance flies,
 Quickening the vision of poetick eyes;
 Whence we may pierce into the deep profound,
 And, searching, view the wondrous system round:
 For wide as universal Nature spreads, 55
 Light's sacred fount its streaming lustre sheds;
 Still orient, to the parting beam succeeds;
 Thro' azure climes a sumless journey speeds;

VER. 49. *With sweet preambing*] by refraction of the rays creating the dawn, and gradual twilight; without which we should be suddenly immersed in an intolerable flood of day, and without a moment's warning shut up in immediate darkness.

VER. 51. *Thus, born on airy wings*] The use of light must be apparent, to as many as have eyes to enjoy its benefit; but much more to those, who the further they pry into nature, by the assistance of this element, will still more and more discover an inexhaustible fund for delight and admiration—

VER. 55. *For wide as universal Nature*] What can be more amazing, than the expansion and extension of light, which though a body, propagated from body, and ponderous in its nature, is so thin and subtle, as to reach and dilate through an inconceivable compass of space, before the whole content would amount to one drachm of weight—

Its restless longitude the glory darts,
 Nor less a boundless latitude imparts;
 Where matter borders on retiring space,
 Impulsive urges the perpetual race;
 Stupendous length, illimited by aught
 Of numbers summ'd or multiplied by thought!
 But whence the Light's invigorating force,
 Its active energy, or secret source,
 Must be ascribed to that ETERNAL SPRING,
 Whom First, and Last, and ever Blest we sing—
 Who only could his effluent Angel send;
 Athwart the gulph the radiant blaze extend;
 Kindle the mass to incorporeal speed;
 The flame, with never dying splendors feed;
 With heat, the universal page unseal;
 With light, the universal charm reveal;

VER. 61. *Where matter borders*] The swiftness and length of its progress is no less admirable, extending possibly ad infinitum, and moving in one second of time near two hundred thousand of our miles; without which miraculous velocity, its useful and glorious effect and influence could never be preserved:—

VER. 65. *But whence the Light's*] and as this perpetuated motion and vigour has not the least relation to any property inherent in matter, it can only be accounted for as flowing from the original FOUNTAIN of Light and Truth —

VER. 69. *Who only could*] who alone could speed and support this his winged messenger, on his universal errand to nature —

VER. 73. *With heat*] giving power to him only of unsealing her treasures, and unfolding her beauties; whereby the world's glorious and harmonious system becomes obvious, and the whole evidently as elegant, as it is useful. —

In

In prospect wide the illustrious work display, 75
 And gem the pavement of the milky way;
 Make grace from use, and use from beauty flow;
 With florid pencil, shade the jasper bow;
 The warring elements in wedlock bind,
 Water and fire, dull earth and active wind, 80
 Knit by Almighty Order they cohere,
 And in their ever varying offsprings share.

First to the deep He speeds his eldest born,
 Whose rosy progress paints the purpling morn;
 The mingling glories o'er the surface play, 85
 And ocean dances to the trembling ray.

Wide to the beam his ample sea He spreads,
 And deep beneath subside the briny beds;
 The spacious beds the liquid realms contain;
 The seasoning tinctures purge the foamy main; 90

VER. 79. *The warring elements*] Is it not wonderful, that even Almighty power, out of one principle of matter, should constitute four; and by an endless compounding, modifying, and changing those four, should produce that infinite variety, which is visible in the universe?

VER. 83. *Eldest born*] Light. Beside the two elements of air and light, already treated of; what a spacious field do the waters, and first the ocean, yield, for contemplation and praise!

VER. 87. *Wide to the beam*] In the expansion of its superficies, without which it would never afford a sufficient quantity of vapours, to supply the thirsty land —

VER. 88. *And deep beneath*] the methods by which its waters are preserved pure from corruption, by the mixture of salts, whose weight is calculated to prevent their exhaling —

But, poised by balance of eternal weight,
 The salts perpetual hold their watery seat,
 Nor in the tepid exhalations mount,
 To fire the chrysal of the cooling fount,
 The Almighty Fount had the deep conceive, 95
 And finned with clustering tubes the vital wave,
 From huge Leviathan's enormous frame,
 To those who tincturing paint the crimson stream,
 With watery wings they swim the yielding seas,
 Their central poise its gravitation weighs,
 Adjusted, steady to their varying size,
 By geometrick rule, and calculation nice:
 These have their palaces, and coral groves,
 Their latent grotts, and pearly bright alcoves;
 Wide is the copious hand of BOUNTY spread, 105
 And myriads at the plenteous feast are fed.
 Nor less, the grateful light salutes their eye,
 And solar glories gild the nether sky;

VER. 95. *The Almighty Fount*] the number, size, and qualities of its inhabitants, all adapted to its gross and tempestuous medium.—

VER. 103. *These have their palaces*] being provided, without their own labour, with all the delights and conveniencies of life.—

VER. 105. *Wide is the copious hand*] as well as nourishment for the support of it.—

VER. 107. *Nor less*] their ocean being a medium and atmosphere to them, as our atmosphere is to us; and equally suited to their natures, for respiration, as the conveyance of light from the heavenly luminaries.—

Their

Their ocean blushes with the lord of day,
 And nightly glitters at the twinkling ray.
 The moon, attended by her starry train,
 Reflects reflection to the floating plain,
 Its murmuring flux with pale dominion guides,
 And swells the pride of its returning tides;
 The deep those wholesome agitations purge,
 And drive stagnation from the rolling surge;
 Their rage the SOVEREIGN MODERATOR cools,
 And riding, as a steed the bounding billow rules;
 Whence rising floods their stated empire know,
 Nor wasteful o'er the neighbouring regions flow.

Low as the sea's capacious basin sinks,
 The thirsty soil the incumbent ocean drinks;
 Whence, thro' the globe diluting liquors pass,
 And circulate, as in our smaller mass;

The

VER. 113. *Its murmuring flux*] How admirably is the moon's influence on tides (which preserves the great body of waters from stagnation) regulated, to the very point that can alone conduce to order and advantage: were she nearer, or larger; further off, or less; or were there more moons, so as on any hand the influence should be in the least altered; the whole earth would be rendered uninhabitable, by being poisoned with stagnated vapours, or perpetually overflowed with deluges—

VER. 123. *Whence, thro' the globe*] As there is no point from whence the riches of nature do not flow in upon us; so there are two (though seemingly most opposite) methods of supplying us with sweet and refreshing waters; one perennially and from beneath, being thence attracted through our globe as any liquid when touched by a piece of sugar; which cannot be ascribed to the pressure of our atmosphere, as it is readier

The salts with curious percolation strain, 125
 And kindly thro' the porous strata drain,
 Attracted, in a maze of tubes exhale;
 (A stiffening clay cements the spacious vale)
 From whence opposed, the mountain's height they
 claim,
 And thence perpetual pour the winding stream; 130
 Or lower, in perennial fountains rise,
 Nor dread the star that fires autumnal skies.
 While ocean thus the latent store bequeaths,
 Above its humid exhalation breaths;
 Its bosom pants beneath the vigorous heat, 135
 And eager beams the expanding surface beat;
 Insinuating, form the lucid cell;
 To bladders the circumfluous moisture swell;
 The inflated vapours spurn the nether tide,
 And mounted on the weightier aether ride: 140

readier performed in vacuo; the salts being separated by filtration through the strata, and the rising waters being opposed by a clayey substance that generally lies near the surface of the lower lands, they proceed to the mountains, from whence, by the advantage of a descent, they spread wealth and pleasure round all the earth—

VER. 133. *While ocean thus*] The other method being by exhalation, the manner as above described; for heat being the most subtle, light, and agile of all bodies (if it may be called more than a quality of body) by its subtilty penetrates, and by its levity rarifies the humid parts of matter; and then by its agility breaking loose, carries off the parts so rarified; which being by that means rendered lighter than the air, mount till they rest or float in that part of the atmosphere that bears a specifick or proportionable gravity; and hence arises—

As

As tho' in fiorn of gravitating power,
 Sublime the cloudy congregations tower;
 O'er torrid climes collect their fable train,
 And form umbrellas for the panting swain;
 Or figured wanton in romantic mould,
 Careering knights and airy ramparts hold,
 (In blazoning beams the sitting champions gild,
 And various paint the visionary field;
 Sudden the loose enchanted squadrons fly,
 And sweep delusion from the wondering eye;
 Thence, on the floating atmosphere they sail,
 And steer precarious with the varying gale;
 Or hovering, with suspended wing delay,
 And in disdain the kindred flood survey:
 When lo! the afflicting æther checks their pride,
 Compressing chills the vain dilated tide;
 Their shivering essence to its center shrinks,
 And a cold nuptial their coherence links;
 With artful touch the curious meteor forms,
 Parent prolifick of salubrious storms.

VER. 144. *And form umbrellas*] the use, beauty, and variety of our meteors; for as the chief operator in raising the vapours is heat, so on the other hand —

VER. 155. *When lo!*] the chief artist in forming the several meteors out of those vapours, is cold; as

VER. 157. *Their shivering essence*] first rain, by expulsion of the rarifying heat; upon which the little bladders or vesicles knocking against each other, conglobed in the contact, and growing heavier than the atmosphere, fall down in larger, or smaller drops, according as the constituent parts of the cloud were more or less contiguous —

When

When from on high the rapid tempest's hurl'd,
 Enlivening as a sneeze to man's inferior world:
 The frigid chymist culls the mineral store,
 The glossy sphaerules of metallick ore;
 Sublimes with nitre the sulphureous foam, 165
 And hoards contagion in heaven's ample dome,
 Where nature's magazine fermenting lies,
 Till the bright ray athwart the welkin flies;
 High rage the small incendiary inspires,
 Whose kindling touch the dread artillery fires; 170
 Quick, with effusion wide, the lightnings glare;
 Disploding bolts the cloudy entrails tear;
 The cleansing flames sweep thro' the ethereal room,
 And swift the gross infectious steam consume:
 Our vital element the blaze refines, 175
 While man, ingrateful, at his health repines.
 With various skill the chilling artist works,
 And operator chief in every meteor lurks:
 Oft, where the zenith's lofty realms extend,
 E'er mists, conglobing, by their weight descend, 180

VER. 161. *When from on high*] frequently causing storms of wind, by condensing, and thereby destroying the equilibrium of the atmosphere; the parts so condensed, pressing upon the parts more rare, and dilated, by warmth; which pressure produces the wind, which is no other than a current of air—

VER. 163. *The frigid chymist*] Thunder and lightning.

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D

With

With sudden nitre captivates the cloud,
 And o'er the vapour throws a whitening shroud;
 Soft, from the concave, hovering fleeces fall,
 Whose flaky texture cloaths our silver ball.
 Or when the shower forsakes the sable skies, 185
 Haply the cold in secret ambush lies,
 Couching awaits in some inferior space,
 And chills the tempest with a quick embrace;
 The chrystal pellets at the touch congeal,
 And from the ground rebounds the rattling hail.
 Or constant where this artificer dwells, 191
 And algid from his heights the mist repels,
 The ALMIGHTY ALCHEMIST his limbeck rears,
 His lordly Taurus, or his Alpine peers;
 Suspending fogs around the summit spread, 195
 And gloomy columns crown each haughty head,

VER. 181. *With sudden nitre*] Snow.

VER. 188. *And chills the tempest*] Hail.

VER. 191. *Or constant*] Or where the cold is a constant inhabitant in the upper regions; which by reason of their distance from the earth, are but little affected with the reflection of the sun-beams, which reflection chiefly promotes the intenseness of heat; there the rising vapours are repelled, because meeting with the cold, they, in a great measure, lose that active principle of heat, which was the chief motive of their ascension; and floating as the gale veers, are obstructed in their march by the mountains, or higher lands; and more vapours still gathering as they are obstructed, their parts, or little spherules, become more neighbourly, or contiguous, than when they had a freedom of ranging wide from each other; and so jostling, run into, or incorporate one with the other; and descending by the laws of gravity —

Obstructed drench the constricting hill,
And soaking thro' the porous grit distil:
Collected from a thousand thousand cells
The subterraneous flood impatient swells;
Whence issuing torrents burst the mountain's side,
And hence impetuous pour their headlong tide.

Still central from the wide circumfluous waves,
(Whole briny dail each bounded region laves)
The soil, still rising, from the deep retires, 205
And mediate, to the neighbouring heaven aspires.
Hence, where the spring its surging effluence
Boils,

The stream ne'er reflux on the fount recoils,
But trips progressive, with descending pace,
And tunes, thro' many a league, its warbling
maze; 210

VER. 198. *And soaking*] soak into the hills, that are generally of a gravelly, mineral, or lax substance, through which the moisture distils; till finding, or making a vent to issue at, by the advantage of a descent, they pour their fertile and delicious streams over all the earth —

VER. 203. *Still central from the wide*] and this advantage of a descent is the more wonderful and happy, inasmuch as without it we should have no rivers, and consequently be poisoned and overflowed with the standing and stagnating waters; for who, but the ALMIGHTY DIRECTOR, could lead the currents from their first source, by a gradual winding, and nice declivity, frequently through a miraculous length of about three thousand English miles? while flowing perpetual through various climates, and nations of different manners and languages, they bear and spread around society, trade, commerce, riches, plenty, refinement, luxuriant health, blooming verdure, and endless delight —

Here blended, swells with interfering rills;
 And here the lake's capacious cistern fills;
 Or wanton, here a snaky labyrinth roams;
 Impervious here, with indignation foams;
 Or here with rapture shoots the nether glade, 215
 And whitening silvers in the steep cascade;
 Or slackening here, its length of labour sooths;
 And slumbering soft, its sleepy surface smooths;
 Wide, deep, and slow, the doubtful current glides,
 And o'er the flux the tilting vessel rides. 220
 The embroidered banks their gaudy fringes dip,
 And pendent flowers the smiling liquors sip;
 Or gently where the humid mirrors pass,
 The forest rises to the watry glass;
 Self-worshipping the stately shade admires, 225
 And to a double heaven its height aspires.
 The social stream a winding motion steers,
 And mindful of the neighbouring region veers;
 With traverse or inverted circuit bends,
 Nor leaves, unvisited, remotest friends; 230
 With genial bounty spreads the verdant wealth,
 And pours large draughts of ever blooming health:
 Delight diffusive down the current flows,
 And pleasure on the flowery margin grows.
 Thro' many a realm, where mighty monarchs reign,
 The stately flood protracts its floating train; 236
 Revolving

Revolving suns the wondrous length pursue,
Nor in one day the liquid wanderer view;
Its facil maze the varying seasons wind,
And chrystal flakes the struggling fountain bind,
Which distant glows beneath the fervid beam, 241
And into ocean pours the copious stream.

Thus BEAUTY flows in one perpetual ring,
And uses circling from our oceans spring;
Beneath, attracted, thro' the strata rise; 245
Above, exhaled, usurp the ambient skies;
Meet in the limpid source, or purling rill,
And bathe the vale, or sweep the shelving hill:
From hence their tributary floods repay,
And grateful nourish the recruited sea; 250
The sea replenished trafficks as before,
And back to earth returns the fruitful store.
To earth! for here, concentrating, air, and fire,
And flood, in mutual triple league conspire:
Since HE, on whom the mighty fabrick leans, 255
The ETERNAL, from eternity ordains

Variety,

VER. 242. *And into ocean pours*] and disembodying their floods into the sea, there finish —

VER. 243. *Thus BEAUTY flows*] only still to repeat and continue the eternal circle and order in all things —

VER. 255. *Since HE*] that order, which the SUPREME SELF-EXISTENCE, to manifest his own power and goodness, has caused to flow through an infinite variety of creatures;

Variety, which union must produce;
 And order knit consummate, into use;
 That DEITY throughout the world may shine,
 And Nature's birth confess her SIRE DIVINE. 260

Nature, bright effluence of the ONE SUPREME!
 O how connected is thy wondrous frame!
 (Thy grand machine, thro' many a wanton maze,
 Steered where it winds, and streightning where it
 strays,
 There most direct where seeming most inflex,
 Most regular when seemingly most perplex,
 As tho' perfection on disorder hung,
 And perfect order from incaution sprung)
 Still, endless as thy beauteous scenes arise,
 Still, endless multiplies our deep surprize. 270

Say, does each mote know its peculiar place,
 All conscious, thro' the gulf of boundless space?
 Can

and yet has founded that infinite variety on the union of a few principles; which few principles are further, and ultimately resolvable, and united in HIM, the only ORIGINAL, and SELF ETERNAL PRINCIPLE.

VER. 271. *Say, does each mote*] The reason why I represent, as above, the various opinions of atheists, in one ridiculous light (when they may be supposed to differ much in their notions, and the learned treatises they have written for our instruction to carry a great appearance of ingenious and metaphysical argumentation) is, that the truth, and matter of fact, upon enquiry and reflection, will be found exactly and literally as I have represented it; and that all their ambages and circumlocutions center and turn upon one point, which is this, that whoever attempts to rob the world of a SUPERINTENDANT

Can atoms be omniscient, to discern
(What human wisdom strives, but strives in vain
to learn)

What mode mysterious paints the purpling rose, 275

What melts the current when Mæander flows ?

What

DANT PROVIDENCE, or DESIGNING WISDOM, does thereby necessarily ascribe all that is of connection, order, or beauty in the world, to blind, and insensible matter; and is, therefore, guilty of the ridiculous absurdities and contradictions above set forth. For, as the wit, or invention of men, has never yet laid down any atheistical hypothesis, however subtle or various, but what is evidently resolvable into, first, a Fortuitous Concourse of Atoms; secondly, an Eternal Operating Necessity; or, thirdly, an Endless Round, or Succession of Causes and Effects; if those gentlemen, who would thus point out our God, mean, as they often pretend, that He is any thing more than bare matter; we shall soon find their intention, by separating the terms they have annexed as operators for the assistance of stupid matter: and on our part it will be but common gratitude, to enquire, to which of these three pretended Causes, we are obliged for the particular benefits we receive, or (as members of the great whole) for the formation and order of the universe, or nature itself.

First then; as Chance is the operator assigned in a Fortuitous Concourse of Atoms; we would know, what this Chance, this wise and ingenious artist, is — Is it a substance? No, that is not pretended: — Matter? nor that: — Quality of matter? nor that neither. — What, neither subject, nor attribute? — No. — It is then, what is not; or is not any thing that is: it is, in truth, what, by way of apology, we assign as a cause of any effect produced, when our ignorance or idleness will not permit us to enquire; or find any other; — a meaning, without an idea; or even less, a word without a meaning: — And thus when Chance is introduced for the solution, Chance unluckily happens to leave all the operating burden upon that poor matter it was called to assist. As in the second place I also fear there will be immediate occasion for calling upon Chance to help out their Necessity, and that it will prove equally treacherous as before. For as Necessity is the supposed operator here, if it be asked, is this Necessity distinct from the things it necessitates? The answer is, Yes, by all means;

What modes our adamantinè marble bind ?

What ruffle active in the blustering wind ?

From inky jett exclude the piercing day ;

Or thro' the brilliant drink the trembling ray ;

Nip

since to assert otherwise, is allowing it to be the thing operated, and not the operator ; and so the Original Superior Cause be as far to seek as ever. If then it be asked, Is this Necessity conscious, intelligent, free, or designing ? That doubtless is denied, else we have there the very God we desire.—But then, if it should be unluckily started, that if this Necessity is neither designing, conscious, nor intelligent, it is altogether as blind as matter ; and if not free, is as much in need of, and equally subjected to a Higher Cause as matter can possibly be ; being consequently a Necessity necessitated, and not acting, but acted upon ; if this, I say, should be objected, there must either be recourse to the old wise solution, that so it happens ; or a Higher Necessity or unintelligent Cause be alleged, and so another to support the second, and another the third, ad infinitum ; like the elephant bearing the earth, the crab the elephant, and so on ; which procedure, ad infinitum, to assign a Cause, shews that, ad infinitum, they will be as far as ever from assigning a True Cause, and so, ad infinitum, no Cause at all will be assigned.

The third and last shift is an Endless Succession of Causes and Effects, where all the subtilty consists in the word Endless ; for whatever is incapable of being a Cause in any time, ever was, and ever will, through eternity, continue equally incapable. And here, if the question be asked, Whether any of these Effects be original, independent, or superintendent ? The answer is negative, if it were only to avoid a direct absurdity and contradiction : if then it be asked, what these Effects are ? The answer is, that the Effects are no other than matter variously modified and actuated ; for that is the utmost degree of perfection they will allow them, for fear of bordering too near upon spirit. Again, if it be asked on the other hand, whether among the Causes, there is any ONE original or independent ? The answer, doubtless is, No ; for to allow there were, would be contrary to the hypothesis laid down. But then observe the necessary consequence of all this ; for first, if none of these Effects are original, independent, or superintendent ; and they all consist of matter variously modified and actuated, they are no other than matter still, what-
ever

Nip in the frost, or in the furnace glow ;
 With gay enamell arch the showery bow ;
 With various influence our senses greet,
 Point in the sour, grow luscious in the sweet,
 Scent in the civet, stifle in the draught, 285
 Light from the doe the tainting odour waft,
 Excite the nostril of the opening hound ;
 More subtile still the organick sense compound ;
 Thro' elements, plant, reptile, man, and brute,
 This thing to that, and all to other suit ? 290
 Can clay, such virtues, forms, and modes assign ?
 Debating, methodize, conspire, combine ?
 Studious deliberate on the publick weal,
 And ne'er like human politicians fail ?
 Each particle its separate province chuse, 295
 Nor that prefer, nor froward this refuse ;
 Each for itself, and for the whole advise ;
 All good, all right, all perfect, and all wise ?
 Prophetick, thro' eternity foreknow,
 From past, what future revolutions flow ? 300

ever action or modification be produced — And secondly, if on the other hand, among the Endless Causes, there is not any one Cause Original, or Independent, there is not any one Cause but what is effected ; and every one being effected, the whole, which consists of them, is effected, and therefore is all Effect ; and all the Effects being matter actuated and modified, the whole is consequently no other than matter actuated and modified ; and so finally recurs, and in every light, view, shift, and evasion, resolves in this, that matter alone operates upon itself ; and tho' destitute of design, wisdom, foresight, order, or direction, yet wisely foresees, designs, directs, and orders all things.

Can

Can each be omnipresent, to perceive
 What endless links the blended fabrick weave,
 On every various consequence reflect,
 Prepare each cause to yield the just effect,
 Sum up the whole, and thence the whole connect?
 305

O dotage! dreamers! who could once suppose
 The passive mass its MAKER should inclose,
 And the formed clay its forming LORD compose.

"Ye Atheists! if ye will be Atheists still,
 "And will, no cause but this, because ye will; 310
 "If stubborn, in your little reason's spight,
 "Ye will judge wrong, because ye wo'nt judge
 right;

"Thus argue—Since the clue of boundless space
 "Winds worlds on worlds, and wonders wonders
 trace;
 "'Tis Order above rule that guides the plan, 315
 "And Wisdom, far beyond what wisdom can;
 "The BOUNTY boundless, BEAUTY without end:
 "And who'd believe a God, he cannot comprehend?"

For deep, indeed, the ETERNAL FOUNDER lies,
 And high above his work the MAKER flies: 320
 Yet infinite that work, beyond our soar;
 Beyond what Clarkes can prove, or Newtons can
 explore!

Its

Its union, as of numbers to the sound
 Of minstrellie, to heavenly rapture wound,
 On harmony suspended, tunes the whole, 325
 Thrills in our touch, and lives upon our soul,
 Each note inclusive melody reveals,
 Softening within the ETERNAL FINGER dwells,
 Now sweetly melts, and now sublimely swells; }
 Yet relative each social note extends, 330
 Throughout is blended, while throughout it blends
 Symphonious, ecchoing the SUPREME's design,
BEAUTY OF LOVE, and SYMMETRY DIVINE !

UNIVERSAL

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

B O O K III.

THUS BEAUTY mimicked in our humbler strains,

Illustrious, thro' the world's great poem reigns !

The ONE grows sundry by creative power ;

THE ETERNAL's found in each revolving hour ;

The IMMENSE appears in every point of space ; 5

The UNCHANGEABLE in nature's varying face ;

The INVISIBLE conspicuous to our mind ;

And DEITY in every atom shrined :

From whence exults the animated clod,

And smiling features speak the PARENT GOD ; 10

Who here, and there, and every where abounds :

Air uttering, tells His HARMONY in sounds ;

The light reveals the FOUNTAIN of its rays,

And like the Seraph kindles in His praise ;

The floods ambitious to His glory rise, 15

And seek their SOURCE throughout His ambient
skies ;

Thence, in united congregations fall,
 And tune their anthems o'er the warbled ball;
 The ball enlivening at His order springs,
 And rounding to its central MAKER clings:
 The MAKER! ample in his bounty, spread
 The various strata of earth's genial bed;
 Tempered the subject mass with pregnant juice,
 And subtle stores, of deep and sacred use;
 Salts, oils, and bitumen, and unctuous pitch,
 With precious tho' mysterious influence rich;
 Mercurial, nitrous, and sulphureous spume,
 Fermenting virtual the terrestrial womb.
 Hence, where the solar heat and searching air,
 Transgressive, pierce our actuated sphere,
 The arch-chymists work as in a secret mine,
 And nature's crude originals refine;
 Here blending mix, here separate, here select,
 And purging here the incongruous parts reject;
 Perennial bind the flint's impervious rock,
 And strict its adamant texture lock;

VER. 22. *Strata of earth's genial bed*] For the use of the strata or layers of earth in the conveyance of fountains and sweet waters, see Book II.

VER. 23. *Subject mass*] The mere matter, or caput mortuum supposed in all terrestrial bodies—

VER. 31. *The arch-chymists*] which so impregnated, and modified by air and heat as above recited, supplies—]

The

46 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

The future monumental marble stain,
 And wanton thro' its variegated vein;
 Salubrious here the mineral medicine mix;
 Here the once potable utensil fix;
 Here modify with ever varying change;
 And here the similar effluvia range;
 Compact the lustre of metallick ore,
 The steely, argent, or Corinthian store;
 Or severing, cast in nature's purest mould;
 The dense elixir of refulgent gold.
 Thro' sparkling gems the plastick artists play,
 And petrify the light's embodied ray;
 Now kindle the carbuncle's ruddy flame,
 Now gild the chrysolite's transparent beam;
 Infuse the sapphire's subterraneous sky,
 And tinge the topaz with a saffron dye;
 With virgin blush within the ruby glow,
 And o'er the jasper paint the showery bow.
 Endless the task, and arduous, to unfold
 What secrets earth's prolific entrails hold
 In nature's womb what embryo treasures sleep,
 The wondrous natives of the hoary deep:
 Whence happy oft', oft' hapless they aspire,
 Supply what want can will, or pride require:
 Blest are the blameless means, the curse is the
 desire.

Hence

Hence comfort kindles in the chearful blaze,
 Tho' fire upon the expiring martyr preys;
 The peasant hence manures the exhausted soil,
 Tho' lordlings share the product of his toll;
 Hence artists in the princely dome survive,
 Tho' drones may occupy its ample hive;
 Hence medicines yield the salutiferous pill,
 But gently qualified can learn to kill:
 Hence medals may reveal the patriot's face,
 Altho' a tyrant gild the nether space;
 Once more return great Socrates to light,
 Or with an Alexander blast the light—
 (Who here approves the infamy of fame,
 Shares Alexander's guilt, and Alexander's shame)
 Nor less the plough-share needs the Lydian blade,
 Tho' steel and pride the neighbouring realm invade;

VER. 62. *Hence comfort*] the comfort of firing in coals and other combustibles —

VER. 64. *The peasant hence*] the manure of lime, marle, and other mooring —

VER. 65. *Hence artists*] variety of curious and beautiful stone, for the benefit of habitation, and exercise of art —

VER. 68. *Hence medicines*] many medicinal and healing drugs —

VER. 70. *Hence medals*] metals for the conveyance of useful history to future ages in sculpture, statuary, embossment, &c. —

VER. 76. *Nor less the plough-share*] those metals affording also many engines, utensils, &c. for procuring and accelerating nourishment, and other conveniences and delights in life —

The

The tools to life subservient we alledge,
 Tho' deadly cruelty can whet their edge :
 Such we approve the trade supporting ore, 80
 Tho' avarice purloin the shining store ;
 In Maro's hand the precious treasure view,
 It spreads all bounteous as the heavenly dew.
 Shall Nature check the purple colouring globe,
 Lest magistrates should trail the splendid robe ? 85
 Nor beauteous her adorning brilliants wear,
 Lest gems should deck the follies of the fair ?
 " Ah Nature! thou hadst scaped thy only blot,
 " Could man but cease to be—or hitherto were
 not :

" Ay, there's the task, the labour of our song—
 " To prove that All is right, tho' man be
 wrong."

Emergent from the deep view Nature's face,
 And o'er the surface deepest wisdom trace ;
 The verdurous beauties charm our cherished
 eyes—
 But who'll unfold the Root from whence they
 rise ? 95

VER. 80. *Such we approve*] as also coin, for ascertaining
 the value, and speeding the transmigration of property in
 trade and commerce ; as may best suit each person's conveni-
 ence and advantage—

VER. 84. *Shall Nature check*] the beauty of colours—

VER. 86. *Nor beauteous*] and lustre of jewels.

Infinity

Infinity within the sprouting bower !
 Next to ænigma in ALMIGHTY POWER ;
 Who only could infinitude confine,
 And dwell IMMENSE within the minim shrine ;
 The eternal species in an instant mould, 100
 And endless worlds in seeming atoms hold.
 Plant within plant, and seed enfolding seed,
 For ever—to end never—still proceed ;
 In forms complete, essentially retain
 The future semen, alimantal grain ; 105
 And these again, the tree, the trunk, the root,
 The plant, the leaf, the blossom, and the fruit ;
 Again the fruit and flower the seed enclose,
 Again the seed perpetuated grows,
 And BEAUTY to perennial ages flows. 110 }

Such the SUPREME his wondrous Sata made,
 E'er yet their foliage cloath'd the novel glade ;
 Gave each a texture of peculiar frame,
 And nature correspondent to its name ;
 Gave different powers to propagate their kind, 115
 And varying means to various ends assign'd ;
 Then o'er the globe the missive treasure strow'd,
 And first the ETERNAL HAND earth's spacious
 bosom sow'd.

VER. 96. *Sprouting bower*] The seed, which, as here described in its vegetative state, may be said to contain or be divided into—

Here elemental principles unite,
 To give the new consummate birth to light: 120
 The glebe, now pregnant, yields nutritious food;
 Lymphatic dews, their mild diluting flood;
 The sun affords his rarifying sphere,
 And æther breathes its actuating air;
 Quatuple, round the temper'd embryo meet, 125
 And its fine tegument fermenting greet;
 Whence subtile juices pierce the filmy skin,
 Repeating vigorous their attacks within;
 Thence thro' the lobes with percolation strain,
 And thence infusing thro' their radix drain; 130
 Thence limpid to the plantal root distil,
 And each impregnated aperture fill,
 With swoln repletion thro' the portals float,
 And now unclasp the nice cutaneous coat;
 The radicle now obvious they unfold, 135
 And to its infant lips their liquors hold;
 The

VER. 126. *And its fine tegument*] its teguments or coats; the main body included in the coats, and the root and plume, or plant, included in the main body —

VER. 129. *Lobes with percolation strain*] the main body (though single in some, and in some more numerous) is generally and distinctly divisible into two equal parts, which are called lobes; and these lobes contain —

VER. 130. *Radix drain*] the feminal root, whose branches being spread through each lobe in equal moieties, unite at the extremity of the seed in —

VER. 131. *Plantal root distil*] The plantal root, or, —

VER. 135. *Radicle now obvious*] radicle; which being supplied with juices in the two methods as above described,
 (i. e.

The instinctive lips imbibe the gentle tide,
 And thro' the veins the milky liquids glide,
 Ascending visit the inclusive plume,
 (Where Nature wantons in minutest room, 140
 Where folded close, her implicated size
 Of trunk, branch, leaf, and future semen lies)
 Conspicuous its dilated form display,
 And give its texture to apparent day.
 Around the plume the guardian lobes arise, 145
 And fence their minor from inclement skies;
 With pious dews his early verdure bathe,
 Perform their trust with never failing faith;
 Till, self-sufficient, they retire to earth,
 And leave the stripling to his right of birth. 150
 Now fervid beams the rising sap exhale,
 And air ingredient wings the vital gale;

The

(i. e. first from the seminal root, and after from the earth to which it becomes obvious) communicates the nourishment to its plume, or young plant, which is closely included, and shut up in a narrow cavity within the lobes —

VER. 145. *Lobes arise*] which lobes, upon a further growth, are effoliated, and rise about the young plant in two dissimilar leaves, (being now nourished in their turn by the radicle which they had formerly fostered) and thus protect and embrace it round, and nourish its infancy with refreshing dews, which they hold to it as in a basin, embalming it round, while yet the scanty moisture of the radicle is insufficient for its support; till having acted their part on the vegetable stage, nature gives them their discharge, and they rot off, or fall away.

VER. 152. *Air ingredient wings*] This very principle in our air, or atmosphere, which chiefly conduces to, or is the very
E 2
essence

The solids in diluting moisture pass,
 And colds condense the vegetating mass.
 The labial pores of every various root 155
 Their orifice to varying natures suit,
 Admit effluvia of peculiar mode,
 And delicate the incongruous parts explode.
 Salts, oils, and sulphurs, thro' the entrance tend,
 And similar, with proper members blend; 160
 To sight, smell, taste, their several powers dis-
 pense,
 And aptly ravish each luxuriant sense;
 Still graceful, vary in some new delight;
 Still obvious, please the involuntary sight.
 Our transient optick o'er the surface plays, 165
 And Nature's superficial mien surveys;
 But rare with deeper inquisition pryés,
 Where BEAUTY's wrapt, recluse from vulgar eyes,
 Essential, sits on Truth's Eternal Throne,
 And universal, reigns o'er worlds unknown; 170
 Displays her sway thro' unimagined scenes,
 Elysian tracts, and philosophic plains:
 These, these are climes of ever-living joy;
 Truth ne'er can satiate, Reason ne'er can cloy.

essence of animal and vegetable life, is also the very prin-
 ciple of corruption, or the dissolution of the parts of matter,
 as shall hereafter be made evident.

O worthy!

O worthy! far more worthy to explore, 175
 Than treasured lustre of Peruvian ore;
 Or supererogated store, acquired
 By pilgrimage, to saintship long expired.
 In Nature's realms no wretched levees wait,
 No monarchs hold their arbitrary seat; 180
 Far different law her beauteous empire sways,
 And ORDER dictates her unerring ways.

Here may we spy, from the SUPREME of things,
 How first the originate material springs;
 How substituted nature moulds her forms, 185
 What tender love her infant embryo warms,
 What tempering skill the boon conception frames;
 And trace her maze of complicated schemes,
 Where differing parts identity compose,
 Yet endless how, from ONE! each varying essence
 flows; 190

Each vegetable set in beds of bliss,
 Their sap exhaling from the PRIME ABYSS.
 See, bashful why the downward roots retire,
 (While up to heaven their kindred trunks aspire)
 Obliquely some, and some with steep descent; 195
 Some level, with direct, or tortuous bent;
 Some to a root their tethered trunks condemn,
 Attracting prone the yet reluctant stem;

VER. 193. *See, bashful*] The various motions of roots.

While some peep up, to view the glad some
 skies;

And some rotund, with bold projected size, 200
 And intersected horizon, arise.

See, wondrous thus how each sagacious root,
 As marksmen, to their several signals shoot;
 What CAUSE revers'd the separate bias guides,
 And whence the still dissenting movement glides.

Their figures, pliant to some plastic SKILL, 205
 Alike obsequious to ITS secret WILL,
 With pointed cone the yielding strata pass;
 Or here, accumulate their bulbous mass;
 Here bulky, taper, parted, or entire; 210
 Here writhing, twist their complicated wire;
 Here ramified, their forky branches spread;
 Or tassell'd here, their fibrous fringes shed;
 Adjusted thro' each multifarious sect,
 And efficacious to some point elect— 215
 Elect, within while WISDOM dwells replete,
 INCOMPREHENSIVE thro' HIS sacred seat.

Hence, hence alone, the final causes tend,
 And reach unerring each appointed end;
 The maze of endless implication wind, 220
 Directed by the clue of ALL PERCEIVING MIND.

VER. 205. *Their figures*] The various figures of roots.

Hence

Hence from the Seraph's intellectual ray,
 To reason's spark, that gilds our sensual clay;
 To life (scarce conscious) in the instinctive brute;
 To reptile, plant, and vegetating root; 225
 The features in conspicuous semblance shine,
 And speak, thro' all, ONE PARENT ALL DIVINE.

Thus answering lively to organic sense,
 The plants half animate their powers dispense:
 The mouth's analogy their root displays, 230
 And for the intestine viscera purveys;
 Their liquors thro' respondent vessels flow,
 And organ like their fibrous membranes grow:
 Nor yet inadequate their congruous use
 Of mucilages, lymph, and lacteal juice; 235
 The flood consimilary ducts receive,
 And glands refine the separated wave;
 Redounding vapours thro' the pores transpire,
 And for the fresh ingredient guests retire.
 Revers'd, their trachæ operate from beneath, 240
 And thro' the trunk aerial conduits breathe;
 Their lignous fibres with continuous length,
 Equivalent, compact a bony strength;
 But formed elastic, with inclining shade,
 Their yielding stems each stormy gust evade: 245

VER. 228. *Thus answering lively*] Analogy or similitude
 of animal and vegetable life.

So forest pines the aspiring mountain cloath,
And self-erected towers the stately growth.

But where the strength of mighty fabric fails,
There art with ample recompence avails,
By interposing skill to poise the eternal scales; 250
While these, more valid thro' dependence gain,
And strong in indigence on Nature lean.
Thus from the couch of earth's embroider'd bed,
In elegance of vernal foliage spread;
From pulse leguminous, of verdurous hue; 255
From herbal tribes, bedropp'd with morning
dew;

The gourd, inhabiting the pastured glade;
The tufted bush, and umbelliferous shade;
The feeble stems that luscious viands bear,
Nor less sublime their pampered tension rear: 260
Thro' botany, thro' every sylvan scene,
That various deck the vegetating plain,
Even to the proud primæval sons of earth,
That rise superior in their right of birth,
Whose heights the blasting volley'd thunder stand,
In ruin still magnificently grand; 266
Distinct, each species of peculiar frame,
Distinct, peculiar love and fondness claim;

Ver. 248. But where the strength] The various provision
of nature for the security and preservation of every species—

Indulged by Nature's kind parental care,
As each alone were her appointed heir. 270

Thus mantling snug beneath a verdant veil,
The creepers draw their horizontal trail;
Wide o'er the bank the plantal reptile bends,
Adown its stem the rooty fringe depends,
The feeble boughs with anchoring safety binds, 275
Nor leaves precarious to insulting winds.
The tendrils next, of slender helpless size,
Ascendant thro' luxuriant pampering rise;
Kind Nature soothes their innocence of pride,
While buoy'd aloft the flowering wantons ride; 280
With fond adhesion round the cedar cling,
And wreathing circulate their amorous ring;
Sublime with winding maturation grow,
And clench'd retentive gripe the topmost bough;
Here climb direct the ministerial rock, 285
And clasping firm its steepy fragments lock;
Or various, with agglutinating guile,
Cement tenacious to some neighbouring pile;
Investing green, some fabric here ascend,
And clustering o'er its pinacles depend. 290

VER. 271. *Thus mantling snug*] protecting and supplying the indigent, as the strawberry, cinquefoil, &c. —

VER. 277. *The tendrils next*] and supporting the feeble, as the vine, bryony, ivy, &c. and thus equally propagating a perpetuity, as spreading a universality of delights, pleasures, and enjoyments, in —

Defective,

Defective, where contiguous props evade,
 Collateral they spring with mutual aid ;
 Official brace their amicable band,
 And by reciprocal communion stand :
 Blefs'd model ! (by humanity expell'd) 295
 The whole upholding each, the whole by each
 upheld.

Their social branch the wedded plexures rear,
 (Proximity of combination dear)
 High arching, cypher love's enamour'd knot,
 And wave the fragrance of inviting grot, 300
 Or cool recess of odoriferous shade,
 And fan the peasant in the panting glade ;
 Or lace the coverture of painted bower,
 While from the enamell'd roof the sweet profu-
 sions shower.

Here duplicate, the range divides beneath, 305
 Above united in a mantling wreath ;
 With continuity protracts delight,
 Imbrown'd in umbrage of ambiguous night ;
 Perspicuous the vista charms our eye,
 And opens, Janus like, to either sky ; 310

VER. 291. *Defective, where*] the harmony of connection, fragrance of thickets, refreshment of shades, and beauty of colours—

VER. 305. *Here duplicate*] charming the eye of proportion with the regularity of vistas, and other various dispositions ; and forming tuneful mansions and choirs for the feathered musicians.

Or

Or stills attention to the feather'd song,
While echo doubles from the warbling throng.

Here, winding to the sun's magnetic ray,
The solar plants adore the lord of day,
With Persian rites idolatrous incline, 315
And worship towards his consecrated shrine;
By south from east to west obsequious turn,
And moved with sympathetic ardours burn.
To these adverse, the lunar sects dissent,
With convolution of opposed bent; 320
From west to east by equal influence tend,
And towards the moon's attractive crescence bend;
There, nightly worship with Sidonian zeal,
And queen of heaven Astarte's idol hail.

" O NATURE, whom the song aspires to scan!
" O BEAUTY, trod by proud insulting man, 326
" This boasted tyrant of thy wondrous ball,
" This mighty, haughty, little lord of all;
" This king o'er reason, but this slave to sense,
" Of wisdom careless, but of whim immense; 330
" Towards THEE ! incurious, ignorant, profane,
" But of his own, dear, strange, productions vain !
" Then, with this champion let the field be
fought,
" And nature's simplest arts 'gainst human wisdom brought :

" Let

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" Let elegance and bounty here unite—

" There kings beneficent, and courts polite ;

" Here nature's wealth—there chymist's golden
dreams ;

" Her texture here—and there the statesman's
schemes ;

" Conspicuous here let Sacred Truth appear—

" The courtier's word, and lordling's honour
there ;

340

" Here native sweets in boon profusion flow—

" There smells that scented nothing of a beau ;

" Let justice here unequal combat wage—

" Nor poise the judgment of the law-learn'd sage ;

" Tho' all-proportion'd with exactest skill, 345

" Yet gay as woman's wish, and various as her
will."

O say, ye pitied, envied, wretched great,
Who veil pernicion with the mask of state !

Whence are those domes that reach the mocking
skies,

And vainly emulous of nature rise ? 350

Behold the swain projected o'er the vale !

See slumbering peace his rural eyelids seal ;

Earth's flowery lap supports his vacant head ;

Beneath his limbs her broider'd garment's
spread ;

Aloft

Aloft her elegant pavilion bends, 355
 And living shade of vegetation lends,
 With ever propagated bounty blest,
 And hospitably spread for every guest :
 No tinsel here adorns a taudry woof,
 Nor lying wash besmears a varnish'd roof; 360
 With native mode the vivid colours shine,
 And heaven's own loom has wrought the web
 divine,
 Where art veils art; and beauties beauties close,
 While central grace diffused throughout the system
 flows.
 The fibres, matchless by expressive line, 365
 Arachne's cable, or ætherial twine,
 Continuous, with direct ascension rise,
 And lift the trunk, to prop the neighbouring skies.
 Collateral tubes with respiration play,
 And winding in aerial mazes stray. 370
 These as the woof, while warping, and athwart
 The exterior cortical insertions dart
 Transverse, with cone of equidistant rays,
 Whose geometric form the FORMING HAND dis-
 plays.

VER. 365. *The fibres*] The interior texture of vegetables.

VER. 366. *Arachne's cable*] The cobweb, or —

VER. 366 *Ætherial twine*] viscous threads that float in
the air.

Recluse,

Recluse, the interior sap and vapour dwells 375
 In nice transparence of minutest cells;
 From whence, thro' pores or transmigrating veins
 Sublimed the liquid correspondence drains,
 Their pithy mansions quit, the neighbouring chuse,
 And subtile thro' the adjacent pouches ooze; 380
 Refined, expansive, or regressive pass,
 Transmitted thro' the horizontal mass;
 Compress'd the lignous fibres now assail,
 And entering thence the essential sap exhale;
 Or lively with effusive vigour spring, 385
 And form the circle of the annual ring,
 The branch implicit of embowering trees,
 And foliage whispering to the vernal breeze;
 While Zephyr tuned, with gentle cadence blows,
 And lull'd to rest consenting eyelids close. 390
 Ah! how unlike those sad imperial beds,
 Which care within the gorgeous prison spreads;
 Where tedious nights are sunk in sleepless down,
 And pillows vainly soft, to ease the thorny crown!
 Nor blush thou rose, tho' bashful thy array, 395
 Transplanted chaste within the raptured lay;

VER. 375. *Recluse, the interior sap*] The motion of the fluids —

VER. 379. *Their pithy mansions*] the pith, bark, and insertions being of one texture and coherence.

Thro'

Thro' every bush, and warbled spray we sing,
 And with the linnet gratulate the spring;
 Sweep o'er the lawn, or revel on the plain,
 Or gaze the florid, or the fragrant scene; 400
 The flowers forensic beauties now admire,
 The impalement, foliation, down, attire,
 Couch'd in the pannicle, or mantling veil,
 That intercepts the keen, or drenching gale;
 Its infant bud here swathed with fostering care, 405
 Or fledg'd and opening to the ambient air;
 Or bloom dilated in the filken rose,
 That flush'd mature, with kindling radiance glows;
 Or shrunk in covert of its mantling bower,
 (Now ushers evening cool, or chilling shower) 410
 And skill'd prophetic, with eluding form,
 Anticipates approach of ruffling storm.
 Or now we pore with microscopic eye,
 And Nature's intimate contextures spy;
 Her œconomics, her implicit laws, 415
 The effects how wondrous deep!—how wondrous

HIGH the CAUSE!

Now view the florer's miniature of state,
 And scorn the scepter'd mansions of the great;
 Not architrave embellish'd so adorn,
 Whose fretted gold reflects the beamy morn; 420

VER. 401. *The flowers forensic beauties*] Of flowers.

Within,

Within, the guests of animalcule race
 Luxuriant range at large its ample space;
 Or now in elegance the banquet spread,
 While millions at the sumptuous feast are fed.
 Now see whence various propagations breed, 425
 The sucker, scyon, sprout, and embryo seed
 In wall concrete of peachy stone secured,
 Or in the bower of wainscot core immured;
 Or foetus in the secondine contain'd,
 Its juices thro' the umbilic fibres drain'd; 430
 With birth of prosperous generation spring,
 And round, and round, hold on the eternal ring.
 While Pleasure whispers in the balmy gale,
 Or wantons venial in the revell'd dale,
 Delight reclined attends the purling rill; 435
 Health bounds luxuriant o'er the topmost hill;
 The mount aspiring Contemplation climbs,
 And outward forms to Inward Truth sublimes;
 Surveys the worlds that deck the azure skies,
 Reflects how beauteous earth's productions rise; 440
 The system one, ONE MAKER stands confess'd,
 The PRIME, the ONE, the WONDROUS, and
 the BLESS'D;
 The ONE in various forms of UNITY EXPRESS'D!

VER. 426. *And embryo seed*] The seed in its generative
 state.

UNIVERSAL

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

B O O K IV.

The author having, in the third book, taken a short survey of vegetable nature, proceeds to consider the animal system : and first life in general. That life, perception, &c. are terms applicable to some being of whose essence we can form no adequate idea, verse 7th, &c. Yet that such perception and consciousness are an evident demonstration both of the existence, and simplicity of such essence ; and in this simplicity consists what we call personal identity, or sameness, 13 : that, nevertheless, we are not to conclude that every organized being is informed with such an essence, so as to have an actual principle of motion and perception ; since many such may possibly be no other than pieces of Almighty mechanism, and matter so curiously acted upon, may deceive us with the appearance of internal action, 23. That if ever matter is wrought to such an appearance of life, it is the utmost perfection its nature is capable of ; and that it is impossible it should be endued with any real act or perception ; demonstrated, 51. That therefore what we call the soul, or such essence so distinct from matter, must exist the same for ever, as it is simple, indissoluble, and unchangeable, 65. The wonderful and inconceivable obligation incumbent on all who have received such a benefit, 75. That as no other return can be made to the AUTHOR of beneficence, gratitude and benediction should be universal in their praises from all animate creatures, 97. As all, the most minute and even invisible animalcules, partake

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take his regard and providence, 110. As also the wonders of almighty artifice, in the texture of their frame; which is here given as an instance of general organization, and bodily oeconomy, 120. The circulation of the blood continued contrary to all the known laws of motion, by the operation of two oppositely acting causes, 142. This illustrated by a comparison, 163. Which comparison, though seemingly disproportioned, is not really so, the terms great and little being barely relative, and ONE alone being absolutely great, in respect of WHOM all things else are as nothing, 205. All motion, and sensation, conveyed by the mediation of the nerves to and from the brain, 243. where the soul is seated; and there receiving her intelligencies from the senses (which are here described) informs the whole bodily system, and through the organ of vision, surveys the beauties of nature, 263, to the end.

FRESH from his task, the rising bard aspires,

And all his bosom glows with recent fires;

LIFE, LIFE, new forms and constitutes the theme!

The song too kindles in the vital flame,

Whose vivid principle diffusive spreads, 5

And thro' our strain contagious rapture sheds.

Whate'er the spark, the light, the lamp, the ray,

Effence or effluence of ESSENTIAL DAY,

Substance, or transubstantiate, and inshrined,

Soul, Spirit, Reason, Intellect, or Mind; 10

Or these but terms, that dignify the use

Of some Unknown, some Entity abstruse—

Perception specifies the sacred guest,
 Appropriate to the individual breast;
 Whence, independence thro' dependence flows, 15
 And each unknowing his existence, knows;
 Existence, varied by Almighty plan,
 From lowly reptiles, to the pride of man;
 While incorporeal in corporeal dwells,
 Distinct, in union, of associate cells; 20
 Whence powers their prime informing acts dis-
 pense,
 And sovereign guide the ministry of sense.

VER. 13. *Perception specifies*] Tho' (upon the reasons and authority of an eminent author) it has long been admitted, that personal identity, or sameness, consists in consciousness; yet as consciousness, whether by direct, or reflex perception, may, at most, be no other than the inseparable operation, or active principle of some simple, unchangeable, or individual substance; it is obvious to dispute, that such identity, or sameness, may more truly exist in the simplicity, or unchangeableness of such substance, than in any operation, whether separable, or inseparable: and yet, on the other hand, it is most evident, that a consciousness agreeing through differently distant points of duration, or (if I may be allowed the expression) a consentaneous perception, is the highest demonstration of the identity of such substance, as no one substance, or being, can perceive for another; which again is a further demonstration of the simplicity, or unchangeableness of such substance, as it now perceives for that very self, which it also perceives was the same, or identical self, from the first instant of its perception, notwithstanding all the various changes, and revolutions it has observed through all nature beside —

VER. 16. *Each unknowing his existence*] whence we know, that we who now are, were in times past; though what we are, or were, we know not —

VER. 19. *While incorporeal*] neither the manner in which the union between such substance and matter is made, so as to inform the stupid mass with an action utterly alien to its nature.

Tho' what! if oft, while nature works unseen,
 And locomotive forms the nice machine,
 Sublimed and quick thro' elemental strife, 25
 The insensate boasts its vegetative life;
 A steaming vapour thro' the mass exhales,
 And warming breathes its imitative gales;
 Fomenting in the heart's vibration plays,
 And circling winds the tubulary maze; 30
 With conscious act the vivid semblance vies,
 And subtile now the sprightly nerve supplies;
 Unconscious lifts the lucid ball to light,
 And glares around with unperceiving sight;
 Or studious seems to muse with thought profound,
 Or lifts as 'waked to catch the flying sound— 36
 So temper'd wondrous by mechanic scheme,
 The SOVEREIGN GEOMETRICIAN knits the frame;

In
 VER. 23. *Tho' what!*] In the account to which this note is annexed, I have doubtless assigned a capacity of higher perfections to matter than it will easily be admitted susceptible of; and therefore I was obliged to call in no less than —

VER. 38. SOVEREIGN GEOMETRICIAN] Omnipotence to support the scheme, who actuating and informing all nature by his wisdom, as he created it by his will, the creature so subjected cannot possibly withstand the creating power, and nothing to him is impossible, but impossibility, that is impotence, or what in the very supposition destroys that very power it would assert;— nor are such impotential hypotheses unfrequently started, and defended by a misguided zeal, which in the behalf of Omnipotence would destroy the very nature of power, indistinctly confounding truth and falsehood, and thereby ascribing and subjecting all things rather to an unaccountable

In mode of organizing texture wrought,
 And quick with spirited quintessence fraught: 40
 When objects on the exterior membrane press,
 The alarm runs inmost thro' each dark recess,
 Impulsive strikes the corresponding springs,
 And moves the accord of sympathetic strings;
 Effects like acts inevitable rise, 45
 (Preordinate in the DESIGN ALLWISE)
 Yet still their earthly origin retain,
 Reductive to the principle terrene,
 Tho' curious to deceive with mimic skill,
 And feint the dictate of interior will. 50

Here, matter's fix'd eternal barriers stand;
 Tho' wrought beneath THE ALMIGHTY'S FORM-
 ING HAND,

Tho'

unaccountable arbitrary will, than to an infinite power ever guided equally by that infinite wisdom which equally and infinitely contemplates and actuates nature, agreeable to that order and those laws originally by that wisdom impressed on all things.—I should be unwilling to lay an error of this kind to the charge of a worthy prelate of a neighbouring nation, author of a late most learned treatise, wherein he denies that brutes, or the inferior animal system is endued with any being distinct from matter, and yet does not seem to me to account for the existence of actions of such animals as mere machines; but if I do not grossly misapprehend him, he ascribes to them, and consequently to mere matter under the term of animal life, an inferior kind of perception and ideas, and thus has carried the perfections of matter to a higher pitch than I can pretend to with any appearance of reason or even possibility.—I shall hereafter have a more ample and proper opportunity to shew the absurdity of this hypothesis, and shall at present only hint a few reasons that are applicable to the occasion, which are these —

VER. 51. *Here, matter's fix'd*] Whether matter be divisible ad infinitum, or not, if it is capable of any degree of perception

Tho' subtilized beyond the kindling ray,
Or sacred flame of heaven's empyreal day,

No

ception, such perception must either be naturally inherent, or arise from some peculiar modification:—now as no two parts of matter can exist in the same place, (for then neither part would exist in any place, as each would occupy the place of the other) the parts however harmoniously modified, or closely united, are absolutely distinct from each other, since their coherence can only consist in neighbourhood or contiguity, and not in incorporation:—if therefore the parts so distinct have any inherent perception, they must have a perception as distinct from each other as their parts; and if divisible ad infinitum, there is such a confusion of indistinct distinct perceptions, as is too absurd for any thing but a jest.—But if matter is reducible to atoms, and every atom supposed to perceive, I would ask how atoms can be organized so as to see, hear, smell, &c. and if organization is necessary to the perception of matter, either such perception arises intirely new from the organization, or the organization only gives a liberty of action to the perception that was prior and distinctly latent in every part:—but if in the former supposition such perception is solely produced by the organization or modification, organization or modification, however nice or mechanic, being no other than a mode of form, or figure, the most extraneous and incidental of any property of matter, and perception being the most absolute and simple of any thing we know, and by which alone we know all that we do know; such hypothesis I say carries in itself such a palpable contradiction and confutation, as to make what is simple, absolute, and invariable, to be produced by what is most compound, precarious, and changeable, nay, by a mere relative term, figure being no other than the circumscription of space surrounding a finite body.—But, if in the last case and refuge, organization or modification is supposed only to give a power of action to what was before latent in the parts of matter, if the perceptions continue still as distinct as the parts, here must arise such a multiplicity of perceptions, as must destroy and confound the very operation of the organs by which the parts perceive. And lastly, if it be alleged that by the modification, the parts become so loving and neighbourly, as by sharing the perception of each other to make one amicable union of the whole, each part must still retain its proper right to its portion of perception; and if upon any accident a member of the system should be lopped off, why then truly
a piece

No plexured mode, no aptitude refined, 55
 Can yield one glimpse of all-informing mind ;
 The parts distinct in firm cohesion lie,
 Distinct as those that range the distant sky ;
 Time's fleeting points the unreal self devour,
 Varied and lost thro' every changling hour ; 60
 Whence, the precarious system, tho' compact,
 Can ne'er arrive to individual act ;
 Since impotence absurdly should ensue,
 Distinction be the same, and one be ten, or two.

Not so, in intellectual splendors bright, 65
 The soul's irradiance burns with native light,

a piece of such united perception being gone, we have only a piece of perception remaining ; and thus also perception the most simple of all units must be daily and hourly divided by the perpetual flux of matter —

VER. 65. *Not so, in intellectual*]. Whence I must necessarily and inevitably conclude, that whatever being is endued with the least degree of perception, must be a being, substance, or essence, as widely and oppositely distinct from matter, as any two things can be imagined : and though I do not see but such essences may be of infinitely different natures, and consequently differ in their manners and degrees of powers and perfections ; yet as no being can perish but by annihilation, which though no contradiction to Almighty power, can yet never be admitted consistent with that creating wisdom which does nothing in vain ; since even matter is otherwise imperishable, however its variation may deceive us, which only arises from its accidental properties of divisibility and cohesion : I must from the whole as necessarily and inevitably conclude, that what ever being is endued with any degree of real perception, as it cannot be affected with those accidental properties of matter, neither can it be affected with the variation that arises thereon, and must consequently exist in a higher enjoyment of powers and perfections, and that for ever.

72 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

With vision of internal powers profound,
 A pure essential unit, incompound;
 Celestial Queen, with conscious scepter graced,
 And rights in prime of vital action placed! 70
 Hence by identity all thought subsists,
 And one, in the existing one, exists;
 The one indissoluble must exist,
 And deathless thro' eternity subsist.

THOU SOLE PREROGATIVE, SUPREME OF RIGHT,
 DEEP SOURCE OF PRINCIPLE, AND LIGHT OF
 LIGHT, 76

WHOSE IS WILL BE, WHOSE WILL BE EVER WAS,
 OF SELF ESSENTIAL COESSENTIAL CAUSE!
 If not unhallow'd, nor the song profane,
 Nor voice of matin elevation vain; 80
 Prime, as the lark with earliest rapture springs,
 And warbling soars to GOODNESS, warbling sings,
 To THEE permissive sings with venial lays,
 And wings his pittance of ascending praise—
 O! whence to Us? or whence to aught? but
 THEE! 85

The word, the bliss, the privilege,—to Be—
 Or if to Be, for THEE alone to Be,
 Derivative GREAT AUTHOR SOLE! from THEE

VER. 76. DEEP SOURCE] The meaning of the expression is, that the reason or necessity of the DEITY's existence is included in himself.

THOU

THOU VOLUNTARY GOODNESS! thus immense
 To pour the largess of perceptive sense, 90
 Sense to perceive, to feel, to find, to know,
 That we enjoy, and You ALONE bestow.
 Could increation crave THY VITAL SKILL,
 The VIRTUAL FIAT of CREATIVE WILL?
 Less can THY FLOW of PLENITUDE receive 95
 Reversion from the goods ITS BOUNTY gave.

Come then, O Gratitude, endearing guest,
 In all thy feeling soft suggestions drest,
 And heave the swell of each exulting breast! }
 Thou Sentiment of friendship's cordial tie! 100
 Thou Thanks expressive from the moistening eye!
 Thou pledge assured of firm Dependence dear,
 Reposed on OMNIPRESENCE, ever near—
 Thro' all that breathe, waft, waft thy hallow'd
 gale,

And let the universal wish exhale; 105
 In symphony of vocal transport raise,
 And mount to Heaven the tributary praise!
 Whence, happy creatures! all your blessings flow,
 Your voice to praise HIM, and your skill to know;
 Whence, as the drops that deck the morning's robe,
 And gem the bosom of the twinkling globe, 110
 Profusive gifts the SMILING GOODNESS sheds,
 And boon around His boundless plenty spreads;
 Nought

Nought, nought exempt; the myriad minims race
 Inscrutable amid the ætherial space, 115
 That mock unseen, while human optics pry
 Or aids the search with microscopic eyes;
 The sweets of DENIED COMPLACENCE claim;
 To HIM display the wonders of their frame,
 His own texture, where ETERNAL ART, 120
 Emotive, pants within the alternate heart:

Here

VER. 115. *Inscrutable amid*] As I claim no advantage from a poetical licence, to assert any thing contrary to what I apprehend as truth; it may reasonably be demanded here, how it comes to be known that there are animalcules so minute, as cannot come under the cognizance of our senses, by which alone we can perceive them. But I think it may more reasonably be answered; that since for many ages past the continual and successive improvements that have been made in natural philosophy, by perpetually displaying new and unimagined scenes of knowledge, do at the same time demonstrate there are many yet unopened; and since the use of glasses shews us how much our eyes were defective, and the further invention and improvements of such glasses still shew the defect of all the former, and yet can never arrive to the perception of any part of matter or inanimate body more minute than many systems and species of beings endued with animal life; I say, upon such consideration, it would be extremely absurd to stop here, and assert there is nothing further left for an INFINITE and ALL OPERATING Wisdom.

VER. 121. *Emotive, pants*] And further—As equivocal generation, upon the soundest reasons, search, and experiments, is most justly exploded—however difficult it may appear to our apprehension, it is most certain, that such animal life in any material being, however minute, cannot exist without organization; since upon its supposition of being a mere machine, it must still have within, and throughout, those secret wheels and springs of motion, to which the machines of human artists may bear an inferior analogy or resemblance. And on the supposition of its being immaterial, but in union with a material vehicle; if the being in such union is perceptive,

Here from the lungs the purple currents glide,
 And hence impulsive bounds the sanguine tide,
 With blithe pulsation beats the arterial maze,
 And thro' the branching complication plays; 125
 Its wanton floods the tubal system lave,
 And to the veins resign their vital wave;
 Thro' glands refining, shed specific juice,
 Secreted nice to each appropriate use;
 Or here expansile, in meanders bend, 130
 While thro' the pores nutritive portions tend,
 Their equal aliment dividual share,
 And similar to kindred parts adhere.
 From thousand rills the flux continuous drains,
 Now swells the porta, now the cava veins; 135
 Here rallies last the recollected blood,
 And on the right pours in the cordial flood:
 While gales ingredient to the thorax pass,
 And breathing lungs imbibe the ethereal mass;
 Whence, their licentious ducts dilation claim, 140
 And open obvious to the welcome stream,

tive, there then must consequently be a proper medium or organization for the conveyance to such perception — And again, this organization in the present flux and incertain state of matter, must be supported, continued, and supplied by as proper and equivalent means, as —

VER. 128. *Thro' glands refining*] secretion —

VER. 130. *Or here expansile*] nutrition —

VER. 138. *While gales ingredient*] respiration, and —

Which

76 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Which salient, thro' the heart's contractile force,
Expulsive springs its recontinual course.

The captive air impatient of retreat,
Refines expansive with internal heat, 145
Its levity too rare to poise the exterior weight; }

Compressive round the incumbent æther lies,
And strict its elemental fold applies,

Whence either pulmonary lobe expires,
And all the interior subtile breath retires; 150

Subsiding lungs their labouring vessels press,
Affected mutual with severe distress,
While towards the left their confluent torrents
gush,

And on the heart's sinister cavern rush;
Collected there complete their circling rout, 155
And vigorous from their venal engine shoot.

Again the heart's constrictive powers revive,
And the fresh fountain thro' the Aorta drive;
Arterial valves oppose the reflux blood,

And swift injections push the lingering flood; 160
Sped by the last, the foremost currents bound,
And thus perennial run the purpling round.

VER. 151. *Subsiding lungs*] sanguification; the manner of which (so long and often debated) is as clearly and intelligibly represented, as the conciseness of this plan will admit; and is in some measure illustrated by the following—

So

So where beneath the culminating beam
 From India south the expanded oceans steam,
 Intense their fervid exhalations rise, 165
 And scale the steep of equinoctial skies;
 Collected now progressive proudly sail,
 And ride high born upon the trading gale;
 Now 'thwart the trope, or zone antarctic steer,
 And now aloof the Cape's emergence veer; 170
 Now wheeling dextrous wind the Æthiop main,
 And shading now the Atlantic ocean stain;
 Now westward hang o'er Montezuma's throne,
 And view the worlds to ancient worlds unknown:
 Around the antipodes the adventurers roam, 175
 And exiled never hope their native home;
 Some pious drops the restless vagrants shed,
 And now afresh their wing'd effusion spread;
 Askance, or cross the broad Pacific deep,
 Obliquely north the floating squadrons sweep; 180

VER. 163. *So where beneath*] allusion; where the earth may be considered as representing the solids of the animal system—the exhalations and streams as representing the circulating fluids—the wind or gales conveying those exhalations, the interior breath—and the influence of the moon on tides, the external influence of the atmosphere, which by compressing the thorax, and lungs, acts as antagonist to the natural contraction of the heart's muscular texture; and by embracing the outward members of the body, thereby, in some measure, actuates and assists the blood to mount in its return, and ascent, contrary to all the known laws of motion,

Still

Still arctic ply to reach the frozen pole,
 Now hurry'd on Sarmatian tempests roll;
 Sinister round extreme Imaus bend,
 And glooming o'er the Scythian realms depend;
 Now driven before the keen Septentrion fly, 185
 And intercept the clear Norossian sky;
 Now view where swathed the mighty Tarrar
 lay;
 Now sidelong hover on the Caspian sea;
 Now gather blackening from the farther shore,
 And o'er Armenia sluice the impetuous store; 190
 Euphrates here and rapid Tigris swell,
 And weep their streams where great Darius fell.
 Primæval there, the blissful garden stood;
 Here, youthful Ammon stemm'd the torrent flood.
 Circumfluous rolls the long disparted tide, 195
 And mighty realms the wandering flux divide:
 Here, Nineveh, and fair Seleucia rise;
 There, Babel vain, attempts the laughing skies,
 While proudly round the female structures gleam,
 And break and tremble in the blazing stream; 200
 Proficient whence, the liquid confluence meet,
 And thro' the gulph their kindred ocean greet;
 Urg'd by the moon, abjure the pearly shore,
 And travel whence they sprung—to travel as be-
 fore.

How

How the song smiles, should deeming censure
 chide 205
 As disproportion'd, thro' allusion wide!
 What tho' we join this globe's endumber'd frame,
 The deep unfathom'd, and the copious stream,
 With all the appendage of incumbent skies,
 To match the frame of animalcule size— 210
 Our theme no great (of ONE exclusive) knows;
 No little, when from ONE, that ONE, it flows;
 This globe an atom to the native space,
 Where vortical it wheels its annual race;

VER. 205. *How the song smiles*] That the former comparison is by no means inadequate; great and little, being but relative terms, in respect of finite essences; and magnitude, or minuteness, as they appear or disappear reciprocally by comparison, depending barely on the relations; and not the essences or nature of things; as the term little is greater than what is less, and is only little by being compared with some thing greater; so that, properly speaking, whatever is finite, in respect of what is finite, is not really little; whereas, on the other hand, in respect of infinity, all things finite are equally diminutive; being equally remote from —

VER. 211. *ONE exclusive*] WHAT IS INFINITE, WHO ALONE IS ABSOLUTE, GREAT, and INDEPENDENT.

VER. 213. *This globe an atom*] thus to any person, who should compare this stupendous globe of earth and ocean, to its vortex, or the vast extent of space that includes our planetary system, in which Saturn takes thirty years to finish his circle round the sun; upon the supposition that such person were transported to the sun in the center of our vortex, and the earth transported beyond the planet Saturn, to the uttermost verge of the vortex; this earth, though shining with reflected light, would not then appear even as a point, and would only be visible by the assistance of a telescope.

Its

Its vortex (by adjacent whirl-pools bound) 215
 A point to worlds that circling blaze around;
 Lost in the whole, these vanish in their turn,
 And but with relative effulgence burn:
 But where finite to Infinite aspires,
 Shrunk from its LORD, the universe retires; 220
 A shade its substance, and a blank its state,
 Where ONE, and only ONE, is only GREAT!
 All equidistant, or alike all near,
 The reptile minim, or the rolling sphere;

VER. 215. *Its vortex*] Again, should such person contemplate the surrounding vortexes within his ken, where all the planets or inhabited worlds disappear, and nothing is perceived but a glimmering ray shed from the several suns that shine each in the center of their proper vortex; upon comparing our vortical system to those other worlds or systems that appear numberless in his view; it is evident, that in the comparison, our system would barely hold the proportion of a unit in number, or a point in magnitude——

VER. 217. *Lost in the whole*] and yet further, should our thoughts extend to take in those other vortexes, systems, and suns, that are only visible by the help of glasses; and extending yet further, comprehend the whole imaginable and grand material system or universe: in this comparison, all the visible worlds in their turn would shrink to a proportionate point.——

VER. 219. *But where finite*] But should we attempt yet higher, and compare the universe of matter, to immensity, the attribute of DEITY; here the whole universal system, with which our thoughts were so greatly expanded, quite vanishes; since whatever is finite, as finite, will admit of no comparative relation with INFINITY; for whatever is less than infinite, is still infinitely distant from INFINITY, and lower than infinite distance the lowest or least cannot sink——

VER. 223. *All equidistant*] in respect therefore of the CREATOR, all creatures are upon a level——

Alike

Alike minutely great, or greatly less, 225
 In form finite INFINITY express;
 Express the seal of CHARACTER DIVINE,
 And bright, thro' HIS INFORMING RADIANCE,
 shine.

Just so as when sublime the fancy soars,
 And worlds on worlds illimited explores; 230
 No end of thought, or time, or space is found,
 And each immense, are each, in either drown'd:
 So when the mind to central beauty tends,
 And strict to fix some certain period bends,
 In vain its ultimate contraction's sought, 235
 And still delusive, shuns the labouring thought;
 While THAT IMMENSE! whence every essence
 came,

Still ENDLESS reigns in each minutest frame.

Attentive

VER. 226. *In form finite*] and yet by being creatures, even the most seemingly despicable, bear such relation to their CREATOR, as expresses His stamp and character sufficient to make it most highly valuable to all its fellow-creatures; who are themselves only valuable, by sharing and partaking the same Divine Influence—

VER. 229. *Just so as when sublime*] which Divine Influence or character not only declares the immediate operation and art of omnipotence, but even so far is expressive of the very attribute of DEITY, that whereas outwardly we can assign no certain bounds to the works of an infinite energy—

VER. 233. *So when the mind*] so; on the other hand, within we are as much lost and bewildered, in attempting to find or assign any point or period in the texture of the most minute animalcule—

VER. 237. *While THAT IMMENSE*] while the harmony and infinity of the ETERNAL ARTIST are, in some degree, VOL. I. G impressed

Attentive then inspect the wondrous scene,
 Nor deem our animalcule's texture vain; 240
 Where tuned thro' every corresponding part,
 Its system closes in consummate art.
 Quick, from the mind's imperial mansion fled,
 With lively tension spins the nervous thread,
 With flux of animate effluvia stored, 245
 And tubes of nicest perforation bored,
 Whose branching maze thro' every organ tends,
 And unity of conscious action lends;

impressed on his works; and as outwardly we can find no bounds, so inwardly we can find no end of art and beauty—

VER. 239. *Attentive then inspect*] Shall we then flight, or deem that little, in which immensity is so conspicuous? or trivial, which could employ no less than infinite wisdom and power?

VER. 243. *Quick, from the mind's*] It has already been proved in this book, where the circulation of the blood was treated of (*vide supra*) that the least animalcule must distinctly and perfectly have all the proportion, symmetry, and adjustment of that organized texture, which is indispensably necessary for the several functions of animal life: and as I there chose the smallest of imaginable animal creatures for the general instance of the oeconomy of an animal body; so here I continue it as an instance of general motion and sensation, both of which are performed by the mediation of the nerves, that all tend to, and arise from the brain and spinal marrow. And though formerly I shewed that matter when so curiously organized, might possibly be susceptible of motion, and even the appearance of sensation, by the correspondence of its inward texture with the outward impulse, or impressions made on it, like the answering harmony of a musical instrument (*vide supra*); yet I further demonstrated, that bare matter cannot possibly be susceptible of the least real sensation, or perception (*vide supra*). I am therefore obliged, upon this occasion, and on the supposition of actual sensation, to introduce—

While

While spirits thro' the wandering channels wind,
 And wing the message of informing mind; 250
 Or objects to the ideal seat convey;
 Or dictate motion with internal sway.

As when, beneath the sultry Lybian ray,
 Coop'd in his camp the Julian hero lay,
 Full on the ditch the dusk Numidians bound, 255
 And Rome's last hopes recruited rage around;
 Serenely still, amid the dread alarms,
 See, Cæsar sits, the mighty soul of arms!
 See, at his nod, the various combat burns,
 And the wing'd scout still turns, and still returns!
 While he, the war sedately weigh'd informs, 261
 Himself unmoved amid surrounding storms.

Just so supreme, unmated, and alone,
 The Soul assumes her intellectual throne;

VER. 250. *Informing mind*] a being of a nature distinct from matter, which being situate in the original point of motion and sensation—

VER. 254. *Coop'd in his camp*] (like Julius Cæsar in his camp at Ruspina in Afric, when attacked by Scipio and the confederate forces of Julia) without moving from that situation, receives all the concurrent intelligencies from abroad, by which means it is instructed to send forth its orders and emissaries as occasions require, and thus directs and informs the whole bodily system.

VER. 263. *Just so supreme*] It is an observation of an author learned in the law, that "non omne simile quatuor pedibus currit;" yet as our passions (the operation of which is above described) may be called a state of warfare, the simile even in that respect is not unjust.

84 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Around their queen attendant spirits watch, 265
Each rising thought with prompt observance
catch,

The tidings of internal passion spread,
And thro' each part the swift contagion shed.
With motive throes the quickening limbs conceive;

The blood tempestuous, pours a flushing wave; 270
With raging swell alternate pantings rise;
And terrors rowl within the kindling eyes.
The mind thus speeds her ministry abroad,
And rules obedient matter with a nod;

The obsequious mass beneath her influence yields,
And even her will the unwieldy fabric wields. 276

Thro' winding paths her sprightly envoys fly,
Or watchful in the frontier senses lie;

Brisk on the tongue the grateful gusto greet,
And thro' the nerves return the ideal sweet; 280
Or incense from the nostrils gate exhale,

And to their goddess waft the odorous gale;

VER. 277. *Thro' winding paths*] I did not think it necessary to insert here the sense of feeling, not only because there is no special or peculiar organ to which it bears relation, but because I take it for a sort of universal sense, all sensation being performed by contact; and so —

VER. 279. *Brisk on the tongue*] tasting —

VER. 281. *Or incense*] smelling —

Or

Or musical to charm the listening soul,
 Attentive round the tortuous ear patrol,
 There each sonorous undulation wait, 285
 And thrill in rapture to the mental seat;
 Or wondrous to the organick vision pass,
 And to the mind inflect the magick glass;
 Here born elate upon ethereal tides,
 The blythe illuminated glory glides, 290 }
 And on the beam the painted image rides;
 Those images that still continuous flow,
 Effluviated around, above, below,
 True to the colour, distance, shape, and size,
 That from essential things perpetual rise, 295 }
 And obvious gratulate our wondering eyes;
 Convey the bloom of nature's smiling scene,
 The vernal landskip, and the watery main;

VER. 283. *Or musical to charm*] hearing, and——

VER. 287. *Or wondrous*] seeing, being but a different kind of touch, or feeling, agreeable and accommodated to the difference of objects that are thereby perceived.

VER. 289. *Here born elate*] The manner in which the——

VER. 291. *Image rides*] object is conveyed to the eye——

VER. 296. *And obvious gratulate*] by whose second mediation the perceiving soul rejoices——

VER. 297. *Bloom of nature's smiling scene*] beholding the elegance and beauty of nature——

The flocks that nibble on the flowery lawn,
 The frisking lambkin, and the wanton fawn; 309
 The sight how grateful to the social soul,
 That thus imbibes the blessings of the whole,
 Joys in their joy, while each inspires his breast
 With blessings multiplied from all that's blest!
 Nor less yon heights the unfolding heaven display,
 Its nightly twinkle, and its streaming day; 306
 The page impress'd conspicuous on the skies,
 A preface to the Book of Glory lies;
 We mount the steep, high born upon delight,
 While hope aspires beyond—and distances the
 sight. 310
 Thus heaven and earth, whom varying graces deck,
 In full proportions paint the visual speck;
 So awful did the ALMIGHTY'S forming will,
 Amazing texture, and stupendous skill,

VER. 299. *The flocks that nibble*] but chiefly those animated beings who through life are susceptible of happiness.—

VER. 301. *The sight*] as every generous person increases his happiness by rejoicing in the happiness of others.—

VER. 305. *Nor less yon heights*] and as by means of this miraculous organ of sight, the beauties of earth are conspicuous, so in the first page of heaven expanded before us, to raise our hope to an assurance of further bliss.

VER. 313. *So awful did*] The wonderful texture of the

The

The visionary net and tunics weave,
 And the bright gem with lucid humours lave;
 So gave the ball's collected ray to glow,
 And round the pupil arch'd his radiant bow;
 Full in a point unmeasured spaces lie,
 And worlds inclusive dwell within our eye. 320
 Yet useless was this textured wonder made,
 Were Nature, beauteous object! undisplay'd;
 Those, both as vain, the object, and the sight,
 Wrapt from the radiance of revealing light;
 As vain the bright illuminating beam, 325
 Unwafted by the medium's airy stream:
 Yet vain the textured eye, and object fair,
 The sunny lustre, and continuous air;

VER. 315. *The visionary net*] its retina (continued from the optick nerve) which is the proper organ of vision——

VER. 315. *Tunics weave*] its coats——

VER. 316. *Humours lave*] humours——

VER. 318. *Radiant bow*] and Iris, or circle surrounding the pupil, within which——

VER. 319. *Full in a point*] the images of things are distinctly painted.

VER. 321. *Yet useless was*] The infinitely wise adjustment of nature demonstrated; inasmuch as the eye had been useless without the object, both eye and object useless without light, the eye, the object, and the light, still useless without the medium of air for conveyance, and altogether as useless without.

88 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Annul'd and blank this grand illustrious scene,
 All, all its grace, and lifeless glories, vain; 330
 Till from the ETERNAL sprung this effluent Soul,
 Bless'd to inspect, and comprehend the whole!
 O whence, say whence this endless Beauty springs,
 This awful, dear, delightful depth of things?
 Whence but from THEE! THOU GREAT ONE!
 THOU DIVINE!
 PLACID! and MILD! ALL GRACIOUS! ALL BE-
 NIGN! 336
 THOU Nature's PARENT! and SUPREME DESIRE!
 How loved the offspring!—and how bless'd the
 SIRE!
 How ever BLESS'd! as blessings from THEE flow,
 And spread all bounteous on THY works below:
 The reptile, wreathed in many a wanton play; 341
 And insect, basking in the shine of day;
 The grazing quadruped, and plummy choir
 That earthly born to heavenly heights aspire;

VER. 331. *Till from the ETERNAL*] The mind, which only can perceive.

VER. 341. *The reptile*] This paragraph was added as a hint of the following part, which chiefly treats of the arts and instincts of the inferior animal system: which subject, as it is less abstruse, so, it is probable, it will be more agreeable than any hitherto treated of.

All species, form'd beneath the solar beam, 345
 That numberless adorn our future theme,—
 Fed in THY bounty, fashion'd in THY SKILL,
 Cloath'd in THY LOVE, instructed in THY will,
 Safe in THY conduct, their unerring guide,
 All-save the child of ignorance and pride— 350
 The paths of BEAUTY and of TRUTH pursue,
 And teach proud man those lectures which ensue!

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

B O O K V.

THUS Nature's frame, and Nature's GOD
we sing,

And trace even Life to its ETERNAL SPRING—
The ETERNAL SPRING! whence streaming boun-
ty flows;

The ETERNAL LIGHT! whence every radiance
glows;

The ETERNAL HEIGHT of indetermin'd space! 5

The ETERNAL DEPTH of Condescending Grace!

SUPREME! and MIDST! and PRINCIPLE! and

END!

The ETERNAL FATHER! and the ETERNAL
FRIEND!

The

The ETERNAL LOVE! who bounds in every
breast;

The ETERNAL BLISS! whence every creature's
blest— 10

While man, even man, the lavish goodness shares,
The wretch offends, and yet His GOODNESS
spares;

Still to the wayward wight indulgent turns,
And kindly courts him to the peace he spurns;
Emits the beam of intellectual light— 15

Bright is the beam, and wilful is the night—
While Nature amply spreads the illustrious scene,
And renders all pretext of error vain:

Unfolded wide her obvious pages lie,
To win attention from the wandering eye; 20
Full to convince us, to instruct us sage,
Strict to reform, and beauteous to engage.

Like Nature's law no eloquence persuades,
The mute harangue our every sense invades;
The apparent precepts of the ETERNAL WILL, 25
His every work, and every object fill;
Round with our eyes His revelation wheels,
Our every touch his demonstration feels.

VER. 27. *Round with our eyes* The *DEITY* necessarily in-
ferred from the contemplation of every object.—

And, O SUPREME! whene'er we cease to know
THEE, the SOLE SOURCE, whence sense, and science
flow! 30

Then must all faculty, all knowledge fail,
And more than monster o'er the man prevail.

Not thus HE gave our optic's vital glance,
Amid omniscient art, to search for chance,
Blind to the charms of Nature's beauteous frame;
Nor made our organ vocal, to blaspheme: 36

Not thus HE will'd the creatures of his nod,
And made the mortal, to unmake his GOD;
Breathed on the globe, and brooded o'er the wave,
And bid the wide obsequious world conceive: 40

Spoke into being, myriads, myriads rise,
And with young transport gaze the novel skies;
Glance from the surge, beneath the surface scud,
Or cleave enormous the reluctant flood;
Or rowl vermicular their wanton maze, 45
And the bright path with wild meanders glaze;
Frisk in the vale, or o'er the mountains bound,
Or in huge gambols shake the trembling ground;

VER. 41. *Spoke into being*] But more especially visible in the animate creation, so infinitely diversified in the several species and kinds of—

VER. 43. *Glance from the surge*] fish—

VER. 45. *Or rowl vermicular*] reptiles—

VER. 47. *Frisk in the vale*] quadrupeds—

bnA

Swarm

Swarm in the beam; or spread the plummy sail—
 The plume creates, and then directs the gale: 50
 While active gaiety, and aspect bright,
 In each expressive, sums up all delight.

But whose unmeasured prose, memorial long!
 Or volubility of numerous song,
 Can Nature's infinite productions range, 55
 Or with her ever varying species change?
 Not the famed bard, in whose surviving page,
 Troy still shall stand, and fierce Pelides rage;
 Not this the Mantuan's rival muse could hope;
 Nor thou, sole object of my envy,—Pope! 60

Then let the shoals of latent nations sleep,
 Safe in the medium of their native deep;
 Haply, when future beauteous scenes invite,
 Haply our line may draw those scenes to light.

Mean while, earth's minim populace inspect, 65
 With just propriety of beauties deck'd;
 Consummate each, adapted to its state,
 And highly in the lowest sphere complete.

Sublime

VER. 49. *Swarm in the beam*] insects—

VER. 49. *Or spread the plummy sail*] and birds; as this diversity unites in one universal evidence of ONE SOLE OPERATOR—

VER. 67. *Consummate each*] Whose characteristic of infinite power and wisdom is equally conspicuous in all, since even

94 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Sublime the theme, and claims the attentive
ear,

Well worth the song, since worth THE AL-
MIGHTY'S care; 70

Since even the smallest from the GREAT ONE
springs,

Great and conspicuous in minutest things!

The reptile first, how exquisitely form'd,
With vital streams thro' every organ warm'd!
External round the spiral muscle winds, 75

And folding close the interior texture binds;

Secure of limbs or needless wing he steers,

And all one locomotive act appears:

His rings with one elastic membrane bound,

The prior circlet moves the obsequious round; 80

The next, and next, its due obedience owes,

And with successive undulation flows.

even the lowest can be derived from no less than the
HIGHEST; and, in that respect, the lowest, though appa-
rently despicable, is most highly valuable, since the same Ex-
TENSIVE BENIGNITY condescends even to the——

VER. 73. *The reptile first*] earth-worm, and has had a pe-
culiar regard towards it——

VER. 74. *With vital streams*] in the organization of its
frame——

VER. 75. *External round*] its wonderful apparatus for mo-
tion, by a most especial and accurate provision——

The

The mediate glands, with unctuous juice replete,
 Their stores of lubricating guile secrete ;
 Still opportune, with prompt emission flow, 85
 And slipping frustrate the deluded foe ;
 When the stiff clod their little augers bore,
 And all the worm insinuates thro' the pore.

Slow moving next, with grave majestic pace,
 Tenacious Snails their silent progress trace ; 90
 Thro' foreign fields secure from exile roam,
 And sojourn safe beneath their native home.
 Their domes self-wreathed, each architect attend,
 With mansions lodge them, and with mail defend :

VER. 83. *The mediate glands*] With every other mean and method accommodated to its sphere of action ; and conducting to the safety and perfection of its state.

VER. 89. *Slow moving next*] The same infinite WISDOM operating ever equally, though variously, is no less admirable in the different apparatus for the snail's motion, as differently adapted to its different state and occasions——

VER. 90. *Tenacious Snails*] by a broad and strong skin on either side the belly, and the emission of a glutinous slime ; by the assistance of which they adhere to any surface more firmly than they could do with claws or talons.

VER. 93. *Their domes self wreathed*] The advantage of their shells, which they form by a froth or petrifying juice, which they secrete from their body ; and at any time repair a fracture or breach in their building, which serves them both for house and armour.

But chief, when each his wintery portal forms, 95
 And mocks secluded from incumbent storms;
 Till gates, unbarring with the vernal ray,
 Give all the secret hermitage to day;
 Then peeps the fage from his unfolding doors, 99
 And cautious heaven's ambiguous brow explores:
 Towards the four winds four telescopes he bends,
 And on his own astrology depends;
 Assured he glides beneath the smiling calm,
 Bathes in the dew, and sips the morning balm;
 The peach this pampering epicure devours, 105
 And climbing on the topmost fruitage towers.

Such have we cull'd from nature's reptile scene,
 Least accurate of all the wondrous train,

Who

VER. 95. *But chief*] And which they close up during the winter, to shut out the inclemency of the weather, and also to prevent any consumption of the fluids; by which means they want no nourishment at a time that they cannot be readily provided.

VER. 101. *Towards the four winds*] I have inserted this opinion of snails having eyes at the ends of their horns, rather in submission to authority, than that I am really persuaded it is so. However, they may, in a great measure, be said to see with their touch, which in this part is extremely sensible, and equally serves their purpose—

VER. 107 *Such have we cull'd*] and since the common earth-worm and snail (which seem the most despicable of all reptiles) are so curiously adorned, and provided in all respects, how amazing must the same conduct, care, and artifice

Who plunged recluse in silent caverns sleep ;
 Or multipede, earth's leafy verdure creep ; 110
 Or on the pool's new mantling surface play,
 And range a drop, as whales may range the sea :
 Or ply the rivulet with supple oars,
 And oft, amphibious, course the neighbouring
 shores ;
 Or sheltering, quit the dank inclement sky, 115
 And condescend to lodge where princes lie ;
 There tread the ceiling, an inverted floor,
 And from its precipice depend secure :
 Or who nor creep, nor fly, nor walk, nor swim,
 But claim new motion with peculiar limb, 120
 Successive spring with quick elastic bound,
 And thus transported pass the refluent ground.

Or who all native vehicles despise,
 And buoy'd upon their own inventions rise ;

tifice be, through the several scenes of minute animalcules !
 who leave no place empty of suitable inhabitants, and are
 doubtless of greater consequence in nature, than our partial
 and narrow way of thinking may imagine.

VER. 119. *Or who nor creep*] Such as grasshoppers,
 crickets, and frogs.

VER. 123. *Or who all native*] Spiders, &c. whose flights
 are owing to a thread of inconceivable fineness and levity,
 which they dart, on occasion, from their bodies, and which
 being buoyed up by the least breeze, bears off the animal-
 cule to which it is annexed.

Shoot forth the twine, their light aerial guide, 125
And mounting o'er the distant zenith ride.

Or who a twofold apparatus share,
Natives of earth, and habitants of air ;
Like warriors stride, oppress'd with shining mail,
But furl'd, beneath, their silken pennons veil: 130
Deceived our fellow reptile we admire,
His bright endorsement, and compact attire,
When lo ! the latent springs of motion play,
And rising lids disclose the rich inlay ;
The tissued wing its folded membrane frees, 135
And with blithe quavers fans the gathering breeze ;
Elate towards heaven the beauteous wonder flies,
And leaves the mortal wrapp'd in deep surprize.

So when the Guide led Tobit's youthful heir,
Elect, to win the seven times widow'd Fair, 140
The angelic form, concealed in human guise,
Deceived the search of his associate's eyes ;
Till swift each charm bursts forth like issuing
flame,
And circling rays confess his heavenly frame ;

VER. 127. *Or who a twofold*] Of this kind are beetles and lady-cows; and nothing can be more entertaining than to see them, by a surprizing machinery of little springs and hinges, erect the smooth covering of their backs, and unfolding their wings that were most neatly disposed within their cases, prepare for flight —

The zodiac round his waste divinely turns, 145
 And waving radiance o'er his plumage burns :
 In awful transports rapt, the youth admires,
 While light from earth the dazzling shape aspires.

O think, if superficial scenes amaze,
 And even the still familiar wonders please, 150
 These but the sketch, the garb, the veil of things,
 Whence all our depth of shallow science springs;
 Think, should this curtain of OMNISCIENCE rise,
 Think of the sight ! and think of the surprize !

Scenes

VER. 149. *O think*] But what is there in nature that is not equally surprizing ? We are ashamed not to account for objects that are daily obvious to our senses ; and yet every work of the DEITY—

VER. 151. *These but the sketch*] in many respects, is to us as really incomprehensible as the Divine OPERATOR ; for who can give rule or measure to the works of an Infinite Artist ? And if we only superficially behold, and reason from the qualities of things—

VER. 153. *Think, should this curtain*] were this veil at once laid aside, how insupportably conspicuous would the fullness of Infinite Wisdom and Essential Beauty appear ; pouring on our weak and unequal senses ! We should then be convinced of the equal folly and impiety of presumption on one side ; or scepticism on the other : of pretending to know all things ; or (because we know not all things) of inferring that nothing is to be known.

Our reason indeed is not infallible ; but neither is it useless : reason, throughout its sphere of knowledge, perceives a wisdom and art that is obvious, and inimitable ; and hence cannot avoid to infer, that the same wisdom and art is universal ; and that there must be ONE SOLE OMNIPRESENT and ADORABLE ARTIST. But when reason attempts a higher pitch, and forms to itself independent schemes of the courses

Scenes inconceivable, essential, new, 155
 Whelm'd on our soul, and lightning on our
 view!—

How would the vain disputing wretches shrink,
 And shivering, wish they could no longer think;
 Reject each model, each reforming scheme,
 No longer dictate to the GRAND SUPREME, 160
 But waking, wonder whence they dared to
 dream!

All is phænomenon, and type on earth,
 Replete with sacred and mysterious birth,

Deep

of nature, or fitnesses of things; nothing can be more vain
 than such a dictating arrogance.

That there is, and ever will be, a fitness and propriety in
 things, is evident even to reason; because reason perceives
 sufficient Wisdom and Goodness, to demonstrate that Wisdom
 and Goodness now are, and ever will be, the sole directing
 principles. But to say to what infinitely wise and good
 purposes such direction tends; to say how far, and in what
 particulars, the nature of such tendency may alter the ap-
 pearance of fitness in things; so as to determine what now
 is, or hereafter may be fit, possible, or impossible; is gene-
 rally as absurd as to attempt to grasp the universe in our
 hand, or circumscribe immensity with a carpenter's com-
 pass.

Hence this one great truth is evident, that though our rea-
 son apprehends a propriety and fitness in the relations of
 many things and actions both natural and moral, yet as
 we cannot comprehend the whole of INFINITE WISDOM—

VER. 162. *All is phænomenon*] there is doubtless a further
 design, and more latent fitness and beauty in things and
 their relations, than we can apprehend or are aware of: and
 as this fitness may be relative in respect of duration, and in
 respect

Deep from our search, exalted from our soar;
And Reason's task is, only to ADORE. 165

Who that beholds the summer's glistering
 swarms,

Ten thousand thousand gaily gilded forms,

In

respect of the difference between the present and future state of things; many things may now appear unfit and improper in our way of thinking, which in reality are most perfective of future infinitely wise and directing purposes, to which our notions are by no means adequate.

What has been here offered in the way of hypothesis, is evidently rational; but when more nearly attended to, will admit of the highest demonstration: for either there is a present absolute fitness in things; or a fitness in futuro, that is, in prospect or tendency, and only relative here to what must be absolute hereafter. But if there were an absolute fitness in the present state of things, there could then be no change in any thing; since what is best can never change to better: but things do change, and must therefore have a present relative fitness, tending to, and productive of some future, absolute, and unchangeable fitness or perfection; to which this present relative fitness is by a moral, wise, and orderly necessity, precedent.

The sum of all (which has so long and copiously employed the pens of the learned) is this,—First, That there is a present fitness or beauty sufficiently obvious in things, to demonstrate an OVER-RULING WISDOM.—Secondly, That this OVER-RULING WISDOM, or GOD, now does, and ever will conduct all things for the best.—But, thirdly, Since things change, they cannot be now in their state of perfection.—Therefore, fourthly, There must be some other or future state, to which all things tend and are directed, for the final and unchangeable perfection of all things.

VER. 166. *Who that beholds*] If any thing in the preceding lines seems too much tinctured with mystery; I must beg leave to ask the enemies of mystery, were it not for repeated experience, whether every thing in nature would not appear a mystery? or, whether, when they contemplate a gnat or butterfly, &c. they can perceive, by the bare light of nature

In volant dance of mix'd rotation play,
 Bask in the beam, and beautify the day;
 Who'd think these airy wantons so adorn, 170
 Were late his vile antipathy and scorn,
 Prone to the dust, or reptile thro' the mire,
 And ever thence unlikely to aspire?
 Or who with transient view, beholding, loaths
 Those crawling sects, whom vilest semblance
 cloaths; 175
 Who, with corruption, hold their kindred state,
 As by contempt, or negligence of fate;
 Could think, that such, revers'd by wondrous
 doom,
 Sublimer powers and brighter forms assume;
 From death, their future happier life derive, 180
 And tho' apparently entomb'd, revive;

or reason, the relation its present state and form bears to the several changes, states, and forms, through which it has pass'd, all in appearance as distinct as difference could make them?—

VER. 174. *Or who with transient view*] or, whether, by contemplating an animalcule's egg, they can foresee that this will produce a maggot or caterpillar, &c. that the maggot or caterpillar will build its own sepulchre; (and having continued therein for a certain term, in an apparent state of mortality, and laid aside its former limbs and organized members) will at length break through the gates of death, and put on a state and form of higher beauty and perfection, than could enter into any heart to conceive, or could have employed the dreams of the deepest philosopher?—

Chang'd,

Chang'd, thro' amazing transmigration rise,
 And wing the regions of unwonted skies;
 So late depress'd, contemptible on earth,
 Now elevate to heaven by second birth? 185

No fictions here to willing fraud invite,
 Led by the marvellous, absurd delight;
 No golden as, no tale Arabians feign;
 Nor fitting forms of Naso's magic strain,
 Deucalion's progeny of native stone, 190
 Or armies from Cadmean harvests grown;
 With many a wanton and fantastic dream,
 The lawrel, mulberry, and bashful stream;

VER. 186. *No fictions here*] How would the refined reasoners of the present age argue against the absurdity and impossibility of such unaccountable contradictions, were not the facts too obvious to sense and perpetual experience to be disputed? facts altogether as wonderful, though not so fabulous, as the——

VER. 188. *No golden as*] marvellous metamorphoses in romance; or——

VER. 189. *Nor fitting forms*] those of Ovid, in his tales of——

VER. 190. *Deucalion's progeny*] Deucalion and Pyrrha re-peopling the world after the flood——

VER. 191. *Or armies from*] of Cadmus sowing the serpent's teeth, from whence sprung armed men——

VER. 193. *The lawrel*] of Daphne——

VER. 193. *Mulberry*] Pyramus and Thisbe——

VER. 193. *And bashful stream*] Arethusa——

Arachne shrunk beneath Tritonia's rage ;
 Tithonus chang'd and garrulous with age, 195
 Not such mutations deck the chaster song,
 Adorn'd with Nature, and with Truth made
 strong ;

No debt to fable, or to fancy due,
 And only wondrous facts reveal'd to view.

Tho' numberless these insect tribes of air, 200
 Tho' numberless each tribe and species fair,
 Who wing the noon, and brighten in the blaze,
 Innumerable as the sands which bend the seas ;
 These have their organs, arts, and arms, and
 tools,

And functions exercised by various rules ; 205
 The saw, axe, auger, trowel, piercer, drill ;
 The neat alembick, and nectareous still :

VER. 194. *Arachne shrunk*] *Arachne* turned into a spider —

VER. 195. *Tithonus chang'd*] and *Tithonus* to a grasshopper.

VER. 204. *These have their organs*] However merry or hyperbolical these assertions may appear, in respect of creatures, whom our ignorance, or want of inspection, have rendered despicable to us ; there is nothing more certain, than that they have more trades and utensils than are here specified. The inimitable fineness, and mathematical proportion of their works, is a double demonstration of their skill, and the accuracy of their instruments ; to which the most exquisite manufacture of man may bear just such relation, as a cumbersome windmill to the neatest tool or machine in a watch-maker's shop —

Their

Their peaceful hours the loom and distaff know;
 But war, the force and fury of the foe,
 The spear, the fauchion, and the martial mail, 210
 And artful stratagem where strength may fail.
 Each tribe peculiar occupations claim,
 Peculiar beauties deck each varying frame;
 Attire and food peculiar are assigned,
 And means to propagate their varying kind. 215

Each as reflecting on their primal state,
 Or fraught with scientific craft innate,
 With conscious skill their oval embryo shed,
 Where native first their infancy was fed:
 Or on some vegetating foliage glued; 220
 Or o'er the flood they spread their future brood;
 A slender cord the floating jelly binds,
 Eludes the wave, and mocks the warring winds;

VER. 216. *Each as reflecting*] No less admirable is their reason, precaution, instinct, or what you please to call their care and skill, in the disposition of their eggs or embryo; not scattered at random, but situated agreeable to the nature of every species, in such places, and among such supplies of nutriment, as will alone contribute to the perfection, and be acceptable to the several appetites of their young ones —

VER. 220. *Or on some vegetating foliage*] if on the leaves of vegetables, then situated and glued in such a manner, as not to be subject to the influence of winds or rain —

VER. 222. *A slender cord*] For the mathematical order in which gnats dispose their eggs or sperm on the water, vide Derham's Phys. Theology, fig. IX. and X. —

O'er

O'er this their sperm in spiral order lies,
 And pearls in living ranges greet our eyes. 225
 In firmest oak they scoop a spacious tomb,
 And lay their embryo in the spurious womb:
 Some flowers, some fruit, some gems, or blof-
 soms chuse,
 And confident their darling hopes infuse;
 While some their eggs in ranker carnage lay, 230
 And to their young adapt the future prey.

Mean time the sun his fostering warmth be-
 queaths,
 Each tepid air its motive influence breaths,
 Mysterious springs the wavering life supply,
 And quickning births unconscious motion try; 235
 Mature their slender fences they disown,
 And break at once into a world unknown.

VER. 226. *In firmest oak*] And so, in like manner, the various receptacles which are suitable to the sperm of each species, are almost infinite; and yet the art and prophetic precaution, which, by a several and distinct method, is peculiar to each, carries the air of as much wisdom and importance, as if the harmony and connection of nature had depended on the regular and uniform propagation of every several sect or species—

VER. 232. *Mean time the sun*] The generality of these wonderful animals having thus performed all the requisites, take no further care for their young; but (like the ostrich, who covers her eggs with the sands) they are sensible their duty is over, and leave the rest to the clemency of the seasons, and the sufficiency of nature, who, in these instances, renders all further caution needless—

All by their dam's prophetic care receive
 Whate'er peculiar indigence can crave :
 Profuse at hand the plenteous table's spread, 240
 And various appetites are aptly fed.
 Nor less each organ suits each place of birth,
 Finn'd in the flood, or reptile o'er the earth ;
 Each organ, apt to each precarious state,
 As for eternity designed complete.

VER. 240. *Profuse at hand*] and alone furnishes and provides for all, with a more than parental care and tenderness—

VER. 243. *Nor less each organ*] But among all the instances of a universal and benign PROVIDENCE, nothing can be more signal or expressive of the EXTENSIVE GOODNESS than the occasional and temporary parts and organs of many animals in their changeable state, still accommodated, suited, and adapted with the most circumstantial and minute exactness to the immediate manner and convenience of their existence ; and yet as immediately shifted and thrown aside upon the animal's commencing a new state and scene of action, and a set of limbs and garniture furnished de novo, as it were a new suit of clothes fitted and contrived agreeable to every season. This observation may have escaped many, who thought it beneath them to inquire into the oeconomy of these minute animals ; but it is obvious to all persons in the tadpole estate of frogs, who, in their minority, are provided with a fin-like tail, which seems to constitute the chief part of their bulk, but drops off as the growing limbs extend, and gives notice that its continuance is superfluous and unnecessary.

Though the state and conduct of these animals, as here described, may be looked on as allegorical, and representative of the present state of man and his future hopes ; yet the case with them is already real, and their change and resurrection most evident to sense. The moment they are hatched—

Thus

108 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Thus nurs'd, these inconsiderate wretches grow,
Take all as due, still thoughtless that they owe.

When lo! strange tidings prompt each secret
breast,

And whisper wonders not to be express'd;
Each owns his error in his later cares, 250
And for the new unthought of world prepares:
New views, new tastes, new judgments are ac-
quired,

And all now loath delights so late admired.
In confidence the solemn shroud they weave,
Or build the tomb, or dig the deadly grave; 255
Intrepid there resign their parting breath,
And give their former shape the spoils of death;

VER. 246. *Thus nurs'd*] they set about pampering their little carcases, without any other apparent thought or concern——

VER. 248. *When lo*] within a certain period of time, they conceive a distaste to all past enjoyment, and by a profound reverie, seem, as it were, studious of some great event. During this interval, new judgments are acquired, and resolutions taken; they foresee and rejoice at their approaching mortality——

VER. 254. *In confidence*] they frame and prepare the mansions of death with the same chearful alacrity and elegance, as a bridal chamber, or wedding garment

VER. 257. *And give their former shape*] here the texture of their former organs suffers an actual dissolution; and whatever the principle of regeneration be, a new, and, in appearance, a quite different creature, is conceived from the remains of the old one——

But

But reconceived as in a second womb,
 Thro' metamorphoses, new forms assume :
 On death their true exalted life depends, 260
 Commencing there, where seemingly it ends.

The fullness now of circling time arrives ;
 Each from the long, the mortal sleep revives ;
 The tombs pour forth their renovated dead,
 And, like a dream, all former scenes are fled. 265
 But O! what terms expressive may relate
 The change, the splendor of their new form'd
 state ?

Their texture nor composed of filmy skin,
 Of cumbrous flesh without, or bone within,
 But something than corporeal more refined, 270
 And agile as their blithe informing mind.
 In every eye ten thousand brilliants blaze,
 And living pearls the vast horizon gaze ;
 Gemm'd

VER. 262. *The fullness now*] their consummation is at hand —

VER. 264. *The tombs pour forth*] their sepulchres give way ; they spring forth, and wing the air in inexpressible beauty and magnificence.

VER. 268. *Their texture*] *Insecta non videntur nervos habere, nec ossa, nec spinas, nec cartilaginem, nec pinguia, nec carnes, nec crustam quidem fragilem, ut quædam marina, nec quæ jure dicatur cutis : sed mediæ cujusdam inter omnia hæc naturæ corpus. Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xi. cap. 4.*

VER. 272. *In every eye*] These creatures, though, in appearance, they have but two eyes, are really multocular.
 Every

Gemm'd o'er their heads the mines of India gleam,
And heaven's own wardrobe has array'd their
frame ; 275

Each spangled back bright sprinkling specks adorn,
Each plume imbibes the rosy tintured morn ;
Spread on each wing the florid seasons glow,
Shaded and verg'd with the celestial bow,
Where colours blend an ever varying dye, 280
And wanton in their gay exchanges vie.

Not all the glitter fops and fair ones prize,
The pride of fools, and pity of the wise ;
Not all the shew and mockery of state,
The little, low, fine follies of the great ; 285
Not all the wealth which eastern pageants wore,
What still our idolizing worlds adore ;
Can boast the least inimitable grace,
Which decks profusive this illustrious race.

Hence might the song luxuriant range around,
Or plunge the nether ocean's dread profound ; 291
There mete Leviathan's enormous length,
Adorn'd with terrors, and unmatch'd in strength,

Every lens (of which there are an innumerable number) is a distinct eye, which has a branch of the optic nerve ministering to it ; by which provision no object escapes them ; they at once view almost all round them ; and as their eyes are immovable, this multiplicity amply supplies the absence of the motory nerves.

The

The sea his pool of pastime when he bathes,
And tempests issue while his nostril breathes. 295

See where Behemoth's pillar'd fabric stands!
His shade extensive cools the distant lands;
Encamp'd, an army on his shoulder lies,
And o'er his back proud citadels arise.

But vain those gifts, those graces to relate, 300
Which all perceive, and envy deems complete.

"O Nature!" cries the wretch of human birth,
"O why a step-dame to this lord of earth?"
"To brutes indulgent bends thy partial care,
"While just complainings fill our natal air. 305
"Helpless, unclothed, the pride of nature lies,
"And Heaven relentless hears his viceroy's cries.
"O wherefore not with native bounties bless'd,
"Nor thus in humble poor dependance dress'd?

VER. 300. *But vain those gifts*] Cujus causa videtur cuncta alia genuisse Natura, magna & sæva mercede contra tanta sua munera; ut non sit satis æstimare, parens melior homini, an tristior noverca fuerit—

VER. 304. *To brutes indulgent*] Ante omnia unum animalium cunctorum, alienis velat opibus: cæteris variè tegumenta tribuit; testas, cortices, coria, spinas, villos, setas, pilos, plumam, pennas, squamas, vellera. Truncos etiam arboresque cortice, interdum gemino, a frigoribus & calore tutata est. Hominem tantum nudum, & in nuda humo, natali die abjicit ad vagitus statim & ploratum, nullumque tot animalium aliud ad lacrymas, & has protinus vitæ principio. Plin. Nat. Hist. L. VII. Præm.

"Give

" Give me the self-born garb, the bark of trees, 310
 " The downy feather, and the wintry fleece;
 " The crocodile's invulnerable scale,
 " Or the firm tortoise's impervious mail;
 " The strength of elephants, the rein deer's speed,
 " Fleet and elastic as the bounding steed; 315
 " The peacock's state of gorgeous plumage add,
 " Gay as the dove in golden verdure clad;
 " Give me the scent of each sagacious hound,
 " The lynx's eye, and linnet's warbling sound;
 " The soaring wing and steerage of the crane, 320
 " And spare the toil and dangers of the main:
 " O why of these thy bounteous goods bereft,
 " And only to interior Reason left?
 " There, there alone, I bless thy kind decree;
 " Nor cause of grief, or emulation see." 325
 Thus needless prayers for needless gifts are sent,
 And man is, only in his wants, content;
 Indocile where he needs instruction most,
 His only error is his only boast.
 Ye self-sufficient sons of reasoning pride 330
 Too wise to take OMNISCIENCE for your guide,
 Those rules from insects, birds, and brutes discern,
 Which from the MAKER you disdain to learn!—
 The

The social friendship, and the firm ally,
The filial sanctitude, and nuptial tie, 335
Patience in want, and faith to persevere,
The endearing sentiment, and tender care,
Courage o'er private interest to prevail,
And die all Decii for the public weal.

Nor less for geometric schemes renown'd, 340
And skill'd in arts and sciences profound,
Their textured webs with matchless craft surprize,
Their buildings in amazing structures rise :
To them each clime, and longitude is known,
Each finds a chart and compass of his own; 345
They judge the influence of every star,
And calculate the seasons from afar ;
Thro' devious air pursue the certain way,
Nor ever from the Conscious Dictate stray.

UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

B O O K VI.

“ **Y**E human offsprings of distinguish'd birth,
“ So justly substituted lords of earth ;

“ Who boast the seal of highest heaven impress'd,

“ Thence with supremacy of reason bless'd,

“ Attend the song, and vindicate your claim ! 5

“ Recall your ancestry of antique fame,

“ Prime artizans of each sagacious craft,

“ The curious model, or designing draft,

“ All talents technical for each device,

“ The skilful fabrick, and the texture nice ! 10

“ Or, if ye pride in science more refined,

“ Judicial product of the studious mind,

“ The scheme politic, or the moral plan,

“ To form the conduct, or the heart of man ;

“ Attend

“ Attend the depth of maxims which ensue, 15
“ More than e’er Solon, or great Cecil knew;
“ The moral, with diviner precepts fraught,
“ Than stories, or than eastern magi taught.”

FIRST let the botanist his art forego,
And o’er the mountain trace the Cretan Doe: 20
Behold the critic stand with curious mien,
And cull the virtues of the various green,
Secrete her foliage from the noxious weed,
And conscious of her skill securely feed!

Where did this Sylvan Leach her lore acquire,
From Æsculapius, or his Radiant Sire? 26
When to her panting flank the weapon flies,
And deep within the feather’d mischief lies,
She seeks the well known medicine of the plain,
Nor yet despairs where human art were vain; 30
Mild thro’ her frame the sovereign balsams glide,
And the keen shaft falls guiltless from her side.

Ye wanderers of the faithless main! relate,
Whose science then averts impending fate,
When haply on the distant climate thrown, 35
Ye view strange objects, and a world unknown;
Each tree uncouth, with foreign fruitage crown’d,
And unacquainted plenty blooming round:

But who shall dare with rash adventurous hand,
 To pluck the bane of a suspected land? 40
 Half famish'd they devour with wistful eyes ;
 But fear dissuades to tempt the dangerous prize :
 Yet should they spy, amid the fruitful brake,
 The skilful trace of some luxurious beak,
 With birds their elegant repast they share, 45
 And bless the learn'd inhabitants of air.

Bear, bear my song, ye raptures of the mind !
 Convey your bard thro' Nature unconfined,
 Licentious in the search of wisdom range,
 Plunge in the depth, and wanton in the change; 50
 Waft me to Tempe, and her flowery dale,
 Born on the wings of every tuneful gale ;
 Amid the wild profusions let me stray,
 And share with Bees the virtues of the day.

Soon as the matin glory gilds the skies, 55
 Behold the little Virtuosi rise !
 Blithe for the task, they preen their early wing,
 And forth to each appointed labour spring.
 Now Nature boon exhales the morning steam,
 And glows and opens to the welcome beam; 60
 The vivid tribes amid the fragrance fly,
 And every art, and every business ply.

Each

Each chymist now his subtle trunk unsheathes,
Where, from the flower, the treasured odour
breathes ;
Here sip the liquid, here select the gum, 65
And o'er the bloom with quivering membrane
hum.

Still with judicious scrutiny they pry,
Where lodg'd the prime essential juices lie ;
Each luscious vegetation wide explore,
Plunder the spring of every vital store : 70
The dainty suckle, and the fragrant thyme,
By chymical reduction, they sublime ;
Their sweets with bland attempering suction strain,
And, curious, thro' their neat alembicks drain ;
Imbibed recluse, the pure secretions glide, 75
And vital warmth concocts the ambrosial tide.

Inimitable Art ! do thou atone
The long lost labours of the Latent Stone ;
Tho' the Five Principles so oft transpire,
Fined, and refined, amid the torturing fire. 80
Like issue should the daring chymist see,
Vain imitator of the curious Bee,
Nor arts improved thro' ages once produce
A single drachm of this delicious juice.
Your's then, industrious traders ! is the toil, 85
And man's proud science is alone to spoil.

118 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

" Sweet's the repast where pains have spread
the board;
" And deep the fund incessant labour's hoard;
" A friendly arm makes every burden light;
" And weakness, knit by union, turns to might."

Hail happy tribes! illustrious people hail! 94
Whose forms minute such sacred maxims veil;
In whose just conduct, framed by wondrous plan,
We read revers'd each polity of man.
Who first in council form'd your embryon state?
Who rose a patriot in the deep debate? 96
Greatly propos'd to reconcile extremes,
And weave in unity opposing schemes?
From fears inferr'd just reason of defence,
And from self-interest rais'd a publick sense; 100
Then pois'd his project with transposing scale,
And from the publick, shew'd the private weal?
Whence aptly summ'd, these politicians draw
The trust of power, and sanctitude of law;
Power in dispensing benefits employ'd, 105
And healing laws, not suffer'd, but enjoy'd.
The members, hence unanimous, combine
To prop that throne, on which the laws recline;
The law's protected even for private ends,
Whereon each individual's right depends; 110

Each individual's right by union grows,
 And one full tide for every member flows;
 Each member as the whole communion great,
 Back'd by the powers of a defending state;
 The state by mutual benefits securé, 115
 And in the might of every member sure!

The publick thus each private end pursues;
 Each in the publick drowns all private views:
 By social commerce and exchange they live,
 Assist supported, and receiving give. 120

High on her throne, the bright Imperial Queen
 Gives the prime movement to the state machine:
 She, in the subject, sees the duteous child;
 She, the true parent, as the regent mild,
 With princely grace invested sits elate, 125
 Informs their conduct, and directs the state.
 Around, the drones who form her courtly train,
 Bask in the rays of her auspicious reign;
 Beneath, the sage consulting peers repair,
 And breathe the virtues of their prince's care; 130
 Debating, cultivate the publick cause,
 And wide dispense the benefit of laws.

So have I seen, when breathing organs blow,
 One board sonorous fill the various row;

The pipes divide the unity of sound, 135
And spread the charms of symphony around.

The clustering populace obsequious wait,
Or speed the different orders of the state;
Here greet the labourer on the toilsome way,
And to the load their friendly shoulder lay; 140
Or frequent at the busy gate arrive,
And fill with amber-sweets their fragrant hive;
Or seek repairs to close the fractured cell;
Or shut the waxen wombs where embryos dwell;
The caterers prompt, a frugal portion deal, 145
And give to diligence a hasty meal;
In each appointed province all proceed,
And neatest order weds the swiftest speed;
Dispatch flies various on ten thousand wings,
And joy throughout the gladsome region rings. 150

Distinctly canton'd is their spacious dome;
Here infants throb within the quickening comb;
Here vacant seats invite to sweet repose,
And here the tide of balmy nectar flows;
While here their frugal reservoirs remain, 155
And not one act of this republic's vain.

As oft the North, or Gallia's fruitful coast,
Poured forth their sons, a wide superfluous host!

To

To distant climes the banded legions stray'd,
And many a plan of future empire laid; 160
Like powers these wise prolifick people send,
And o'er the globe their colonies extend.

When swarms tumultuous claim an ampler
space,
And thro' the straitening citadel increase,
An edict issued in this grand extreme, 165
Proclaims the mandate of the power supreme.
Then exiled crouds abjure their native home,
And sad, in search of foreign mansions roam;
A youthful empress guides their airy clan,
And wheels and shoots illustrious from the van. 170
Fatigued at length, they wish some calm retreat,
The rural settlement, and peaceful state;
When man presents his hospitable snare,
And wins their confidence with traitorous care.
Suspicion ever flies a generous breast— 175
Betrayed, each enters an unwary guest;
Here every form of ancient maxim trace,
And emulate the glories of their race.

As when from Tyre imperial Dido fled,
And o'er the main her future nation led; 180
Then staid her host on Afric's meted land,
And in strait bounds a mighty empire plann'd:

So

So works this rival of the Tyrian Queen;
 So founds and models with assiduous mien;
 Instructs with little to be truly great, 185
 And in small limits forms a mighty state.

Intent, she wills her artists to attend,
 And from the zenith bids her towers descend:
 Nor like to man's, the aerial structures rise;
 But point to earth, their base amid the skies. 190

Swift for the task the ready builders part,
 Each band assigned to each peculiar art;
 A troop of chymists scour the neighbouring field,
 While servile tribes the cull'd materials wield,
 With tempering feet the labour'd cement tread,
 And ductile now its waxen foliage spread. 196
 The geometricians judge the deep design,
 Direct the compass, and extend the line;
 They sum their numbers, provident of space,
 And suit each edifice with answering grace. 200

Now first appears the rough proportion'd frame,
 Rough in the draught, but perfect in the scheme;
 When lo! each little Archimedes nigh,
 Metes every angle with judicious eye;
 Adjusts the centering cones with skill profound,
 And forms the curious hexagon around. 206

The

The cells indors'd with double range adhere,
 Knit on the sides, and guarded on the rear;
 Nought of itself, with circling chambers bound,
 Each cell is form'd, to form the cells around; 210
 While each still gives what each alike demands,
 And but supported by supporting stands;
 Jointly transferring, and transferr'd exists;
 And, as by magick union, all subsists.

Amazing elegance! transcendent art! 215
 Contrived at once to borrow, and impart;
 In action notable, as council great,
 Their fabricks rise, just emblems of their state.

Nor be the Wasp exclusive of our lays;
 Tho' in a foe, still merit claims its praise, 220
 Claims the revealing song, and claims the light,
 Tho' long conceal'd in all obscuring night.
 For deep these subterranean tribes retire,
 Nor work like man, that mortals may admire;
 In earth's dark womb their pompous structures
 rise, 225

Worthy the sight of HEAVEN'S ALL-SEEING EYES;
 While they recluse, o'er nether kingdoms reign;
 And wrapt as in a little world remain.

Around this world a waxen vault extends,
 And wide like yon enfolding concave bends; 230

Magnifick

Magnifick cupola | on either hand,
 Unfolded, two myfterious portals ftand,
 Emblems of human life, precarious ftate,
 At entrance born, and dying in retreat.
 Thoufands within retiring taft refofe; 235
 Or thro' the ftreets the bufy concourfe flows :
 Yet not as ours their coftly pavements fpread,
 But high on terraffes and towers they tread,
 With which not Roman aqueducts may vie,
 Not the famed gardens pendant from the fky :
 Here cities piled o'er cities may be feen, 241
 And fumptuous intervals difplayed between,
 Where columns each proud architrave fupport,
 And form the pomp of many an ample court;
 The weight thro' ten fucceffive ftories bear, 245
 And to the top the incumbent fabricks rear,
 So have I feen in all the pride of fiew,
 Some fplendid theatre divide below,
 With charms of gay machinery furprize,
 Scenes over fcenes, and ftage on ftage arife, 250
 Loft in the glory of defcending fkyes.

Not to the multipede Aurelias dwell,
But form, sole architects, the pensive cell ;
Like Seers of old, they seek some lonely feat,
And from the vain the busy world retreat ; 255

Here

Here fondly form a structure of their own,
 And bind the vault of solitary stone;
 Or clay, or timber, oft attempering, mould,
 And round their form the ductile mansion fold;
 Or in peculiar occupations skill'd, 260
 A wondrous dome of filken fabrick build:
 No debt to foreign implements they owe,
 But from themselves the mantling tissues flow;
 Themselves the gorgeous canopy they spread,
 Themselves the loom, the distaff, and the thread—
 The thread as famed Arachne's texture fine, 266
 When thwart the morn she darts her floating line,
 Or spins the scheme of implicated wiles,
 And o'er her great Newtonian rival smiles;
 Reveals the deep ænigma of his trade, 270
 And squares the circle in the vernal glade;
 The sportive plans of matchless art displays,
 While round, and round, the dexterous wanton
 plays.

How might the song with endless rapture pry,
 Secluded deep where latent nations lie, 275
 And scared from man, a mighty hunter, fly?
 He follows panting with a savage joy,
 Rapt in his favourite transport to destroy:
 To man, even man becomes a mutual prey;
 No gain can satiate, and no limits stay; 280

Down

Down the dread depths his boundless lucre dives ;

Warr'd on himself, with passion passion strives.

Fly him, ye rangers of the rolling flood !

Fly him, ye songsters of the warbling wood !

Ye dwellers subterrene, the tyrant fly ! 285

And safe in your remote asylums lie,

Where mice, innoxious cottagers, remain,

Meek in the covert of the flowery plain ;

Recluse, their cautious hermitage explore,

And treasure provident the wintery store. 290

With kindred crafts, deep-mining burroughs
work,

And sunk amid Dædalean labyrinths lurk ;

Their various habitation nightly change,

And thro' a length of mazed apartments range,

The Beaver too, great architect ! immured, 295

With his associate train retires secured ;

Their wary mansion elegantly stands,

Where the smooth stream or smiling lake ex-
pands,

Whose gentle wave in friendly visit glides,

And swells the tenement with grateful tides. 300

Two posterns gape with deep deceit below,

And o'er the pass fair mantling waters flow ;

Evasive whence, they scape the dangerous train,

Or wide expatiate on the yielding plain ;

I

Thro'

Thro' trading currents sail to distant shores, 305
Or homeward laden with returning stores.

Laborious here, they hew the sounding wood,
And lift the prize triumphant o'er the flood;
Here, lightly some vimineous burdens bear,
Or jointly here the ponderous rafter share; 310
Spread o'er their tails, they waft the temper'd
clay,

And deep, and broad, their firm foundations lay;
Assign each chamber its commodious size,
Till rooms o'er rooms and trodden ceilings rise;
Their tail the trowel, as adorning train, 315
Their teeth the saw, the chissel, and the plane.

While ardent Sirius shoots a thirsty ray,
And Autumn yet withholds retreating day,
They range at large, and gambol thro' the stream,
Frisk on the beach, or batten in the beam; 320
Or Nature's bounteous vegetation taste,
And opportune indulge the transient feast.

But when pale Phosphor points the morning gale,
Curls on the wave and chills along the vale,
Domestick cares their conscious breast employ; 325
The frolick hours and luscious banquets cloy;
Intent they furnish the prophetick hoard,
And pile the treasures of their homely board,

With

With friendship's charm beguile the sullen year,
 And barter luxury for social cheer. 330
 For them Astrea holds the impartial scale,
 Her frugal hands unenvied portions deal;
 Health quaffs satiety from Nature's bowl;
 Peace gives the constant banquet of the soul;
 High in the midst chaste Temperance is crown'd,
 And Time leads on the smiling Hours around. 336

THOU AWFUL DEPTH OF WISDOM UNEX-
 PLORED!

THOU HEIGHT, where never human fancy soared!
 SUPREME IRRADIANCE! speed the distant ray,
 Far speed the dawn of thy internal day; 340
 And O! if such, inform the favourite line,
 And be the praise as inspiration THINE!

Say! when the nest THY little Halcyons form,
 Brood on the wave, and mock the threatening
 storm;

Who quells the rage of thy reluctant main, 345
 Or o'er thy winter throws a lordly rein?
 Lulls the rock'd mansion on the slumbering tide,
 And bids the care of guardian depths subside?
 Till, volatile, the new fledg'd infants rise;
 The surge mounts free, and breaks upon the skies.

ETERNAL

ETERNAL! THINE is every round of time, 351
 The circling season, and the varying clime;
 THINE! every dictate of the conscious breast;
 THINE! every texture of the genial nest,
 The oval embryo, and the fostering ray; 355
 And THINE the life that struggles into day!

TO THEE THY callow importuners cry,
 Gracious THY EAR, and bounteous THY SUPPLY;
 Till the flown choirs the revel consort raise,
 And hymn to HEAVEN the rhapsody of praise! 360

Dispers'd thro' every copse, or marshy plain,
 Where haunts the woodcock, or the annual crane,
 Where else encamp'd the feather'd legions spread,
 Or bathe incumbent on their oozy bed,
 The brimming lake THY SMILING PRESENCE
 fills, 365

And waves the banners of a thousand hills.
 THOU speed'st the summons of THY WARNING
 VOICE;

Wing'd at THY WORD, the distant troops rejoice,
 From every quarter scour the fields of air,
 And to the general rendezvous repair: 370
 Each from the mingled rout disparting turns,
 And with the love of kindred plumage burns:
 THY POTENT WILL instinctive bosoms feel,
 And here arranging semilunar, wheel;

Or marshall'd here the painted rhomb display, 375
 Or point the wedge that cleaves the aerial way :
 Uplifted on THY WAFTING BREATH they rise ;
 THOU pavest the regions of the pathless skies,
 Thro' boundless tracts support'st the journey'd
 host,

And point'st the voyage to the certain coast ; 380
 THOU the sure COMPASS, and the SEA they sail,
 The CHART, the PORT, the STEERAGE, and the
 GALE !

Thus thro' the maze of THY ETERNAL ROUND,
 Thro' yon steep heaven, and nether gulphs pro-
 found,

The dusky planet, and the lucid sphere, 385
 Earth's ponderous ball, and soft enfolding air,
 The fish who glance or tempest thro' the main,
 The beasts who trip or thunder o'er the plain,
 The reptile wreathing in the wanton ring,
 The bird high wafted on the towering wing, 390
 All, all from THEE, SOLE CAUSE ESSENTIAL !
 tend,

Thence flow effusive, thither centering end ;
 The bliss of Providential Vision share,
 And the least atom claims peculiar care !

Yet

Yet e'er material entity begun, 395
 Or from the Vast this Universe was won;
 While finitude e'erwhile was unconfined,
 Nor space grew relative, to form assigned;
 THOU didst thy own Eternal Now sustain,
 And space was swallow'd in thy boundless main;
 THYSELF the filler of thy own abyfs, 401
 THYSELF the Great Eternity of Bliss!
 All When, and Where, in THEE imbosom'd lay,
 The blaze of majesty, and self-born day;
 No void was found, where ENDLESS BEAUTY
 beamed; 405
 No darkness, where ESSENTIAL GLORY flamed;
 No want, no solitude, where THOU wer't blest,
 And in THYSELF the unbounded whole posselt.

Of Reason THOU the co-eternal cause,
 THYSELF all Reason, and thy Will all Laws; 410
 All-reasoning Will with powerful Wisdom fraught!
 Thy Wisdom, one unchanging endless thought,
 Where all potential natures were survey'd,
 And even in pre-existence lay display'd—
 All, all—things past—now present—yet to be, 415
 GREAT INTELLECT! were present all to THEE;
 While THOU sole Infinite Essential reign'd,
 And of finites the Infinity contain'd,

132 UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

Ideal entities in ONE SUPREME,
Distinguish'd endless, yet with THEE the same, 420
Thy Power their essence, and thy Will their
claim. }

Whence—at THY WORD, worlds caught the po-
tent sound,

And into being leapt this wondrous round.

Pois'd on THY WILL the universal hung;

Attraction to its CENTRAL MAGNET clung; 425

Thy spacious grasp the mighty convex closed;

Soft on THY CARE incumbent worlds reposed:

Within, throughout, no Second Cause presides,

And ONE SOLE HAND the mazed volution guides!

Hence ENDLESS GOOD, hence ENDLESS ORDER
springs; 430

Hence that importance in minutest things;

And endless hence Dependence must endure,

BLEST IN HIS WILL, AND IN HIS POWER SECURE!



JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

A N

E P I C P O E M:

Translated from the ITALIAN

O F

TORQUATO TASSO.

BOOK FIRST.

PRINTED MDCCXXXVIII.

K 3

RECEIVED DELIVERED

10:10 P.M.

TO: [illegible]

BOOK 1151

PRINTED BOOK

TASSO's JERUSALEM.

B O O K I.

OF arms, devote to Heaven's ETERNAL
KING ;

Of fainted hosts the sacred CHIEF I sing,
Who freed that tomb, to infidels a prey,
Where once the LORD for all the living lay :
Alike, his might and conduct claim applause ; 5
And much he suffer'd in the glorious cause :
In vain infernal fury raised alarms,
And half the world opposed contending arms ;
Sedition, ruled, beneath his sceptre lay,
Foes learn'd to fear, and rebels to obey : 10
So HEAVEN would crown its HERO with success,
And Virtue triumph'd in the power to bless.

O muse! whom mortal trophy would prophane,

And thy chaste brow with fading laurel stain;
 While circling glories round thy temples play, 15
 And circling Angels hymn the eternal lay,
 O! breathe celestial ardours to my breast,
 Inspire the song, to ALBION'S PRINCE address;
 And pardon fiction mix'd with Truths Divine,
 Or arts to please which, goddesses, are not thine! 20

Well dost thou know the purport of my song,
 Tho' drest to charm, with secret virtue strong;
 While veil'd, beneath the verse the moral lies,
 And captivates the soul with kind disguise.
 His bitter thus the friendly Leech conceals, 25
 And with the fraud of latent medicine heals;
 To the sick taste he promises delight,
 And obvious sweets the infant lip invite;
 Health, ambush'd, in the potion is imbibed,
 For man must even to happiness be bribed. 30

SIX suns had now their annual journey run,
 And seen the war that with the first begun;
 Still in his cause MESSIAH'S hosts engage,
 And eastward bid the kindling combat rage.

Antioch

Antioch, and Nice, were now the victor's prize, 35
Or won by storm, or captive by surprise:

In vain all Asia rises to repel,
Beneath their force unnumber'd Persians fell;
And last Tortosa vanquish'd, they retire,
Till war shall with returning spring respire. 40

SCARCE winter, warm'd before the golden
ray,

Restored the battle with the lengthening day,
When GOD, self rais'd from his eternal throne,
Sublime o'er Heaven's high Empyrean shone.
Awed from his seat, tho' patent to his view, 45
The rolling universe holds distance due:
He looks; unnumber'd worlds before him lie,
And nature lives collected in his eye.

To Syria, on the Christian peers intent,
All-piercing the DIVINE PERCEPTION bent; 50
Where GODFREY stood, conspicuous in his sight,
Above the princes eminently bright:
Nor wealth allures him, nor ambition charms,
But faith refines, and heavenly ardour arms;
While zeal alone his placid bosom fires, 55
And with the warrior all the saint conspires.

Not

Not such the thoughts that Heaven in BALD-
win spied,

From virtue alien, tho' by blood allied;
Ambitious phantasms haunt his idle brain,
And pride still prompts him to be greatly vain. 60

With silent anguish TANCRED stood oppress'd,
While love, fond passion, languish'd in his breast.

BUT BOEMOND'S cares on Antioch's glory wait,
And model in his mind her new form'd state; 65
While the great Chief, late terrible in arms,
With arts of peace and social conduct charms,
At once of earth and heaven asserts the cause,
Instructs with piety, and forms with laws.

RINALDO then, to war and nature new, 70
Gave all his brave, his open soul to view;
Untamed that restless bosom with'd the fight,
And circling perils gave his eyes delight:
Wisdom and fame, but fame the most refined,
By turns prevail'd, and fired, or form'd his
mind; 75

While he on Guelpho, sage instructor, hung,
And caught the maxims falling from his tongue.

THIS

This saw the DEITY—through every breast,
 Each latent inclination lay confest;
 Then call'd, and from the bright angelic round, 80
 Forth issued GABRIEL to the sacred sound;
 He, of the prime celestial splendors came,
 Obsequious to the will of HEAVEN'S SUPREME:
 Gracious to man the social spirit stands,
 To saints the messenger of blest commands; 85
 Thence, breathes the cordial incense to his KING,
 And wafts their vows on his returning wing.

(EXPRESSIVE then the Inutterable NAME)

" To GODFREY his Creator's Will proclaim—
 " Ask, wherefore are my Sion's bonds untied? 90
 " The hero's sword why dormant at his side?
 " To council bid him cite each Christian peer,
 " Reprove the tardy, and the valiant cheer:
 " Him I elect, superior in his sway;
 " And let his rivals, and the world obey. 95

NOR now Heaven's Flaming Minister delays;
 He heard with transport, and with speed obeys:
 Air organized his casual limbs composed,
 Attempering radiance round his essence closed;
 A human form the dazzling shape display'd, 100
 But in the majesty of Heaven array'd;

140 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

While youth smiled o'er him with celestial grace,
And beamy ringlets wanton'd round his face.

He spread for flight his many tinctured wings,
And light from Heaven's high firmament he
springs: 105

All feather'd as the darting shaft he flies,
Cuts the bright steep, and cleaves the yielding
skies,

Divides the sphere of many a shining star,
And sends the coming glory from afar;
Then stands on Lebanon reveal'd to view, 110
And shakes his plumes bedropp'd with morning
dew.

Now half appear'd the horizontal sun,
And west, and east, with equal glory shone;
There shed his evening, here his morning ray,
And gave to different worlds dividual day— 115
When wing'd from Lebanon's aspiring head,
The angelic message to Tortosa sped,
What time the Duke his orizons address'd
And breathed to Heaven the rapture of his
breast:

In usher'd graceful with the morning beam, 120
A brighter morn the dazzling Angel came;

And

And placid, to the much admiring man,
The bright, the social Intellect began.

“ ATTEND, thou favour’d of SUPREME DE-
CREE!

“ Thus sends the DEITY, and sends to thee— 125

“ In BULLOIGN’s breast what kindling zeal should
glow,

“ What fires impel him forceful on the foe?

“ When Sion calls, when listening Heaven com-
mands,

“ And consecrates her cause in GODFREY’s hands,

“ ’Tis thine to vindicate her just complaints, 130

“ To strike the shackles from her captive faints;

“ ’Tis thine to summon every Christian peer,

“ Reprove the tardy; and the valiant cheer;

“ Their general thou, superior in thy sway—

“ GOD so appoints, and mortals must obey. 135

He ceas’d; and lessening from the hero’s view,
Back to his native Heaven the Brightness flew:

Nor GODFREY yet supports excess of light,

New to the shape, and dizzied at the sight;

Not the wide blaze his darkling eye sustains, 140

And chillness thrill’d unwonted through his veins.

BUT soon he calls the vision to his mind,
 And ponders on the glorious charge assigned ;
 Fresh to his soul the high behest returns,
 And with redoubled zeal his bosom burns : 145
 Nor yet, that Heaven preferr'd its warrior faint,
 Did pride dilate him, or ambition taint ;
 But through ALMIGHTY WILL, his will aspires,
 As the spark mounts amid the kindling fires.

STRAIT where they lay, each chieftain he
 invites ; 150

Now mild requires, and now by mandate cites :
 Dispatch'd around his posting envoys fly,
 And prayers are mix'd with counsels to comply.
 Persuasive here, the gallant soul he charms ;
 But here provokes, and here impels to arms ; 155
 Here blows the slumbering virtue to a flame,
 And breathes throughout the noble thirst of fame.

SUCH GODFREY'S conduct, nor his conduct vain ;
 Each comes, attended by his warlike train :
 Tortosa but a scant reception yields, 160
 And tented armies throng the neighbouring fields.
 All awful, to consult the peers repair ;
 Save BORMOND, each, majestic, fills his chair,

When

When graceful, to the senate GODFREY rose, " .
And deep the stream of elocution flows. 163

" YE warriors! Heaven-elected, to restore
" The Sacred Faith of HIM those Heavens adore;
" Preserv'd for this through many a fearful day,
" The foreign climate, and the deadly fray,
" Well may ye rush, thus arm'd, upon the foe, 170
" And fight secure where Heaven averts the blow,
" Nor vain I deem the purchase of your toil,
" The vanquish'd province, and the glorious spoil;
" Since trophies through reforming nations rise,
" And bear CHRIST's name triumphant to the
 skies. 175

" But not for this, we left our native place,
" The known endearment, and the chaste embrace;
" Each social sweet for distant battle chang'd,
" And wandering, through the faithless ocean
 rang'd:
" For this, an end unequal to your arms, 180
" Nor bleeds the combat, nor the conquest charms;
" Nor such the prize your matchless labours
 claim,
" Barbarian kingdoms, and ignoble fame.

" WAS

" WAS not the scope of our united powers

" To scale the steep of Sion's hallow'd towers? 185

" High o'er her walls to force resistless way?

" Deep on her dungeons pour the long lost day?

" To lift Oppression from her house of pain,

" Snap the vile yoke, and burst the pagan chain?

" Restore to Piety her sacred seat, 190

" And build for Virtue a secure retreat;

" Where each devoted pilgrim might repair,

" And CHRIST receive the tributary prayer?

" WHERE Triumph stands, defeated of its aim,

" How vain the victory! how fruitless fame! 195

" While still the wish'd achievement turns aside,

" And conquest flows, but with a different tide.

" For wherefore is the might of Europe arm'd,

" Asia invaded, and the world alarm'd,

" If ruin be alone the victor's praise, 200

" And states subverted, while we meant to raise?

" FRAIL is the strength of sublunary things,

" The pomp of titles, and the pride of kings;

" Nor such the hope a faithful few may boast,

" Hemm'd in by nations, and a barbarous

coast; 205

" Our

" Our country distant, fickle Greece untried,
 " Nor aught but Heaven to combat on our side.

" TRUE, we have fought, nor have we fought
 in vain—

" Proud Antioch won, and hostile armies slain!

" But these atchieved by many a wondrous way,

" Shew GOD still guides the fortune of the
 day; 211

" Then if we seek or conquest, or applause,

" Through means averse to his victorious cause,

" The pride of triumph, and the thirst of fame,

" In death shall vanish, or be quench'd in shame.

" Ah! never may our arms such issue find, 215

" Nor we rebel ingrate, while Heaven is kind;

" But still conform'd to the Divine Behest,

" Be the great period, as commencement, blest!

" Then, then, while time, while every pass is
 ours, 220

" And prompt occasion chides our lingering
 powers,

" Quick let us rise, toss high the spacious
 mound,

" And circling gird Jerusalem around.

" For me, ye princes! hear what I preface—
 " Be witness Heaven! and every future age! 225
 " Now is the conquering crisis mark'd by fate;
 " Now, is the time, to give the world a date,
 " The time to consecrate your deeds to fame,
 " To bless your arms, or ever blast your name:
 " But once elaps'd, though panting to regain, 230
 " Vain are our hopes, our labours wake in vain;
 " Each sun shall set, a witness to our woe,
 " And Egypt succour the recruited foe."

He ceas'd; a solemn whispering fill'd the pause,
 And the whole senate murmur'd deep applause:
 When PETER, sage and venerable man, 236
 Slow-rising, to the circling chiefs began.
 (Tho' distant from the war, and world retired,
 Prime author, he the distant war inspired;
 Which once in act, he issued from his cell, 240
 And thus promotes what he commenced so well.)

" WITH transport I survey the Truth express'd
 " Warm in each eye, and big in every breast;
 " When BULLOIGN speaks it with prevailing
 charms,
 " No task remains but to enforce with arms: 245

" Yet

" Yet pardon one reflection still behind,
 " A weight long since incumbent o'er my mind.

" WHERE friendships are by light suspicions
 coold,

" And rulers are themselves by passions ruled,
 " Incongruous orders issued by the great, 250
 " Sedition pregnant in the lower state,
 " Occasions opportune are ever lost,
 " And every good and glorious end is crost:
 " Ill does it seem, when discord thus attaints
 " The cause of Christians, and a host of saints; 255
 " A host, whom breach eternal must divide,
 " While various minds in various powers preside.

" The mutual weal divided power withstands,
 " Nor justice holds her scale with various hands;
 " Corruption every partial view attends, 260
 " And the torn state each selfish member rends.
 " Not so has nature, in the frame of man,
 " Drawn the true scheme of each politic plan;
 " Gave various parts to form one beauteous
 whole,
 " And gave a Head in prudence to controul; 265
 " Like ruler should ye chuse, could I advise,
 " And form your own, as nature's conduct, wise."

He said, when, mantling from each hero's
breast,

Ambition mounts in every eye express :
But soon a beam, emissive from above, 270
Shed mental day, and touch'd the heart with love;
Gave jealous rage to know Divine Controul,
And ruled the tempest rising in the soul.
Calm reason the recoiling tumult sways;
The sage's speech attentive judgment weighs ; 275
To merit every partial view expands,
And GODFREY! GODFREY! every voice demands.

His will, they vote, their future test of right,
His leading arm their ensign to the fight,
Their Atlas fit to bear the incumbent weight, 280
The trust of empire, and the task of state;
Submits, to him they yield unrival'd sway,
And willing princes, late his peers, obey.
The consult ended, and the Royal Name
Was born wide wafted on the wings of fame ; 285
The news a thousand busy tongues impart,
Chear every brow, and gladden every heart.

For not unconscious was the warlike crowd,
Of worth to every vulgar eye avow'd ;

Approving

Approving throngs their GODFREY'S presence
greet, 299

Charm'd to his sight, or prostrate at his feet,
Proclaim their monarch with united voice,
And loudly consecrate the publick choice.
He mild returns, while corresponding grace
Speaks from his mien, and answers in his face; 295
Then bids his host prepare their bright array,
And light with early arms the ensuing day.

THE ruddy sun, now orient, chased the dawn,
Shot o'er the sea, and reach'd the dewy lawn;
Up with the morn arose the ready train, 300
Each seiz'd his arms, and issued on the plain.
The driving squadrons fill the spacious coast;
Wide wave the banners of the various host,
Whose burnish'd mail, with flitting lustre gay,
Reflect thick lightnings, and return the day. 305

SUPERIOR the observant GODFREY stands,
Orders the field, and marshals all the bands;
Directs the moving legions from on high,
And rules a host with his experienced eye.

SAY thou, my soul, with gifts divinely blest, 310
And all thy treasures of a conscious breast!

What chiefs conspicuous then adorn'd the plain,
 Their ancient glory, and attending train?
 So may'st thou recollect the spoils of age,
 And from oblivion snatch the future page: 315
 To thee old Time shall every trophy yield,
 And all the pristine honours of the field,
 Transplanted fair on each immortal line,
 And every ear, in every age, be thine.

FIRST came the Gauls, CLOTHARIO at their head,
 Whom HUGO late, unhappy warrior, led: 321
 Where four fair streams an ample nation fold,
 And Gallia's isle with soft embraces hold,
 He in the front of levied numbers shone,
 Prime of their host, and brother of the throne; 325
 But early death suppress'd the vital flame,
 Secure of Heaven, and still surviving fame.
 Nor now the troops an equal leader scorn,
 Great as the first, tho' not of princes born:
 A thousand arm'd, sedate they move along, 330
 In weighty mail indissolubly strong;
 Attend their chief with boasted ensigns gay,
 And the proud arms of ancient France display.

To these, each clasp'd within his steely case,
 Alike in stature, and in martial grace, 335
 From

From Celtic Gaul a kindred band succeeds,
 A thousand warriors, on a thousand steeds;
 Normania's ROBERT in the van presides,
 And the closed files with native sceptre guides.

Two Prelates next their dreaded arms unite, 340
 Renown'd for piety, as famed in fight;
 Great ADEMARE with standards richly spread,
 And WILLIAM reverend at his people's head:
 Great WILLIAM, chief amid four hundred known,
 From Orange and the deep meander'd Rhone; 345
 Like dangers ADEMARE from Poget fought,
 And in the front of equal numbers fought.
 Awful in arms, in ministry divine,
 Revered alike, in lawn or mail they shine;
 Their docile troops with bold example teach, 350
 And fearless combat for the Faith they preach.

THEN BALDWIN o'er his powers appeared su-
 preme,
 From Bouillon seated on the silver Seme,
 Chief of the bands, whom late Duke GODFREY
 led,
 Now Chief of chiefs, and of their host the head.
 CARINTO o'er four hundred next presides, 356
 With valour fires them, and with wisdom guides;

But thrice that number mightier BALDWIN leads,
And arm'd and haughty in the van precedes,

To these ensue amid the beaten fields, 360
Whom GUELPHO governs, and whom Suabia yields;
GUELPHO, with merit, as with fortune crown'd,
And greatly even among the great renown'd:
The princely house of Est, and Roman fire,
Their offspring's emulating acts inspire; 365
But distant, he his native country sway'd,
And where the chief was born the soil obey'd.

Two neighbouring floods his bounded realms
contain,

The rising Danaw, and the circling Rhene,
Maternal heritage, with plenty blest, 370
By Rhetians erst, and northern Sweves possess!
With nations added by his conquering sword,
Carinthia too confess the Guelphian lord;
A race addicted much to free delights,
To social joys, and hospitable rites, 375
While o'er their huts the wintry tempests pass,
Warm'd by the genial fire and sparkling glass:
Five thousand hence the sage commander drew,
A chearful, faithful, and intrepid crew;

Sad chance of war, the greater number slain, 380
To mirth no longer wakeful, press the plain.

THE Belgi next, in helms and polish'd mail
Their snowy limbs and flaxen ringlets veil;
Whose narrow realms unbounded wealth contain,
Hemm'd in by France, Almania, and the Main. 385
Where the Moselle and blended Rhine extend,
Wide o'er the banks their weighty harvests bend;
A people valiant, and inured to toil,
Domestic industry, and foreign spoil,
With these appear, disposed in armed files, 390
The subject powers of their associate isles;
Who with steep mounds repair those dangerous
shores,
Where the breach threatens, and the tempest
roars;
Where the proud flood disdains inferior prey,
And o'er a nation pours the headlong sea. 395

BENEATH another ROBERT all unite,
A thousand arm'd, and eager for the fight,
They pass, and to the British squadrons yield
The next succession of the moving field.
But these, superior to the Belgi shone, 400
Array'd by WILLIAM, Albion's younger son;
From

From their broad backs their graceful weapons
flow,

The swift wing'd quiver, and the twanging bow :
With them, Hibernia sends her sons to war,
Hibernia, neighbour of the northern star, 405
Where her bleak hills and hoary woods aspire,
And less'ning from the distant world retire.

THEN Tancred caught the eye with heedless
grace,
Strength in his arm, and beauty in his face :
Of all that valiant, that unnumber'd host, 410
RINALDO might superior prowess boast ;
Of worth untainted, fearless in the fight,
And else unmatched, in glory, as in might.
One sole default his nobler ardor chain'd,
While love amid his strength of virtues reign'd, 415
Caught from a glance of momentary charms,
And nurs'd with anguish in the din of arms.

So fame relates, on that triumphant day,
When Persians fell an undistinguish'd prey,
Far from his host the slaughter TANCRED led, 420
And singly follow'd where the foremost fled ;
Till feverish, and fatigued, he sought repose,
And to his wish a rural arbour rose,

Where

Where a cool stream, beneath the whispering
shade,

With pendent flowers, and quivering willows
play'd;

Thither he turn'd, but, with unwary thought, 425

Soon lost the sweets of that repose he sought.

By the clear stream unlook'd for perils lay,
In all the charms of virgin beauty gay;

Her body arm'd with Amazonian grace,
But obvious all the dangers of her face: 430

His captive step the warrior stopp'd amazed,
Sigh'd as he look'd, and trembled while he gazed;

His eyes ran o'er the maid, with hasty art
Thence drew her form, and fix'd it in his heart.

BUT soon alarm'd the beauteous Pagan rose; 435
With lovely threats her kindling visage glows;

She braced her helm, and fierce the hero view'd,
In act to combat whom her charms subdued.

His troops approach'd; the virgin fled like wind,
But hoped in vain to leave the chief behind: 440

The place, the person, present to his view,
The nymph still flies, and still his thoughts pursue;

Within his eyes the loved ideas roll,
Heave in his heart, and sicken in his soul.

HENCE

HENCE o'er his cheek distemper'd anguish
spread, 445

Prey'd on his strength, and on his beauty fed;
Despair lay sad, but silent in his breast,
And sighs alone the lengthening woe express.
Proud to attend, Campania's valiant bands,
Eight hundred horse, await the chief's commands;
Campania, blest with all the bloom of health, 451
A seat of pleasures, and a fund of wealth,
Where the rich odours breathe along her vales,
And feed old ocean with the fragrant gales.

BEHIND, two hundred hardy warriors came, 455
The only warriors of the Grecian name:
Light arm'd, and swift, they range the imbattel'd
field,

Nor poise the lance, nor bear the ponderous shield;
But in close fight, or distant skirmish, know
The dextrous fauchion, and the bending bow. 460
Spare were their steeds, and slender their repast,
But blithe and agile as an eastern blast;
Untired, and practis'd to the nimble rein,
They stop, and turn, and dart along the plain:
Thus born, the riders confidently go, 465
Deface the battle, and fatigue the foe;

Expert

Expert to charge, to traverse, and to fly,
Pursued they combat, and the conquerors die.

TATINO points their progress o'er the fields,
He the sole chief the Grecian empire yields; 470
Inglorious Greece! in indolence profound
Reposed, while arm'd contention ranged around:
" But now the sad equivalent is paid;
" Left by the cause you once refused to aid,
" The haughty Pagan lords it o'er your plains, 475
" And wakes the shameful lethargy with chains."

To close the rear the bold ADVENTURERS came,
The last in order, tho' the first in fame;
A troop of heroes, Europe's proudest boast,
And the dire terror of the Asian host! 480
Whate'er through times of high memorial rung,
By prose recorded, or by poets sung,
Atchievements valorous, and knights renown'd,
In chivalry, or antique fable found—
Transferr'd to These, may real credence find, 485
And sum the excellence of human kind.

Tho' each might claim, as of peculiar right,
To lead a host, and rule the ranks of fight,

DUDON that high pre-eminence demands,
 By joint assent of the Adventurous bands. 495
 Where Aufidus first rolls an infant wave,
 This chief of chiefs Hesperian Conza gave :
 Sage were his words, and hoary was his head,
 To constant toil, and early battle bred ;
 Yet ever was his boiling courage young, 495
 And his tried nerve to vivid action strung ;
 His bosom nobly trench'd with many a scar,
 Old to the field, the father of the war.

AMID the prime of those illustrious peers
 Eustatio, BULLOIGN's youngest son appears ; 500
 Great was his challenge of peculiar fame,
 But more thro' his imperial brother's name.
 With him, Gernando, heir of Norway rides,
 And in his pomp of vaunted title prides :
 Nor less distinguish'd, in the peerless train, 505
 Rode the famed Roger, and bold Engerlane ;
 Gentonio and Rambaldo, far renown'd ;
 And the Twin Gerrards with like honours
 crown'd.

Nor here Obizo, or Ubaldo there,
 With Rosmond Lancaster's redoubted heir, 510
 Configned

Configned to latest annals shall accuse,
 The mute neglect of our injurious muse;
 Nor brave Achilles, Sforza, Palameed,
 Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed;
 From Lombardy the valiant brethren came, 515
 To form the great triumvirate of fame.
 With these rode Otton, who, in single fight,
 Won the dire trophy of the Paynim knight,
 High on whose helm a naked infant lay,
 Curl'd by a snake voracious o'er the prey. 520

THE like memorial Guaschar, Raphe, demand,
 Who boldly join the Voluntary Band;
 To Eberard and Guernier too belong,
 The force and fame of an immortal song;
 And the two Guidos equal honours claim, 525
 Alike in glory and alike in name.

BUT you, bright pair! shall ever foremost shine;
 Shall still survive, to deck the mournful line—
 GILDIPPE, in thy dearer EDWARD blest;
 And EDWARD, only in thy cares distressed! 530
 Too fond the knot which wedded faith supplies,
 When mutual merit holds what beauty ties!
 One life inspired them, nor could death divide;
 They fought together, and together died.

Ah Love, all subtle tutor, thou can'st teach 535
 What, uninstruative else, the world might preach;
 Give the soft sex to loathe inglorious rest,
 String the weak arm, and steel the snowy breast!
 You braced the Fair one's helm, her corselet tied,
 And gave the guardian to her EDWARD'S side! 540
 Thus, on they past, inseparably pair'd;
 For him she battell'd, and for her he fear'd:
 By each, for each alone, was life desired;
 And, wounded in the other, each expired.

LAST in the rear of that imbattel'd train, 545
 Shone the young comet of the glittering plain,
 RINALDO—in whose fair, majestic face,
 Soft beauty sweeten'd every martial grace;
 The youth impatient of his manly prime,
 Fled from his years, and stripp'd the speed of
 Time; 550
 Proud on his arm the force of battel lay,
 And round his snowy limbs the Graces play.

THIS chief, by Adige on the winding shore,
 Sophia, spouse to great Bertoldo, bore:
 But soon Matilda takes their infant heir, 555
 Caresses fondly, and conducts with care,

To early honour fires his growing youth,
The thirst of glory, and the love of truth;
When to his ears the warlike tidings came,
And sent the stripling to the fields of fame. 560

FIVE summers thrice had bloom'd around his
head,
When to the wond'ring camp the warrior fled:
Alone he past, all eager on his way,
And reach'd the shore, and cross'd the Egean sea;
Then sped along by many an unknown coast, 565
And mix'd exulting with the Christian host.
And now three years were spent amid alarms,
Since first the princely fugitive took arms,
When manhood early dawning from within,
Shed the smooth down to deck his ivory chin. 570

THE horsemen past, the numerous foot succeed,
And trace the marches of the bounding steed;
But these, Tolosa's monarch, RAIMOND heads,
And in the front majestically treads:
From the proud cliffs of Pyrenéan hills, 575
From lucid Garonne, and the neighbouring rills,
Wide o'er a placid climate stretch'd his reign,
And eastward overlook'd the Midland-main.

Four thousand veterans hence the hero drew,
 Who all the arts of various battle knew : 580
 Composed they march, to every toil address;
 But he, their bulwark, towers before the rest.

FIVE thousand STEPHEN from Ambasia brings,
 And Tours, and shelving Blesæ, seat of kings,
 Where Loire the too delicious region laves, 585
 And cities float reflected o'er the waves;
 Impatient, hence, of discipline, or toil,
 They caught the native softness of the soil:
 Yet the fair troops, in martial semblance arm'd,
 With shew of lively preparation charm'd; 590
 Their valour as the lightly flaming fire,
 Furious they charge, and fainting soon retire.

ALCASTO then stepp'd forth with haughty pace;
 Fierce was his mien, and menacing his face:
 Where o'er the clouds the steepy Alps extend, 595
 Six thousand from Helvetia's towers attend;
 In shining mail their temper'd plowshares glance,
 Spread in the shield, and pointed in the lance;
 While the right arm, that ruled the flocks so
 late,
 Now threatens the mighty, and insults the great. 600

LAST,

LAST, in the Papal Standard, they display
 The Triple Crown, and Apostolic Key;
 Seven thousand valiant Romans march behind,
 And great CAMILLO had the charge assigned.
 The moving cuishes, and their corselets bright, 605
 Exchange quick lightnings, and fatigue the fight:
 Elate in hope, and chear'd amid alarms,
 They bless the cause that calls the world to arms;
 So to revive, and vindicate the fame,
 That once, unrival'd, mark'd the Roman name.

Now, summ'd to view, the invincible array 611
 Stands on the plain, and brightens in the day:
 The General calls—obsequious to the sound,
 His peers approach, and range attentive round;
 When BULLOIGN his imperial will exprest, 615
 And thus reveal'd the counsels of his breast.

“ Soon as the next succeeding morn shall rise,
 “ And dawning purple streak the eastern skies,
 “ Prepared, and arm'd with best appointed speed,
 “ Be every warrior, and be every steed; 620
 “ For then we mean to visit Salem's towers,
 “ By secret march, and swift invading powers:
 “ The mighty crisis to the combat calls,
 “ And the foe trembles in her sacred walls.

BOLD was the hope his ardent words inspire;
 As the plied fan provokes the slumbering fire, 626
 Impatient they regret the lingering night,
 Fierce for the day, and for the promis'd fight.
 But other cares hold GODFREY from repose,
 Nor tastes the Chief those transports he bestows:
 Yet deep he held the secret of his breast, 631
 From every ear and every eye suppress'd.

SMALL cause of joy his late advices bring—
 How Lybia, arm'd beneath the Memphian king,
 From Damiata, eastward in the way 635
 To Gaza, on the Syrian frontiers lay.
 Innumerable there such warriors he unites,
 As force made confident, or fame excites;
 Nor GODFREY hopes advances can be slow,
 From so inveterate, so renown'd a foe: 640
 How best to frustrate, or oppose, he seeks;
 And to his legate, trusty Henry, speaks.

“ Go, speed thee, Henry—spread the flying
 sail,
 “ Cut the green wave, and catch the favouring
 gale;
 “ Nor give indulgence to the labouring oar, 645
 “ Till the crook'd keel divides the Grecian shore.
 “ There,

" There, should arrive, as private seals impart,
 " From one who knows not the deceiving art,
 " The Royal Dane, for matchless force renown'd,
 " As with the grace of every virtue crown'd; 650
 " Zeal sends the Northern Youth its warmest ray,
 " And glory wings him to the toilsome way,
 " From the cold circle, and the polar star,
 " The friend and brave companion of the war.

" But, for I know the Greekish monarch's
 heart, 655
 " Stored with old wiles, and well dissembled art,
 " I fear lest he divert the princely youth,
 " And wrest his purpose from the paths of Truth;
 " Or other specious enterprize persuade,
 " And rob our armies of the promis'd aid. 660
 " But you, my messenger, and faithful friend,
 " Dispose his journey to its destined end;
 " Alike his honour, and our arms, shall need
 " His utmost forces, and his swiftest speed.

" Nor you return, but to the Grecian sue 665
 " For aids, by previous obligation due,
 " Such aids as with his kingly compact stands;
 " And more than compact,—what the Cause de-
 mands."

THE guardian CHIEF thus wakeful shuns repose,

While in his care ten thousand eye-lids close: 679

The herald, speeding to the breezy shore,

The seals of trust and royal greeting bore;

And late, the DUKE, from every task reclined,

Gave to his couch the labours of his mind.

AND now the night, imbalm'd in early dew, 675
Slow ebbing, from the paler dawn withdrew;

Aurora on the purpling ocean rose;

The reddening east with warmer lustre glows;

His previous beam the solar brightness shed,

And from the wave uprais'd his peerless head—680

While thro' the camp loud echoing clarions ring;

Rous'd to the note, the sprightly soldiers spring;

Their ears delighted drink the warlike sounds,

And every heart with answering motion bounds.

So joys the peasant on the sultry plain, 685

When thunders roll, the messengers of rain.

WITH quick impatience every bosom glows;

Apt to their limbs, the wonted armours close:

Each conscious soldier on his chief attends,

And o'er the plain the ranging host extends: 690

The

The banners stream, redundant to the wind ;
 All move, as ruled by one informing mind ;
 While high towards heaven, the Cross, in triumph
 spread,
 Waves from the van, and blazes at their head.

Now up the steep of heaven the cloudless sun,
 Fresh in his pomp of rising splendor shone— 696
 He strikes the squadrons with a trembling light ;
 The flash gleams restless, and rejects the sight :
 All æther flames, and sparkles round the host,
 And the wide glory fires the distant coast ; 700
 The courfers neigh, the clanging arms resound,
 And deafening hills return the din around.

MEAN while the CHIEF, great guardian of his
 train,

Renders all flights of lurking ambush vain :
 He sends the light arm'd horse detach'd before, 705
 To scour the woodland and the winding shore ;
 The pioneers with previous labours go,
 Pull down the lofty, and supply the low,
 Unfold the strait, detect the covert way,
 And give large travel to the wide array. 710

Not the rude onsets of encountering foes,
 Soon scatter'd, could the impervious march op-
 pose ;

Not the proud rampart, and the steepy mound,
 The guarded battlement, and trench profound—
 In vain by thickets, rocks, and hills, withstood, 715
 The rising forest, and the rushing flood !

So when the Po, imperial torrent, swells,
 No power resists him, and no force repels :
 Deep from the root the sylvan shade he heaves,
 The ruin rolls ingulph'd within his waves ; 720
 He foams, he roars, he bounds along the plain,
 And bears his prey triumphant to the Main.

MEAN time, the king of Tripoli, alarm'd,
 Mann'd every hold, and every man he arm'd ;
 But still restrain'd his powers, his wealth suppress'd,
 And ruled the wrath rebellious in his breast ;
 With specious gifts, and ill dissembled cheer,
 Beneath feign'd friendship he disguised his fear ;
 Signed every term that GODFREY would impose,
 And gave wide progress to his potent foes, 730

WHERE, south from Salem, Seir's hills arise,
 And eastward range, incumbent o'er the skies,

Promiscuous

Promiscuous pours a numerous troop of friends,
And joyful, every sex and age descends :
Large gifts, the tribute of their love, they bring 735
To the great CHIEF, of Christian armies king ;
They view the wondrous man with strange de-
light,
Press to his touch, and dwell upon his sight ;
Thro' ways well known conduct his journey'd
host,
And point his passage o'er the hostile coast. 740

STILL toward the deep, the windings they ex-
plore,
On sea-beat shallows, and the sanded shore ;
Off to the right the ships of burden ride,
And plow the surge that murmurs at their side.
Convenient here, the flying barge from far, 745
Imports the various implements of war ;
Replete from Scios, and the Greekish isles,
All autumn in the copious navy smiles ;
While luscious Crete her generous juice bestows,
And to the host the purple vintage flows, 750

FROM Britain, Belgia, and the Gallic bays,
From Venice, native of the circling seas ;

The

The gulph of Genoa, and Tuscan shores,
 And where Sicilia piles her naval stores;
 Ships, barks, and galleys, cut the Midland-main,
 And join in arms, a complicated train. 756
 For here no Pagan to the driving gale,
 With daring hand unfurls his timorous sail;
 Unrival'd round, the huge Armada rides,
 And with a forest veils the nether tides; 760
 Beneath the load, indignant, Ocean swells,
 The vessel labours, and the surge rebels.

WING'd from the circling world the fleet unites;
 One wish informs them, and one cause invites:
 Their murmuring keels divide the side-long
 coast, 765
 With large provision to the landed host;
 Then launch'd, they shout, and scour the wind-
 ing shore,
 Hoist every sail, and ply with every oar;
 All bound, where CHRIST the dear ablution shed,
 And, for a sinful world, a sinless victim bled. 770

FAME flies thro' Sion with preceding sound,
 And hastes to spread the fearful news around;
 The powers, the names, the numbers, all she sums—
 "See, see," she cries, "the dreaded victor comes!
 "His

" His steps a troop of matchless heroes wait, 775

" Known to the field, the delegates of fate :

" Fear ye, whose short enduring power detains

" The sacred city, and her fairs in chains !

" He comes ; and on his conquering weapon
brings,

" Death to her foes, and terror to her kings !" 780

Those ills, that present we might learn to bear,
In prospect spread, and magnify by fear ;

The phantom realized in fancy's eye,

Is greater ill than all those ills we fly.

With busy face, and ever listening ear, 785

Restless they run to learn, but dread to hear ;

Throughout the city, and adjacent plains,

Tumultuous haste, distrust, and rumour reigns ;

While in her old malicious Tyrant's soul,

Black thoughts and hoary machinations roll. 790

FOR ALADINE in Sion newly throned,

Beneath the proud usurper Judah groan'd :

Dire was the native purpose of his mind,

To every act of early ill inclined ;

But as his years increase, his fires assuage, 795

Allay with time, and mitigate with age.

He learns the progress of the Christian powers,
 That like a torrent comes to sap his towers;
 And a new doubt his anxious bosom tears—
 Treason within, and force without, he fears. 800

For Salem's sacred city, then inclosed,
 Two different sects, of different faith, composed;
 In CHRIST, divine instructor, those believ'd;
 And these, in Macon, carnally deceiv'd:
 In number, and in power, the last excel; 805
 The former, only, in believing well.
 But late, when he the imperial seat attain'd,
 And scepter'd o'er the powers of Judah reign'd,
 The Paynims lighten'd from the tax of state,
 He whelms the Christians with the unequal
 weight. 810

Suspicious hence, he trembles in his turn,
 Left injury with due resentment burn.
 Rous'd at the thought, his native wrath respires,
 And wakes the fury of his slumbering fires;
 The glut of future carnage feasts his soul, 815
 And in his eye new scenes of slaughter roll.
 Thus numb, and peaceful, lies some poisonous snake,
 Chill'd in the dropping of a wintry brake;

Till

Till, warm'd beneath the sun's returning ray,
He stirs, and curls, and kindles with the
day; 820

Revived to ill, his burnish'd spires arise,
And venom lightens from his sanguine eyes.

"BEHOLD," he said, "malicious in their joy,
How the smile lurks, when Christians would
destroy!

"In transport hush'd, they wait the coming
foe, 825

"Their hearts exulting in the publick woe:

"Nor less such secret meditations mean,

"Than nightly treasons, and some murderous
scene;

"Or thro' our gates yon hostile powers to guide,

"To us tho' hostile, yet to them allied. 830

"But prudence bids to disappoint the blow,

"And turn its force, retorted on the foe;

"The traitor's scheme shall on himself recoil,

"And take him, with his own invented toil.

"Stabb'd on the breast, let bleeding infants
die; 835

"Each sex, and age, in mingling slaughter lie;

"While

" While hoary on the shrine their priests expire,
 " And every temple flames a funeral pyre !

So brew'd the murderous mischief in his mind,
 Dubious to act, what deadly he designed ; 840
 The threatful storm, superior fears controul,
 And do the work of mercy in his soul ;
 While the fell purpose thro' his bosom boils,
 With rancour rises, and with dread recoils,
 Left to himself like fortune might betide, 845
 Compell'd to crave that mercy he denied,
 And all the war, with desperate vengeance sped,
 Should pour its wrath on his devoted head.

THE Tyrant hence, irresolute in rage,
 Diverts the fury which he can't assuage ; 850
 Lays the wide suburbs level with the ground,
 'And further spreads consuming fires around ;
 Fell poison with the living fount he blends,
 Where death amid the rolling streams descends ;
 Acts all a cruel prudence can suggest, 855
 And feeds the fiend that ravens in his breast.

DEFENSIVE

DEFENSIVE next, the city claims his cares ;
The mound he deepens, and the breach repairs :
Three sides, impregnable, disdain'd the fray ;
Sole, on the north, the doubt of battle lay : 860
But here, with utmost vigilance he plies ;
The bars are doubled, and the ramparts rise ;
And last, with native, and auxiliar powers,
He arms her wards, and fortifies her towers.

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

AN

E P I C P O E M:

Translated from the ITALIAN

OF

TORQUATO TASSO.

BOOK SECOND.

VOL. I,

N

Jerusalem Delivered;

AN

EPIQUE ROMAN

Translated from the Italian

OF

TOFFI

BOOK SECOND

Vol. I.

TASSO's JERUSALEM.

B O O K II.

THE King, in each anticipating thought,
Thus foil'd his foes, and future combats
fought ;

When lo ! ISMENO, horrid Seer, drew nigh,
A vicious counsellor, and dread ally ;
ISMENO, deep in all the powers of hell, 5
The mystic philter, and infernal spell !—
The monumental corse ISMENO warm'd,
And the pale dead with mimic life inform'd ;
Compell'd the fiends to issue to his aid,
And hell's dread king in his own realms obey'd. 10
A Christian once, he late transferr'd his vows,
And now to Macon, fitter master, bows ;
Nor well the form of either system knew,
False to the first, nor to the latter true :

Still were the terms of sacred phrase retain'd, 15
 Mix'd in his songs, and in his rites profaned;
 With lore divine the abhorrent charm he yokes,
 And Highest Heaven with deepest hell invokes.
 Dire from his cave, where, impiously retired,
 His arts he practis'd and his skill acquired, 20
 He issued, grateful to a Tyrant's will;
 And thus advis'd the minister of ill.

“ You see, O King, the fury of our foes,
 “ Flush'd with the past, for future conquest glows;
 “ But fury is by answering force controll'd, 25
 “ And heaven is prompt in favour to the bold.
 “ Thrice happy Judah, doubly arm'd in thee!
 “ Expert to act, as cautious to foresee,
 “ Who singly boast the twofold power to save,
 “ Mature for counsel, as for combat brave. 30
 “ Ah would your subjects catch the kindred fire,
 “ And bravely emulate as you inspire,
 “ Then GODFREY, soon entomb'd, might here
 obtain
 “ Unenvied tenure, and a still domain.
 “ For me, whate'er sage science may devise, 35
 “ Whate'er of trust in deepest magic lies,
 “ I bring, prepared, through each adventurous state,
 “ To ward your danger, or to share your fate;
 “ Bow'd

" Bow'd to the lore of necromantic laws,
 " The host exiled from heaven shall aid your
 cause : 40

" Then list to what my first instructions move ;
 " And what I counsel, let my king approve.

" REMOTE, and deep withdrawn from vulgar
 eyes,

" A shrine beneath the Christian temple lies,
 " With shew of pompous consecration placed, 45
 " And the bright Image of their Goddeſs graced :
 " A mortal deity this Virgin bore,
 " And her thoſe ſects idolatrous adore ;
 " His vows to her the travell'd pilgrim pays,
 " The lights perpetual round her idol blaze ; 50
 " While veil'd, and paſſive, ſhe attends the
 throng,

" Their various offering, and their ſaintly ſong.
 " But thence, by your imperial hand convey'd,
 " Transport the form of this Maternal Maid,
 " And laid within our Prophet's ſacred fane, 55
 " Let ritual ſong and circling charms retain :
 " For ſuch the force of our myſterious art,
 " And ſuch the powers my wondrous ſpells im-
 part,

" That while this new Palladium we possess,
 " Your arms shall ever meet the wish'd success, 60
 " These walls impregnable ensure your reign,
 " And hostile fury storm around in vain."

HE spoke; and prompt to ill the Tyrant rose :
 Impatience through his kindling aspect glows ;
 Unhallow'd, to the latent shrine he flies, 65
 And grasps, with arms impure, the Virgin Prize :
 In vain the zealous ministry withstands,
 Opprobrious, he insults their reverend bands ;
 Then bears his sacrilege to Macon's fane,
 Where Heaven was ever deaf, and prayer pro-
 phane : 70
 The Sorcerer with dread action stalks around,
 And shocks with blasphemy the trembling ground.

AND now succeeding morn, array'd in white,
 Had silver'd Solyma with new-born light ;
 His charge in vain the anxious keeper sought, 75
 As quickly vanish'd as prophanely brought :
 All pale, the tidings to his prince he bears,
 Who scarce the messenger in madness spares,
 But o'er the Christians all his rage renews,
 For malice ne'er wants colour to accuse. 80

Yet

Yet, whether mortal arm may boast the deed,
 Or Heaven's high hand the captive Image freed,
 Remote the Goddess from pollution bore,
 And left the Tyrant blindly to explore,—
 The times declare not; but in silence chuse 85
 To leave the deep decision to the muse,
 Who would all praise in piety assign
 As due to power superior and divine.

STRICT was the search the chafing monarch
 made,

And wide his ministers of wrath invade; 90
 His threats, and vows, or menace, or invite,
 Whom rack could terrify, or gold require:
 The wizard too his impious art applies,
 And to his aid emerging demons rise:
 Nor art, nor yet demoniac aid avails, 95
 Nor deepest hell imparts what Heaven conceals.
 But when, no more with baffled charms amused,
 The King in wrath conceived his power abused,
 His limbs all trembled, and his eyes shot flame,
 And vengeful fury shook his labouring frame: 100
 Rouz'd in the wrath of unforgiving age,
 Against the faithful burn'd his endless rage;
 "Perish!" he cried, "Destruction seize on all!
 "So, with the race, the curs'd offender fall,

" Yes, e're the guilty 'scape the wrath decreed,
 " Perish the just, and let the guiltless bleed! 106
 " What said I, guiltless?—O ill-suited name!
 " Alike all Christians all our vengeance claim;
 " Foes to our Prophet, traitors to our state,
 " They justly suffer by the laws they hate. 110
 " Up, up, my subjects, with the sword and fire;
 " Quick be their doom, and let their name ex-
 pire!"

So spoke the Tyrant; Fame received the sound,
 And cloath'd in terror, pours the news around:
 The blood from every Christian cheek she drains,
 Strikes to their hearts, and shudders in their
 veins; 116

No force of prayer, no bold defence they try,
 Fear froze their limbs, nor left the power to fly;
 While o'er their souls impending horrors wait,
 And half anticipate the stroke of fate: 120
 But succour, least foreseen, deceived the grave;
 For Heaven is prompt, as potent still to save.

THEN dwelt in Solyma a blooming Maid,
 With inward Truth, as outward charms array'd
 Heroic sentiment her bosom warm'd, 125
 And her bright limbs the Infant Graces form'd;
 Yet

Yet with unconscious, or regardless eyes,
 She saw no charm, or seen, refused to prize;
 Within herself her treasured sweetness closed,
 And private in domestic peace reposed. 130
 But merit vainly from esteem retires;
 The world pursues, discloses, and admires:
 In vain from Love the bashful Charmer flies,
 A bashful Youth perceives, pursues, and dies;
 To him, intruding Love the maid reveal'd, 135
 And kill'd with graces from herself conceal'd.
 Love through the shade of deepest covert spies,
 A blindfold Argus with a thousand eyes;
 A various influence his powers impart,
 And warm the chaste, and cool the wanton heart.

SOPHRONIA she, whose charms his love in-
 spired;
 OLINDO he, whose love those charms admired;
 In every grace, to every virtue train'd,
 One faith instructed, and one town contain'd.
 Yet he, nor hopes, nor ventures to complain, 145
 Hush'd as the eternal calm beneath the main;
 With awful glance at distance eyes the Fair,
 Breathes but to sigh, and loves but to despair;
 A prey to silent anguish, mourns alone,
 Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, and unknown. 150

THE dire decree arrests SOPHRONIA'S ear,
 Nor taught the Christian for herself to fear;
 To nobler views her ample soul makes room,
 With her own death to ward the publick doom;
 The generous Maid would greatly bleed for all, 155
 And one a sacrifice for thousands fall.
 Strong zeal inspired, and native courage taught,
 But female decency reproves the thought;
 Nor so prevail'd, for resolutely shamed,
 The bolder blush through bashfulness enflamed. 160
 On through the gazing croud she past alone,
 And like a star new risen the Virgin shone;
 A veil thrown o'er her charms with thin disguise,
 But half eclips'd the danger of her eyes;
 Adorn'd, with easy negligence she moves, 165
 And every eye engages, and reproves;
 For mildness brightening through majestic grace,
 Spoke in her mein, and lighten'd in her face.

Thus gazed by all, on past the lovely dame,
 And fearless to the royal presence came; 170
 Dire was the form the Tyrant's visage wore,
 Which she in innocence, regardless, bore.
 "O turn," she cried, "the terrors of thy ire,
 "Nor thou, O King, against thyself conspire;

"Taint

" Taint not the guardian glories of thy reign, 175
 " With bleeding innocents, and subjects slain ;
 " 'Tis mine to give the traitor to thy view,
 " To point thy wrath, and point the vengeance
 due."

THAT decent confidence, and awful grace,
 Mix'd with the glories of that loveliest face, 180
 Surprized the Monarch ; half abash'd he stands,
 And feels, that beauty, more than kings, com-
 mands :

Low sunk before the Fair all forms of pride,
 And bend for mercy to the suppliant side,
 For mutual grace unbind the sovereign brow, 185
 Wishful to find, and willing to allow ;
 But the fond hope no answering smiles impart,
 And wayward beauty damps the kindling heart.
 Not love, but sullen pleasure seiz'd his sense,
 A short amazement, and a still suspense : 190

" At your request," the Monarch mild replies,
 " Fate is no more, and scarce the guilty dies."
 Then she—" Behold the criminal attends !
 " This hand perform'd, what still my heart com-
 mends ;
 " From strange pollution bore our Sacred Dame,
 " And I alone your dreaded vengeance claim." 196

Thus, arm'd for pain, unterrified by death,
 Thus the sweet Innocence resigns her breath;
 Her life a ransom for her country yields,
 And a whole state with wide protection shields. 200

SURPRIZED he paused, yet seeming to require
 A form less fair, and apter to his ire:

"Say, who conspired, who prompted to the deed?"

"Nor give a breast so soft as thine to bleed."

"All rivals," she return'd, "my works disclaim,

"Nor brook a partner in the deeds of fame: 206

"My courage prompted what my thoughts conspired;

"Alone I counsell'd, and alone acquired."

"On thee alone," the Tyrant then replied,

"Be the full weight of my resentment tried!" 210

"'Tis just, 'tis just," she cried, "nor I repine;

"Mine be the penalty, the glory mine!"

NEW choler now his gathering visage swells,
 And all the tyrant in his heart rebels:

"How, where, hast thou presumed thy theft to
 hide? 215

"Say, quick, nor further urge thy fate!" he
 cried.

"Not

- " Not rescued," bold she said, " to be betray'd,
 " Is the blest shape of that Celestial Maid.
 " Vain you require what, now consumed with
 flame,
 " Nor infidels can touch, nor kings reclaim. 220
 " What would you more? your former captive
 freed,
 " You hold the criminal who boasts the deed.
 " But why the criminal to me transferr'd?
 " Must subjects bleed, when kings alone have
 err'd?
 " What you unjustly seiz'd, I justly gain'd; 225
 " And guiltless, purified what you profaned."

SHE spoke; and, from within, the labouring
 storm
 Rose in his voice, and spread o'er all his form:
 The dire distemper of the Tyrant's soul,
 No mercy mitigates, no bounds controul; 230
 In vain officious Love his Favourite arms,
 And lends an unavailing shield of charms.

By doom severe, he judg'd the fearless dame
 With beauty's gifts to feed devouring flame:
 Officious villains on his wrath attend; 235
 Her veil and floating robe they rudely rend;

Strict

Strict round her arms the livid cordage wind,
 And to the stake the lamb-like victim bind;
 While meek, and silent, she attends her fate,
 In pain unalter'd, and in death sedate, 240
 Save that the rose its wonted mansion fled,
 And like the lilly droop'd her beauteous head.

THE busy rumour spread with murmuring sound;
 The vulgar ran, and clustering pour'd around.
 OLINDO too in trembling haste drew near, 245
 With love prophetic, and all pale with fear.
 But when, by soul distracting woe oppress'd,
 The dreaded truth his hapless eyes confess,
 His love condemn'd, in cruel fetters bound,
 And the dire ministers of death around; 250
 The Youth all frantic through the tumult broke,
 And thus the King in rage and haste bespoke:
 "Not so, not so, my lord, this vaunting dame
 "Shall arrogate, what only I can claim:
 "She did not, would not, could not singly dare
 "A work so weighty, and a deed so rare; 256
 "The guard with unexperienc'd craft deceive,
 "And from her seat the massy substance heave:
 "This arm atchieved what she assumes in vain."
 (Ah thus he loved, though hopeless to obtain!) 260

He

He added,—“ Favour'd by the friendly night,
 “ Where your proud fane admits the eastern light,
 “ I scaled the steep, and gain'd the dangerous
 pass,
 “ And through the postern bore the sacred mass :
 “ Nor shall he thus usurp a foreign spoil, 265
 “ With hazard enterprized, and earn'd with toil ;
 “ Mine are these welcome tortures, chains, and
 flame,
 “ The trophied monument, and deathless name.”

HER eyes from earth the grateful Charmer rais'd;
And gently chiding, on her Lover gazed :
“ Say whence the frenzy that infects thy mind, 270
“ And why, ah why, to me severely kind ?
“ Sufficient to my fate, howe'er I seem,
“ Thy life would but more cruelly redeem :
“ I want not such society in pain ;
“ Whate'er he dares inflict, I dare sustain.” 275

The Maid, in vain, the enamour'd Youth
address'd,
Nor shook the steady purpose of his breast:
His fate, in vain, the stedfast Youth demands;
The Maid, as stedfast, and as kind, withstands.
O wondrous

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O wondrous pair!—Unpleasing, pleasing fight! 280
Where love, and virtue, amicably fight;
Where death alone is to the victor dear,
And safety's all the vanquish'd wretch can fear,

BUT now his wrath the King no longer rein'd,
Who vengeful judg'd his regal power disdain'd: 285
“ Cease, cease!” with cruel irony he cries;
“ You both have won, and shall obtain the prize.”
Quick, at his beck, the guards, who waited round,
With chains, the brave, the blooming stripling
bound;
Then back to back the Lovely Pair they tied, 290
And whom they join in death, in death divide.

AND now, applied to the surrounding pyre,
Contagious breath provokes the lingering fire.
A mournful pause the plaintive lover broke,
And to his loved, his patient partner, spoke: 295
“ Are then my vows, my tedious sufferings
crown'd,
“ With thee in such eternal spousals bound?
“ Far other ties my flattering fancy framed,
“ Far other fire my faithful breast inflamed!
“ Nor these the ties that bind connubial hearts;
“ Nor these the fires the bridal lamp imparts! 301
“ SAD

" SAD is the scene our nuptial pomp displays,
 " And long I earn'd what fate severely pays,
 " While life still sunder'd whom the grave unites,
 " And death my fond unfailing faith requites. 305
 " But yet, with thee, even agony finds ease;
 " Death knows to charm, and pain can learn to
 please:
 " Thy fate alone can teach me to repine,
 " And all the pangs you feel are doubly mine.
 " Ah! could I but obtain, that, breast to breast,
 " Of thee in this my latest hour possess, 311
 " I might but catch thee with my closing eye,
 " And my last breath within thy bosom sigh—
 " That were a bliss, beyond what life could give;
 " It were indeed too much to feel, and live!" 315

Thus he, with various agitation moved;
 And thus the Maid with gentle speech reproved.

" NOT these the griefs, the cares, you should
 attend;
 " Far other griefs, far other cares, impend—
 " The dreadful summons of offended Power, 320
 " The doubtful sentence, and the mortal hour!
 " The lapse of frailty, and the kindling flame,
 " Alike thy penitence and transport claim;

" The martyr, with peculiar splendours bright,
 " Selected sits above the sons of light ! 325
 " View yon fair azure with desiring eye,
 " Nor fear to tread the glories of the sky :
 " But O—beyond, beyond,—what scenes invite !
 " O'er Heaven, another Heaven, still opening to
 our fight !" 329

SOFT sorrows seiz'd the pale deploring crowd :
 The Pagans wept their pitying griefs aloud ;
 But not the Christians the still tempest show,
 They drink their tears, and choak the swelling woe.
 The King, who felt unwonted pity rise,
 Melt in his soul, and moisten in his eyes, 335
 Retired, the soft emotion to controul,
 And fix the flinty temper of his soul.
 But you, bright Maid, transcendent greatness
 proved,

By weeping floods and circling flames unmoved ;
 Inspired an anguish you refused to own, 340
 In grief superior, and in crowds alone !

Thus hope was far from every weeping eye,
 And death amid involving fires drew nigh ;
 When, mounted like some favourite son of fame,
 A Stranger to the mourning concourse came : 345
 In

In foreign semblance, and unwonted mode,
 Proud thro' the parting throng the hero rode;
 CLORINDA's corselet graced the warrior's breast,
 And the famed tygres raven'd on her crest;
 The admiring crouds her awful signal own, 350
 To routed hosts and trembling nations known.

WITH nobler gifts of native worth adorn'd,
 The heroic Maid her sex's softness scorn'd;
 Scorn'd each important toil of female hearts,
 The tricking ornament, and needled arts, 355
 The silken indolence, the soft fatigue,
 The chamber'd spleen, and closeted intrigue:
 Nor envious breath her virgin honour stain'd,
 Through wander'd climes and foughten fields
 retain'd;
 While o'er the beauties of her loveliest face, 360
 Delight sat fierce, and smiled with dreaded grace.

WITH early thirst of each adventurous deed,
 She steer'd the manage of the bounding steed;
 With infant arm would launch the whistling spear,
 Whirl the rough disk, and wield the sword in air;
 And foil'd each rival with contending grace, 366
 Strain'd in the grasp, or distanced in the race.

Now from the hills the shaggy spoils she tore,
 The brinded lion, and the tusky boar;
 And last whole hosts beneath her prowess yield,
 She riots like a tygress o'er the field. 371
 From Persia late the fair destroyer came,
 And bore deep hatred to the Christian name;
 Oft had she bathed the mountains with their blood,
 And with their bodies choak'd the purpling flood:
 At Salem just arrived, her wandering view, 376
 Aspiring flames and murmuring tumults drew.
 When curious to enquire she turn'd with speed,
 And o'er the pavement urg'd her flying steed.

THE crowd gave way; the Amazonian Fair 380
 With strict regard beheld the captive pair—
 The Virgin silent, while the Youth repined;
 The stronger plaintive, and the weak resigned;
 But plaintive he, as in her sufferings pain'd,
 No pangs but for the dearer Maid sustain'd; 385
 She silent, as her speech were in her eyes,
 To hold superior converse with the skies,
 As though her soul had took a previous flight,
 The mortal sufferings passed, and Heaven in sight.

CLORINDA's breast divine compassion fill'd, 390
 Her silver lids the pitying drops distill'd;

But

But chief she mourn'd, and chief admired the
Maid,

Placid in pain, nor even in death dismay'd ;

Then fervent thus a neighbouring Sage address :

“ Ah ! whence this lovely pair, and why distress ?

“ Such death, where such apparent virtues shine,

“ What crime can merit, or what heart design ?”

SHE spoke; the man of courtesy explain'd

Whate'er of note the mournful tale contain'd :

Her soul, with kindred dignity inspired, 400

Their guilt acquitted, and their worth admired ;

And soon her enterprising thoughts presume

By suit, or battle, to reverse their doom :

Quick from the stake the approaching fire she
drew,

And thus spoke terror to the listening crew : 405

“ Let none, with cruel or adventurous hand,

“ Officious dare to act what I withstand,

“ Till from the court returning orders bring

“ Freedom, or fate, determin'd by your King :

“ Nor fear in this to rouse the monarch's rage; 410

“ My will's your warrant, and my word your
gage.”

So saying, to their souls she look'd dismay,

As only born for others to obey ;

Then swift to court the lovely suitor ran,
But obvious met the King, and brief began. 415

"E'RE this, O King, CAJORINDA's distant fame
"Has haply taught your ear a stranger's name,
"Who comes, you'll say presumptuous, thus alone,
"To guard our faith, and vindicate your throne.
"Whate'er of war the various terms comprize,
"Within my sphere of copious battle lies; 421
"Nor aught above me, nor beneath I know;
"From the proud bulwark to repel the foe,
"To form the phalanx, or to lead the field,
"Or hand to hand the deadly weapon wield." 425

SHE ceas'd; and thus the King—"O glorious
Maid!

"Arm of the host you condescend to aid,
"From pole to pole thy honour'd name is known,
"Thy fame unbounded by the distant Lone:
"Not all this warlike confidence of towers, 430
"The force of native and auxiliar powers,
"Such trust defensive of our throne provide,
"As that right hand, that weapon at thy side.
"Come GODFREY, come, with laurels on thy brow,
"Thy march too swift, so late, is tedious now; 435

" Nor less than his CLORINDA's glories claim, " "
 " Thy word as absolute, as great thy fame! " "
 " Thine be the sphere of arbitrary sway, " "
 " The secret council, and the bold array; " "
 " Beneath thy scepter'd hand my powers I yield, " "
 " First in the throne, as foremost in the field! 44Y

He spoke; with easy grace the Virgin bow'd, " "
 And suppliant thus her generous plea avow'd: " "
 " Though ALADINE may deem the matter new, " "
 " Where gifts precede, and services ensue, 445 "
 " So highly your munificence I hold, " "
 " Your bounty bids the diffident be bold, " "
 " Then for the aid I bring, the life would spend, " "
 " For all I shall perform, or may intend, " "
 " To my request those wretched captives give, 450 "
 " And grant the lovely criminals may live, " "
 " Their sentence merely on suspicion built, " "
 " Much might be urg'd abating of their guilt; " "
 " But every plea of innocence I wave, " "
 " And sole, in lieu of future service, crave, 455 "
 " Yet, mighty King, permit me to disclaim " "
 " The guilt imputed to the Christian name; " "
 " Nor should I from receiv'd opinion lead, " "
 " Were reason not resistless to persuade; " "
 " Great is the power of love, when reason's aid

" For ill the wizard's pedant arts retain 464
 " That sanctitude which Macon's laws ordain,
 " Whose tenets, all replete with lore divine,
 " Prohibit idols from his hallow'd shrine.
 " To him miraculous ascribe the deed,
 " His fane from guilt from profanation freed; 465
 " Nor thou repine, when guardian powers reject
 " What rites might innovate, or arts infect.
 " Let ISMEN exercise, remote from arms,
 " His maze of tricks, and unavailing charms;
 " But the keen use of more decisive powers, 470
 " The magic of the circling blade be ours!"

She said; and tho' the Monarch's stubborn breast
 Was proof to aught soft pity could suggest,
 Yet high observance of the gallant Maid,
 Her honour'd presence, and her promised aid, 475
 Prevail'd: " All pleading," he return'd, " is vain;
 " CLORINDA ne'er can ask, but to obtain:
 " Nor I their innocence or guilt debate;
 " Be you alike sole mistress of their fate!"

Thus were they freed. OLINDO, happiest
 youth! 480
 Great is the recompence that waits thy truth;
 Pure

Pure was thy constant flame, severe the test,
And Heaven with equal retribution blest.
Now beyond hope exulting, from despair
He past associate with the yielding Fair : 485
To death he loved her ; and the grateful Maid,
With a long life of mutual love repaid.

BUT, ever to a tyrant's soul ingrate,
He held such virtue dangerous in the state ;
And distant far the bridal exiles sent, 490
Rich in their love, and each in each content.
With these he banishes the brave, and young,
And every Christian arm with vigour strung ;
In hostage then the softer sex retains,
The tender infant binds in needless chains, 495
Whose helpless cries the wonted names require,
The endearing husband, and protecting fire.

SOME through the devious wild, or mountain
shade,
Where chance, or sadness tempted, pensive stray'd,
While some, with glory and resentment fired, 500
To heights of more determin'd worth aspired,
Bold to Emmaus bend their warlike course,
And with new arms augment the Christian force ;

For

For to Emmaus now approach'd their powers,
 Emmaus, west from Salem's regal towers, 505
 Who treads the fresh of April's early dew,
 (A thousand scenes of rural scope in view)
 At leisure may the mediate space beguile,
 By the third hour, the third of Hebrew style:
 While distant yet, the town and neighbouring
 coast, 510
 With the first ken, salute the Christian host,
 "Emmaus!" loud, triumphing legions cry,
 And catch the place with long desiring eye.

And now, down heaven, the swift careering sun
 His evening course of steep direction run, 515
 As GODFREY'S word the travell'd armies stand,
 And canvas cities rise to his command,
 Whose tented canopy, and flaxen shed,
 O'er many a field with ready structure spread.

Nor yet heaven's lamp forsook the ætherial plain,
 But hover'd verging on the western main, 521
 When lo! two peers, attractive of the eye,
 In mode of foreign ornament drew nigh:
 Peace in their hands and open brow they bear,
 Complacence in their gentle mien and air; 525

For

With

While gorgeous equipage attendant wait
Their embassy from Egypt's scepter'd state.

THE first ALETES, vers'd in every vice;
Base was his birth, conspicuous was his rise:
O'er Nile his proud vicegerence widely spread, 530
And stored with wiles was his sagacious head;
Soft on his lips persuasive fiction hung,
Guile fill'd his heart, and eloquence his tongue;
His manners easy, though his genius shrewd,
Fair to engage, and subtle to delude; 535
Smooth to persuade with false illusive phrase,
To vindicate with blame, or kill with praise.

WITH him ARGANTES, huge Circassian, came,
A stranger late, but quickly known to fame; 539
Through Egypt, prime in arms, the warrior shone;
And now a Satrap graced the Memphian throne:
Furious the bent of his unconquer'd soul,
Nor knew his heart or pity or controul;
Slave to his will, his will by passion sway'd,
Proud, restless, fierce, untired, and undismay'd, 545
Nor earth he thought his match in arms could
yield;
As yet unrival'd through the sanguine field!
His impious arm the only God adored,
His reason perch'd upon his conquering sword.

ADMIT-

ADMITTANCE to the General's ear they sue, 550

And introduced the royal GODFREY view.

Low on a couch, in unaffected state,

Amid surrounding chiefs the Hero sate :

Plain was his vestment, negligence with grace,

And awe with meekness lived within his face ; 555

As GODFREY only could his state adorn,

Too great to value, though too meek to scorn,

ARGANTES entering, scarce his head inclin'd ;

Haughty his mien, expressive of his mind :

As from due rite he purposely abstain'd, 560

For conscious merits in himself retain'd,

Not so ALETES, struck with decent awe,

Entering he seem'd half wishing to withdraw ;

As one surpris'd, his forward step repress,

And bore his hand respectful to his breast ; 565

Then easy, bow'd with deference profound,

And fix'd his eyes half closing on the ground.

Spontaneous through his lips, a wonted road,

The stream of voluntary diction flow'd,

Gentle as dews or summer's evening rain 570

To flake the fevers of the sultry plain ;

While thus the Syriac melted from his tongue,

And listening princes on the cadence hung.

“ O, mightiest

" O, mightiest thou! sole worthy of the sway,
 " Where circling heroes, chiefs like these, obey, 575
 " Who bear fresh wreaths on each victorious head,
 " Fired by thy deeds, and by thy conduct led.
 " Beyond the Herculean pillar flies thy fame,
 " And Egypt even to Nubia tells thy name.
 " But chief our monarch marks thy wondrous
 ways, 580
 " Lifts to thy name, and dwells upon thy praise :
 " No envy his superior bosom fires,
 " He hears with pleasure, with esteem admires ;
 " To worth like thine perceives his heart allied,
 " And is by love, if not religion tied. 585
 " Yet well apprized of what your arms intend,
 " Opposed where he in honour must defend,
 " From Us his amicable purpose know,
 " A faithful friend, but a reluctant foe.

" WITH thee in arms, in council, and in mind,
 " In equal amity, and hate combin'd, 591
 " He vows, whate'er encountering dangers wait,
 " To fix the fortunes of thy wavering state ;
 " Be Sion only sacred to repose,
 " He joins with GODFREY, should the world
 oppose. 595

" TRANSCENDENT

“ TRANSCENDENT Chief! whose memorable
page,

“ Shall lend a tale to every future age,

“ Short is the span that gives thy deeds a date,

“ But long the time that wondring shall relate! 599

“ Thy rapid progress knows nor rest, nor bound—

“ What cities forced, or levell'd with the ground!

“ What battles fought! what victories obtain'd!

“ What provinces subdued! what empires gain'd!

“ Amazement flies, or trembles, at thy name;

“ Nor is there left a further work for fame: 605

“ New added power can add no new applause;

“ And glory, spread to either pole, must pause.

“ SOAR'D to the zenith of a cloudless day,

“ Thy fortune culminates her warmest ray;

“ Her next advance the western steep invites, 610

“ Prone she descends, and suddenly benights.

“ Ah think, great Chief!—the dangerous ven-
ture shun,

“ Where all thy deeds may be at once undone:

“ Doubtful thy hope, and thy advantage small;

“ But great the loss, and wondrous deep the
fall. 615

“ YET,

" Yet, GODFREY may reject our fond address;
 " He views the future in the past success:
 " His sword with blood of routed armies stain'd,
 " Beneath his hand reluctant nations rein'd, 619
 " With all the bold the boundless wish can crave,
 " That bribes the fortunate, or fires the brave—
 " These, these may win him to the waste of war,
 " And passions prompt what reason would abhor.
 " Delusive orators! they still persuade,
 " Unsheath'd to brandish that redoubted blade; 625
 " Still to pursue where fortune would betray,
 " Where glory smooths the faithless arduous way,
 " Till Macon be no more; and waste, forlorn,
 " Sad Asia like some widow'd matron mourn:
 " Fair hopes, high projects, and allurements sweet,
 " But covert ruin, and assured deceit. 631
 " If zeal exhibits no intemperate dream,
 " Nor clouds of wrath eclipse thy reasoning beam;
 " How just, how different would the scene arise,
 " Nor hope, but apprehension meet thine eyes! 635
 " Will Fortune, false as the alternate sea,
 " For thee perpetual flow, alone for thee?
 " High the ascent her hourly favourites know,
 " But steep the precipice that sinks below;
 " One

" One step alone 'twixt triumph and defeat, 640

" The gulphy ruin and the towery height.

" Say, Chief! should Nile with all his dread
allies,

" Potent of wealth and arms, in vengeance rise;

" The Turk, the Persian, and Cassano's heir,

" Frown in the van, and deepen in the rear; 645

" What mortal power could such a storm assuage,

" Or check the thunder launch'd in all its rage?

" Perhaps, to western aid thy prospects bend;

" Aid from the Greek,—that tried, that trusty
friend!

" Yes, yes, his faith attesting nations own; 650

" 'Tis Punic all, and to a proverb known!

" His plighted powers we then may learn to fear,

" When you grow credulous, or he sincere;

" When those who late thy peaceful march
withstood,

" To buy thy progress will expend their blood; 655

" Who late retail'd the venal air for hire,

" Fight in thy cause, and at thy side expire.

" SHRUNK to the limits of this warlike round,

" All hope is to thy proper squadrons bound;

" To

" To these, who, distant from their native soil,
 " By death diminish, and decline with toil : 656
 " And is it hence, thy brave presumption grows,
 " To foil the fury of united foes ?

" Not slight the fray thy former conquests boast,
 " When with full powers you quell'd each sepa-
 rate host ; 660

" How then should such combining hosts dismay,
 " When Egypt lengthens out their dread array ?

" Yet, should I yield thee more than man for
 might,

" In terrors drest, invincible in fight,
 " In heavenly panoply thy warriors cas'd, 665
 " With heavenly ardour every sinew braced ;
 " Still GODFREY, still thy mightier Foe remains,
 " More fierce than millions on encountering
 plains—

" Go, whirl thy sword, go, launch the impetu-
 ous spear,

" And let remorseless Famine learn to fear ! 670
 " Alas ! too soon thy matchless force must feel,
 " That hunger's sharper than the wounding steel.

" No harvests here wave hopeful to thy eye ;
 " Consumed around, the blasted pastures lie ;

210 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

- “ The tiller has himself undone his toil, 675
 “ Nor left for him to reap, or thee to spoil;
 “ While wasting fires have robb'd thy fainting
 steed,
 “ And wide devour'd, left fiercer foes should feed :
 “ Deep guarded battlements the grain immure,
 “ From force defend, and from access secure. 680
 “ But then your fleet shall waft the large supply,
 “ And seas shall yield, what hostile lands deny ;
 “ Yes, you shall live as please the tide and wind,
 “ When gales are constant, and when storms are
 kind.

YET could thy power the struggling tempest
 rein, 685

- “ Direct the blast, and rule the indignant main ;
 “ How will thy feeble, thy unequal fleet,
 “ Such joint, such formidable forces meet,
 “ When launch'd around our naval powers unite,
 “ And from the boundless ocean snatch the fight?
 690

- “ STRANGE is the turn of thy capricious state,
 “ Where double conquest must prevent defeat ;
 “ As strange our favouring fate, where one success
 “ Shall with a sure, a double conquest bless :

“ If

" If we, by land, or sea, thy powers sustain, 695

" Vain are thy powers, by land and ocean vain ;

" And if by sea, or land, thy forces fail,

" By land and sea alike our arms prevail.

" In vain by land the fruitless field you boast,

" When Famine triumphs o'er thy conquering
host ; 700

" In vain thy fleet shall waft the plenty o'er,

" Thy conquering fleet, when armies are no more.

" If yet, nor love, nor interest can invite,

" And only wars remorseless wars delight, 704

" How has thy soul her former praise disclaim'd,

" Through every clime, for every virtue famed !

" But ah, if war thy milder thoughts deform,

" May Heaven with gentle hand appease the storm ;

" Through Asia may the horrid conflicts cease,

" And GODFREY rule the conquer'd realms in
peace ! 710

" AND you ! whose arms, in dubious battle
tried,

" The virtues of your matchless Chief divide,

" Who share, alike, his council and his care,

" Who every toil and every peril share ;

" Let Heavenly Peace the swelling passion sway,
 " Nor smiling Fortune, faithless fair, betray. 716
 " The mariner, though sails and cordage torn,
 " Thro' sands, and rocks, and whirling eddies born,
 " At length within the friendly haven cast,
 " With transport sees that every danger's past : 720
 " Escaped like him the trusty port retain,
 " Nor tempt the future tempest on the main."

He ended smooth; but, through the warlike
round,

Of deep disgust the murmuring accents found;
 Impassion'd gestures all their soul avow, 725
 And indignation bends in every brow.

Thrice and again, his quick discerning view
 The Chief around his circling heroes threw;
 And thus sedate the much experienced man,
 With gentle but determined voice began. 730

" ALETES! deep thy art, and smooth thy phrase;
 " And well you mix the menace with the praise.
 " If, in sincerity, as it should seem,
 " Our acts are honour'd with your king's esteem,
 " You may assure the monarch, on our part, 735
 " Of all due deference, and a grateful heart.

" But

“ But where your words with threatening ardour
warm,

“ Collect all Asia in the coming storm,

“ I answer in my plain accustom'd style, 739

“ Not graced with eloquence, yet free from guile.

“ Know then, that all our suffering powers
sustain,

“ Thro' hostile climes, and the tempestuous main,

“ Sole centering to one glorious object tends,

“ And only leads where all our labour ends—

“ To free yon sacred, venerable wall ! 745

“ Let every threat, let every ruin fall,

“ Nor death can terrify, nor toil distress,

“ Since Heaven with future recompence will bless.

“ 'Tis not the transient gust of mortal joys,

“ Gems, crowns, or pageant scepters, glittering
toys ! 750

“ Not Fame in all her pomp of titles drest,

“ Inspires the fervour of a Christian breast :

“ Who to the spheres their constant course assign'd,

“ Alone directs the movements of our mind ;

“ He is the POLE whose fix'd attraction charms,

“ The VOICE that dictates, and the CAUSE that
arms. 756

" HIS HAND alone the whirling surge restrains,
 " And o'er his tempest throws the lordly reins.
 " Alike to us the wintry gusts arise,
 " Or SYRIUS fires the equinoctial skies; 760
 " Warm'd by his breath, or shaded by his wing,
 " His PRESENCE tempers our eternal spring.
 " Smooth'd, where HE leads, the strong ribb'd
 hills subside,
 " The dangers vanish, and the floods divide; 764
 " Low lie proud heads, and every hostile power,
 " And from its basis smokes the tumbling tower.

" Not from the cumbrous shield, or brittle
 spear,
 " Or strength of mortal arm, we hope—or fear;
 " Nor list, if GRECIA, or the world be foes;
 " We trust a POWER, who can alone oppose; 770
 " Nor shall the world against our host abide,
 " Against one man, if HEAVEN be on his side.

" BUT if, before yon consecrated wall,
 " HIS WILL, inscrutable, ordains our fall, 774
 " Our bones shall mingle with that hallow'd clay,
 " Where once the Prince of Life, MESSIAH lay:
 " So will we fall, triumphant, though o'erthrown;
 " So will we die!—but, trust me, not alone—

" Sad Asia shall the mournful vigil keep, 779

" And (friendless) we will give the foe to weep.

" YET think not we in savage wars delight,

" That terms of honourable peace we slight ;

" Or vain of conquest, equally despise . . .

" Such formidable foes, such strong allies. 784

" But why your monarch prop these distant walls,

" Where neither interest claims, nor justice calls ?

" If east, or west, his conquering ensigns bend,

" Pleas'd with his power, we rise not to defend ;

" Still with his glory may his sway increase,

" Still may he rule his native realms in peace, 790

" Nor toil to find unnecessary foes,

" But take and grant reciprocal repose !"

HE ceas'd ; when, passion maddening in his eye,

ARGANTES in a storm of wrath drew nigh,

The impetuous gust disdaining to controul ; 795

And thus loosed all the fury of his soul.

" Yes, Chief, henceforward let the sword decide ;

" War is thy wish, nor be thy wish denied.

" Ill hast thou answer'd to our terms of peace ;

" But cause of strife to mortals ne'er can
cease." 800

So saying, quick his flowing garb he seiz'd,
 And folding with terrific action rais'd :
 " Here, thou contemner of events !" he cries,
 " Here, peace and war within my vesture lies.
 " If war be in thy bold election, say ; 805
 " Choose as you list, but choose without delay."

SUCH uttering arrogance, and scornful air,
 Not likely such a princely round should bear :
 Incensed, no voice attends their Chief's reply ;
 " War, war !" at once, " War, war !" aloud
 they cry. 810
 With rising wrath the fierce Circassian burn'd,
 And " War, eternal, mortal war !" return'd.

His robe with hasty furious hand expos'd,
 The gates of Janus seem at once disclosed :
 Peace scared, on trembling pinions urged her
 flight ; 815
 And Hate, and Discord, issuing claim'd the light.
 All dread, and terrible, ARGANTES stands :
 Dire as Tiphon with his hundred hands,
 Or Babel, that in spite of Heaven arose ;
 So towers the chief, and menaces his foes. 820
 With awful grace superior, GODFREY smiled,
 And thus rejoin'd more menacingly mild.

" Oun

"OUR answer let your Memphian monarch hear,
 "Who better knows to threat, than we to fear—
 "If here he means we should attend the fight, 825
 "Swift be his march, and well assured his might :
 "Or soon we'll wait him on Egyptian soil ;
 "For we are, haply, more inured to toil.

THE Hero spoke, and gracefully humane
 Dismiss'd the chiefs with their attending train : 830
 ALETES had a helm of richest price,
 With plumage proud, the beamy spoil of Nice ;
 But to ARGANTES' mightier hand he gave
 A massy sword, fit present for the brave ;
 Though gold the hilt, and gem'd with costliest
 stone, 835

Superior to the mass the model shone ;
 Curious to view, but ponderous 'twas to feel,
 And like a meteor gleam'd the lengthening steel.
 The bounty, quick, the proud Circassian took,
 Eyed with delight, and with dread action shook : 840
 "Soon BULLOIGN ! much too soon," he cried,
 "you'll find,
 "Such trust was ne'er to better hands assigned."

THEY parted thus ; and to his peer address'd,
 ARGANTES spoke the boldness of his breast :

" Go thou to Egypt with the morning light; 845

" I go to Sion, and I go this night.

" My pen or presence to no end conduce,

" Where deeds are dead, and only words of use :

" Talk is thy province, and may have its charms;

" Be mine the war, the nobler clash of arms!" 850

BRIEF spoke the Pagan, nor reply attends,
But turn'd with haughty step to Salem bends;
The dictates of his swift impetuous soul
No rites of embassy, no laws controul :
Beneath the glimmering of the starry ray, 855
Impatient he directs his warlike way;
While warm in every act, and every thought,
Contention bled, and future combats fought.

AND now still night, diffused to either pole,
From heaven her balmy visitation stole; 860
With soft constraint the drowsied sense oppress,
And weigh'd the weary bustling world to rest.
Through nature, peace and short oblivion reign :
The tempest slumbers on the silent main; 864
Hush'd through the sylvan shade, and dreary den,
Smooth lake, and peopled flood, and willow'd fen,
Each foot, and fin, and feather, finds repose;
With gentler pace each lazy current flows;

Exiled

Exiled from every heart Oppression fled,
And Labour sunk upon the grateful bed. 870

BUT not the shade with kindly opiate blest,
That lull'd the remnant of the world to rest,
Nor toil persuasive of profound repose,
Through GODFREY's camp could give an eye to
close :

Impatience hangs upon the lingering night, 875
Counts the long hour, and claims the promised light;
Still through the gloom exploring looks essay
The dawning whiteness of the eastern ray,
That shall o'er long-sought Solyma arise,
And give her spires to their expecting eyes: 880

JERUSALEM

And Labour sunk upon the grand old bed.
— 270

But not the shade with kindly opiate sleep,
That lull'd the weary world to rest,
Nor yet the silence of the grave,
Through Gossamer's airy web, give an eye to
chance;
Impudence hangs upon the lingering night,
Count the labour, and claims the promised light;
Still through the gloom exploring looks essay,
The strong whiff of the eastern breeze,
That shall o'er long rugged slopes arise,
And give her light to her exploring eyes. — 280

JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

AN

EPIC POEM:

Translated from the ITALIAN

OF

TORQUATO TASSO.

BOOK THIRD.

THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

AND

THE PICCOLA

Translated from the ITALIAN

OF

THE GUARANTO

BOOK THIRD

TASSO's JERUSALEM.

B O O K III.

THE eastern breeze, fresh harbinger of dawn,
Sprung from the furge, and whisper'd o'er
the lawn :

Aurora waked, suffused with early dew,
And round her form the purpling vesture threw ;
Her orient locks increasing glory shed, 5
And Eden's rose adorn'd her radiant head.
The soldiers arm ; ten thousand shouts arise,
Ring through the camp, and burst upon the skies ;
Triumphant clarions answer to the sound,
And boundless joy and clamour pours around. 10

WILD were the transports of the madding host,
Wild as the waves on the Trinacrian coast,
Or winds that o'er the ridgy mountain sweep,
That rend the clouds, and rush upon the deep :
Yet

Yet to their Chief the ranging troops conform, 15
 He rules the rapture, and directs the storm;
 In ordered file arrays the impetuous train;
 Rapid they march, but rapid with the rein.

WING'D were their hearts, with previous trans-
 port fleet,
 And wing'd, like feather'd Mercury, their feet; 20
 Nor travel tires, nor obstacles impede,
 So warm their ardour and so swift their speed.
 But when careering up the ethereal road,
 The disk of heaven with rising fervour glow'd,
 Jerusalem the ravish'd squadrons spy, 25
 "Jerusalem!" triumphing thousands cry;
 Jerusalem, their acclamations sweet,
 Expanding arms, and reaching raptures, greet.

So when beneath the keen Septentrion pole,
 Or where the tides of Austrial oceans roll, 30
 Adventurous mariners, a desperate band,
 Roam in the search of yet untrodden land,
 Where skies unknown the dreary prospect bound,
 With gulphs that gape, and storms that rage
 around;
 If, haply, now some azure hill they spy, 35
 How is the voice responsive to the eye!

Their

Their cheeks with mutual gratulation glow,
And shouts in scorn dismiss all former woe.

To the first hurry of that wild delight
When Salem rose transporting to their sight, 40
Contrition soon with reverent check succeeds;
With dulcet anguish every bosom bleeds:
Their humble eyes all trembling they withhold
From walls too dear, too awful to behold,
Where CHRIST his seat of mortal passion chose, 45
Expiring suffer'd, and renew'd arose:
Griefs, joys, unknown, their mingling soul possess,
And thrill'd the nerve in every martial breast.

Soft is their step along the sacred ground,
And hoarse and deep the murmuring accents sound—
Hoarse as the rustling of autumnal breeze, 51
Deep as the break of rough asswaging seas,
Where denser woods the shattering blast oppose,
Or craggy shores the surging spume enclose.

THE warriors, by their Chief's example led, 55
With naked feet the sultry causeway tread;
Of boastful trim their arms they all divest,
And all unplumed is every bending crest;
Timid their voice, and sweet their whispering woe,
Short breathe their sighs, and fast their eyes o'erflow,

While thus the penitent, the dear distress, 61
 Low faltering tongues and speaking hearts express:

"O LAMB! who here for all the living died,
 "Love's purple fountain issuing from thy side,
 "Whose currents through the Maze of Mercy ran,
 "To wash the ways, the sinful ways of man; 65
 "Receive, receive the contrite tears we shed,
 "Due tribute where our Suffering SAVIOUR bled;
 "Nor common tears should thy memorial keep,
 "But pour'd to Thee our bleeding hearts should
 weep!" 70

MEAN-WHILE, the watch, who, from his towery
 stand,

In spacious prospect held the neighbouring land,
 To right, to left, slow gathering on the skies,
 Perceived wide wreaths of curling dust arise.

As fraught with coming storm when clouds
 ascend 75

And sable wing'd from north to east extend,
 The nimble lightnings pour upon the sight,
 And the dark vapour labours with the light;

So

So, thro' the eclipse, shields, helms, and corsets
gleam,

Thick ported spears project a quivering beam, 80
With man and reed the wide-womb'd cloud is
fill'd,

And glittering arms the flinted region gild.

The hasty sentinel the town alarms—

“To arms, ye citizens!” he cries, “to arms!”

“Heavens! what a horrid cloud involves the sky!”

“What ranks of steelly war, what hosts I spy! 86”

“Up, up, the foe's at hand! your walls ascend;

“Your law, your lives, your native rights defend!”

The female's feeble sex, and silver'd sage,

Too soft by nature, or untried by age, 90

With trembling infants to the mosques repair,

And tire their Prophet with a length of prayer.

But those of limb assured, and courage bold,

Seiz'd their keen weapons with a hasty hold:

Some run to line the portals, some the wall; 95

The King informs, directs, and governs all.

Then to a tower that brow'd the northern coast,

And front to front o'erlook'd the approaching host,

His city here, and here his foe in view,

The Monarch, to inspect the whole, withdrew. 100

228 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

ERMINIA, to his royal house allied,
ERMINIA, gentle charmer! graced his side,
Whom late (her kingdom seiz'd, and slain her fire)
The victor's chain permitted to retire.

MEAN-TIME CLORINDA issuing at their head, 105
The force of many a gallant warrior led;
While, with his squadron couch'd, ARGANTES lay,
Prepared to sally, and sustain the day.
CLORINDA'S daring voice each ear inspired;
Each eye, her warlike presence fill'd, and fired:
"This day," she cried, "let grateful Asia bless,
"That to our arms assigned the first success."
She said—when strait appear'd a Christian band,
Whose search with early forage scour'd the land,
And now returning with the lowing prey,
To the main host they held their hasty way.
The Virgin, by intemperate valour push'd,
Full on the troop, but first on GUARDO, rush'd,
Their mighty leader, famed for strength in fight,
But much too weak to match her matchless might:
Him from his seat, in either army's view,
O'erturn'd behind his steed CLORINDA threw;
Glad omen hence the Pagan hosts portend,
And shouts, by shouts upborn, to heaven ascend:

But she, where join'd the thickest squadrons, prest,
Cleft the bright helm and tore the plaited breast; 126
Her men fast followed on the road she made,
And fought secure beneath her conquering shade.

REPEAL'D with speed, the Christians quit the
spoil,

And step by step their shatter'd powers recoil; 130
Till the kind summit of a hill they gain'd,
And rallying thence the stronger foe sustain'd:
When lo! impetuous as loosed whirlwinds rise,
Or the red bolt that shoots athwart the skies,

His arms and eager eyes ejecting flame, 135
Far wing'd before his squadron TANCRED came.

As in a tempest stands some stable mast,
Braced to the board yet labouring in the blast;
So great, so firm, the spear which TANCRED takes,
Sits in his grasp, and in his anger shakes. 140

THE King beheld him dreadful in his charms,
Blooming in strength, and eminent in arms.
His presence fill'd the careful Monarch's breast,
Who thus ERMINIA, trembling maid, address:

Q 3

Well

" Well should thy eye, through long acquaintance, know 145

" The hated shape of each distinguish'd foe;

" Say then, what's he, whose hot and warlike form

" Before him sends the terror of a storm?"

HE said; nor answer save the sigh received,

That in the whiteness of her bosom heaved, 150

That half suppress'd in its sweet prison lay,

And through her lips half wing'd its odorous way;

While round her eyes the crimson circle's glow'd,

And bright, within, the liquid anguish flow'd. 154

AT length o'er Love she threw Aversion's cloke,

And thus, with feign'd yet real passion, spoke:

" Ah me! too well, too well his form I know

" Whose steed so proudly bears my deadliest foe;

" Him from my eyes not mingling hosts can hide,

" Him from my thoughts nor time nor place
divide. 160

" Great Prophet! in what heaps from Antioch's
wall,

" Beneath that arm I saw my people fall!

" The wound he gives no mortal may endure,

" No armour ward, and ah!—no med'cine cure.

" TANCRED his name, — O! cruel, — may he live,
 " And 'scape the death he knows too well to give,
 " Till captive once, and to my rage assigned,
 " He feels how strait a woman's chains can bind :
 " A thousand deaths my vengeful thoughts pre-
 pare,
 " And one, which Heaven avert ! would only spare."
 She said ; involuntary sighs expire, 171
 And just, though great, the Monarch deem'd her ire;
 But ah ! how sweet the vengeance she designed !
 How soft the fetters ! and the rage how kind !

MEAN time CLORINDA eyed the warrior's speed,
 And full to thwart the tempest urg'd her steed. 176
 Couch'd at the head each aim'd a deadly stroke ;
 Her weapon, shiver'd to the gauntlet, broke :
 But the rude welcome of the hero's spear,
 Nor filken thongs nor golden buckles bear ; 180
 From her fair front the plumed helm he cast,
 Her hair dishevelling revell'd in the blast ;
 Gem'd in the curling radiance shone her face,
 The fiercest ardor and the sweetest grace.

FORTH from her glance keen flash'd the living
 fire ; 185
 Ah ! what her smiles — since lovely was her ire ?

Why, TANCRED! wherefore stops thy late career?
 Here's but one foe, and can the mighty fear?
 Or can a face like spellful magic charm,
 Freeze the bold nerve, and chain the lifted arm?
 Yes, TANCRED'S eye bears witness to his heart,
 And owns a charm beyond the mystic art;
 Still on that heart, indelibly imprest,
 Still lived that form which now his eyes confess:
 The shade, ill sheltering, to his soul returns,
 And gazing now, as at the fount he burns!

HER shield she rais'd, and on the warrior flew;
 Fierce she advanced, and gentle he withdrew:
 On other foes he would his force have tried;
 But "Here! turn here!" the threatful Virgin cried.
 Ah, barbarous Maid! one death would not suffice;
 Thy sword would trace the progress of thy eyes.

FURIOUS she strikes, while faintly he defends,
 And only to her killing face attends:

"Ah," thought the Chief, "sweet combatant
 forbear!"

"'Tis not thy sword that TANCRED knows to fear;
 Far deeper than the wounds thy arms impart,
 Thou'st found the way to reach thy soldier's heart.

"Strong

" Strong though thy arm, the strongest arm may
fail ; "

" But fate is in thy eyes, and must prevail. 1210 "

YET, e're he died, determined yet to tell,
Why thus the unresisting victim fell ;
Half timorous, half embolden'd by despair,

With troubled accent he address'd the Fair : "

" If the steel'd ranks of this embattel'd field, 215 "

" No apter object of thy prowess yield ; "

" If me alone thy vengeance would pursue, "

" Thy valour combat, and thy arms subdue, "

" Hence from the mingling hosts with me retire, "

" And prove whose arm can best express our ire."

The Maid assented, though unhelm'd her head, 221

And rode intrepid where the challenge led. "

And now she aim'd, and now discharg'd a stroke,

When, scarce preventing, thus the warrior spoke :

" Hold ! lovely heroine, hold ! and let thy rage "

" First hear the terms that won me to engage." 226 "

SHE staid ; his faltering tongue despair made
bold,

And gave the love long latent to unfold :

" Ah my fair foe," the impassion'd TANGRED cried,

" Since peace is in thy endless wrath denied, 230 "

But " The

" The terms of war to speedy conquest lead,
 " Give you to strike and me alone to bleed;
 " Too blest, if so I may thy rage appease,
 " And learn, so hap'ly, learn in death to please.
 " Long since, the joys of irksome life are fled, 235
 " Nor mine the heart you pierce, or blood you
 shed :
 " Mistaken Maid! in every part you reign,
 " And pour the vital flood through every vein.
 " Of me, more nearly than thyself, possessest,
 " Thine's all the interest in thy TANCRED's breast!
 " See to thy sword his bosom I impart; 241
 " Too well thou know'st thy passage to the
 heart—
 " Strike, strike! it leaps to bleed at thy command,
 " And welcomes death endear'd beneath thy hand."

YET, TANCRED! further had thy lips essay'd, 245
 And haply touch'd the much admiring Maid;
 But here, by luckless interruption, led,
 Before their foes some routed Paynims fled.
 A Gallic soldier, as he past the Fair,
 Mark'd the bright flow of her redundant hair; 250
 His coward hand the base advantage seiz'd,
 And high in air the cruel steel he rais'd;

But

But TANCRED on his weapon caught the stroke,
 And the first force of his encounter broke;
 Yet lightly edg'd the glancing sabre bit, 255
 Where the fair head and pillar'd neck were knit.

As when, prepared some regal brow to grace,
 Or raise the lustre of some fair one's face,
 An artist bids the golden circlets shine,
 And calls the ruby from the blushing mine; 260
 So the bright drops of bleeding crimson shew'd,
 And gem'd amid her mingling tresses glow'd.

THEN, then, no limit TANCRED's fury knew,
 But launch'd in vengeance on the ruffian flew;
 As swiftly loosed to flight he urg'd his steed, 265
 For instant fear gave feathers to his speed.
 Suspens'd a-while, and much at both amazed,
 On the strange chase the thoughtful Virgin gazed;
 But turn'd, she saw her shatter'd squadrons yield,
 And changed the fortune of the flying field: 270
 With shame, grief, rage, all kindling at the sight,
 She rush'd to turn her routed bands from flight;
 Now, singly bold, against a host made head,
 And now, o'erpower'd by pressing numbers, fled;
 Yet mutual flight to her pursuers taught, 275
 For still she flew, and as she fled she fought.

As

As on the wilds of Pleſta's bordering wood,
 Or where broad Volga rolls a deepening flood,
 The savage Ure, by circling maſtiffs preſt, 279
 Shakes the dread dewlap of his bellowing cheſt;
 Outnumber'd, now prepares his flanks for flight,
 Now wheeling liſts his horny front in fight;
 CLORINDA ſo, half chaſing, and half chaſed,
 Repelling, and repell'd, now fled, now faced;
 When flying fear'd, and fatal tho' purſued, 285
 She rather ſeem'd ſubduing than ſubdued.

THE Pagans, push'd before the Chriſtian powers,
 Now reach'd the baſes of their ſheltering towers;
 Whence rallied, for the field again they burn,
 And with a ſhout upon their hunters turn. 290

MEAN time ARGANTES with his troop impends,
 And plumed in horror from the mount deſcends.
 Well might the ſtoutest tremble at the fight,
 For fearful ruſh'd the giant famed in fight:
 Pierc'd by his ſword, or by his lance o'erthrown,
 The proſtrate ranks beneath his fury groan; 296
 Deform'd, the battle bleeds at every vein,
 And man and ſteed lie tumbled on the plain.
 With equal death CLORINDA heap'd the field,
 And made the pride of manly prowels yield. 300

Ardelio

Ardelio, whose brave spirit, warm though sage,
Felt a fresh spring in his autumnal age,
With rash essay adventuring to repel,

A victim to the fond presumption fell.

Two sons he had who felt their father's fire, 305.

Two valiant sons to guard a valiant fire;

But wounded lay the brave Alcander's might,

And scarce was Poliphernes saved by flight.

BUT TANCRED, who untimely o'er the plain

Pursued the ruffian, but pursued in vain, 310.

Now turning saw the unequal combat waged,

And his brave troop by circling hosts engaged:

With double grief his error pierc'd his sight,

But double valour would restore the fight;

He ran, he shot, confirm'd his fainting bands, 315.

Recall'd their hearts, and fortified their hands.

NOR he alone; for now, by DUDON led,

THE ADVENTUROUS TROOP their dreaded ensigns

spread.

Strength of their strength, and in himself a host,

Their flower, their nerve, their beauty, and their

boast, 320.

Whom by his mien and arms ERMINIA knew,

Before the foremost young RINALDO flew.

" Behold,"

"Behold," she cried, "behold RINALDO there,
 "Than man more valiant, more than woman
 fair!

"Whose fame is full ere promise could preface,
 "And flames in infancy the toils of age. 326

"His arm more forceful than an engine falls,

"And threats more ruin to these tottering walls.

"Had Europe sent six champions to the field,

"Six boys like this could ample Europe yield, 330

"The world were conquer'd to the southern pole;

"Beneath their yoke should India's Ganges roll,

"In chains all Niger's tawny kings should tread,

"And Nile in vain would hide his sacred head. 334

"But turn where Dupon thy attention claims,

"Who there in gold and mingling verdure flames!

"He rules yon band whose actions task belief,

"Where every foldier is himself a chief;

"Yet justly his experienced step precedes, 339

"And hundreds that were born to empire leads.

"Lo there (unprais'd who in his prowess prides)

"The brother of imperial Norway rides,

"GERNANDO, whose huge stature loads the plain!

"What boots to say he's valiant, since he's vain?"

"Behold"

BUT

“ But here, O king, in radiant silver dress, 345
 “ Fair, as the faith that whitens in their breast,
 “ Behold, ah sweet associates! side by side,
 “ Two friends espoused, the lover and the bride;
 “ GILDIPPE, EDWARD, paradised in bliss,
 “ Her EDWARD that, and his GILDIPPE this! 350
 “ No force can foil them, and no fate can part,
 “ Famed in the fight, and wedded in the heart.”

While thus she gave due honour to the foe,
 Wild was the riot in the vale below:
 For now in TANCRED and RINALDO'S ire, 355
 The slaughter rages and the ranks expire;
 Through the firm depth of hemming foes they
 broke,
 And some arm'd Paynim died on every stroke;
 Not even ARGANTES could the shock sustain;
 But, fallen beneath RINALDO, spread the plain. 360
 And now, O mighty Chief, in arms surpass,
 This thy first foil had haply proved thy last,
 But chance deprived the victor of his prey,
 Who prest beneath his prostrate courser lay.

MEAN-TIME pale fear deform'd the face of fight,
 And, mingling, wing'd the Pagan feet for flight; 366
 All,

All, save ARGANTES and the martial Maid,
 Who still to stem the conquering army staid;
 The bank and bulwark of their host they rose,
 And each stood equal to a thousand foes. 370
 Nor so restrain'd, the impetuous DUBON flew,
 Still urged the chase, and still the hindmost flew:
 Swift, as the victor by Tigranes past,
 Lopp'd from the trunk the headed helm he cast:
 What, Corban, what, Algazar, could avail, 375
 Your casque well temper'd, and your circling mail?
 For his keen sword cleft Corban to the chest,
 And through Algazar's back transfix'd the breast:
 Beneath his steel Mahammed prest the plain,
 Algazar's bulk was number'd with the slain: 380
 Before the Chief great Amurath expired,
 And even ARGANTES slow, and stern, retired.
 With bridled wrath the indignant warrior burn'd,
 He labour'd, rag'd, withdrew, stopp'd, chafed
 and turn'd;
 Till now the wish'd advantage he essay'd, 385
 And in brave DUBON's bosom sheathed the blade;
 Prone o'er the field his sullied armour rung,
 And o'er his eyes the eternal slumber hung.
 THRICE, to the cheer of heaven's all-dulcet light,
 He lift the pain'd and sickly lids of sight; 390
 And

And thrice, vain toil, he struggled to arise,
And thrice he fell, and closed hisumber'd eyes:
From the cold limbs the vital heat retired,
And in a parting sigh his soul expired.

BACK stepp'd the stern Circassian from the dead,
And shook the reeking steel, and scornful said: 396

" Go, warriors, let the generous GODFREY know,

" What quick effusions from his bounty flow!

" When to our arm this weapon he assigned,

" Wise was the trust, as sure the gift was kind;

" Nor can he learn, without a secret pride, 401

" To what rare use his favours are applied:

" Freely he gave, nor I his bounty spare,

" Which here return'd his foremost champions
share:

" Yet, tell him, yet I languish for that day, 405

" When hand to hand I shall in person pay.

He spoke, when hundreds on the boaster prest,
And launch'd a mingling tempest at his breast;
But prudence timely prompted to evade, 409
And the tall towers held forth their friendly shade.

Now, shower'd tempestuous from the em-
battel'd wall,
Stones, darts, and flints, and engined quarries fall;

Wing'd from the nerve of many a bending bow,
 Death points a cloud and rains the storm below ;
 The Christian powers receding seek the plain, 415
 And their wide gates the cover'd Pagans gain.
 When disencumber'd now RINALDO rose,
 To vengeance loosed he pour'd upon his foes ;
 For DUDON's fate had reach'd the warrior's ear,
 And gave a fury which e'en friends might fear. 420
 " On, on ! " he cried, " why, wherefore stop ?
 O shame !
 " Your arms, revenge, revenge and DUDON claim.
 " In vain their ramparts veil yon trembling rout,
 " Walls rise in vain to keep the valiant out ;
 " Though fenced with adamant, or towers of
 steel, 425
 " ARGANTES should my entering vengeance feel."
 He said, and forward on the ramparts sprung ;
 A storm of darts around his temples sung :
 Yet he gave all his dauntless front to view ;
 Even danger awed before his eye withdrew ; 430
 The towers appear'd to totter at the sight,
 And quailing thousands trembled from their height.

But Sigiere now by royal GODFREY sent,
 (Sage herald) bade the rage of war relent :

" Retire,

“ Retire, retire, nor vainly hope,” he cried, 435

“ That one day’s arm shall Salem’s fate decide:

“ Steep are her towers and boldly mann’d her
walls;

“ And dire must be the shock by which she falls.”

They staid reluctant—As the fiery steed

Rein’d in his pride and lorded in his speed, 440

So fared RINALDO’s fury, scarce repress;

And still the battle struggled in his breast.

MEAN-TIME, with dust deform’d and stain’d with
gore,

Brave DUDON from the fated field they bore;

The soldiers press to touch his great remains, 445

And round his corse the copious sorrow rains.

But BULLOIGN, from a summit’s neighbouring
height,

Survey’d fair Solyma’s imperial site;

Her powers, her force, and her defects he scann’d,

And the deep schemes of future conquest plann’d.

HIGH eminent amid the circling lands, 451

Fair Solyma in ancient glory stands:

Rear’d on two hills her regal spires arise;

Between, a vale in rich expansion lies:

From three proud sides she overlooks her foe, 455
And smiles, impervious, on the war below ;
But, weak by nature on the northern part,
She stoops to arm her in the strength of art.

THE frugal trough and cistern's vase retain
Her watery stores of heaven descending rain ; 460
Around her walls no lively verdures grow ;
Few founts to flake the sultry region flow ;
No grove extends its hospitable shade
To the tired pilgrim or the feverish glade,
Save where, two leagues divided from the town, 465
A baleful forest rears its umbrage brown,
Whose silent shades in antique horrors rise,
Brood o'er the soil, and intercept the skies.

CLEAR to the dawning of the eastern beam,
The hallow'd Jordan pours a plenteous stream ; 470
A fanded billow bounds the western side,
And rolls alternate on the midland tide ;
Samaria stretch'd upon the north expands,
Where Bethel in opprobrious prospect stands ;
But Bethlem, Israel's gem and Judah's boast, 475
Rears to the south, and consecrates the coast.

WHILE

WHILE BULLOIGN thus surveys the hostile
ground,

And sends his eye in large experience round,
Metes the proud height of Sion's tower'd wall,
Marks her defects and meditates her fall; 480

ERMINIA intermitted silence breaks,

And thus observant of the Hero speaks.

" BEHOLD, O King, in regal purple drest,

" Strength in his arm, and wisdom in his breast,

" Behold where GODFREY takes his awful stand,

" All form'd for fame, to act as to command! 486

" In him the hero and the sage unite,

" The clue of conduct, and the force of fight :

" RAIMOND alone, of yon unnumber'd hosts,

" A rival in the nightly council boasts; 490

" Alike young TANCRED's and RINALDO's charms,

" Their flame of courage, and their force of arms!

" I know," the Monarch with a sigh replied,

" I know him well, and saw his prowess tried.

" When I the seals of Egypt's sultan bore, 495

" And trod a friend upon the Gallic shore,

" A stripling in the lists, he struck my eyes,

" And matchless bore from every arm the prize;

R 3

" Then,

" Then, ere his spring of bearded down began,
 " In every excellence a more than man : 500
 " Too sure presages of impending woe
 " To such, whom fate should mark for BULLOIGN'S
 foe !

BUT say, what's he, whose scarf with Tyrian
 pride,

" Flows o'er his arms and glows at GODFREY'S side?
 " Though GODFREY treads superior to the fight,
 " In mien and majesty they both unite. 506
 " I see, 'tis BALDWIN," cried the princely Dame,
 " His brother, less in features, than in fame.

" BUT mark, intently turn'd how GODFREY hears,
 " While RAIMOND speaks the judgment of his
 years, 510

" Whose hostile hairs bring terrors to my sight,
 " Grown sage in war, and in experience white ;
 " Beyond ten thousand hands that head alarms,
 " The ward and leading wisdom of their arms.

" THERE WILLIAM, England's younger hope,
 behold, 515

" His figured buckler, and his casque of gold !

" GUELFO

" GUELFO the next, whose thirst of glory springs
 " From a long race of heroes and of kings;
 " I know him well, amid a host exprest,
 " By his square shoulders and his ample chest. 520
 " But ah! in vain I send my eyes about,
 " To find my foe the cruel BOEMOND out;
 " The dire usurper, whose relentless hand
 " Slew my great sire, and seiz'd my native land!"

THUS while they spoke observant of the foe, 525
 The Duke descends, and joins his host below:
 For now resolv'd, and hopeless to prevail,
 Where Salem's eminence o'erlook'd the vale,
 Incumbent on the opener north he lay,
 Spread out his camp, and made his engines play,
 Where every rampart shook beneath his power 531
 From the far portal to the utmost tower—
 In compass near a third; for such the space
 That circles Sion in a wide embrace;
 Not with thin ensigns lengthening tow'rd the
 mound, 535
 Could GODFREY's army hem the wondrous round:
 Yet every lane and every pass he barr'd,
 And fix'd the frequent terrors of a guard;
 Around his camp the spacious lines he drew,
 And broad and deep his guardian trenches threw,

To shield his legions from untimely fight, 541
 And every dark hostility of night.

THESE orders given, the General held his way
 Where DUDON, much lamented hero, lay :
 High on a bier, with warlike honours graced, 545
 In woful pomp the Great Remains were placed;
 Snapp'd arms and fable ensigns spread the ground,
 And mingling princes pour'd their griefs around.

AT BULLOIGN's fight, the sadly silent croud,
 Renew'd in rising sorrows, wept aloud ; 550
 But he, with majesty that bore the show
 Of dirge in triumph, or of cheer in woe,
 Approaching, touch'd the bier, repress'd his grief ;
 And thus pathetic spoke the mourning Chief.

“ HAIL DUDON ! hail to thy eternal birth, 555
 “ Reviv'd in Heaven from all thy toils on earth !
 “ Nor yet shall Heaven the total hero claim,
 “ Still found on earth, immortal in his fame !
 “ In life, my friend, in death thou didst excel ;
 “ Valiant you fought, and valiantly you fell ! 560
 “ Closed is thy warfare, finish'd is thy fight,
 “ And stars of living glory crown thy might !

“ Not

" Not, not for thee, this sable cloud of woe;
 " But for ourselves our juster sorrows flow :
 " Our arm of war's unnerv'd upon thy bier, 565
 " And broke with thine is every pointless spear ;
 " Despoil'd of thee, thou chiefest earthly aid,
 " Our banners droop, and all our laurels fade !
 " Yet the Great Cause that might inform the
 dead, 569
 " The Cause survives, for which thy bosom bled ;
 " Survives to warm thee with its wonted charms,
 " And wing thy soul assistant to our arms,
 " When in the powers of heavenly mission bright,
 " Once more thou shalt descend to rule the fight,
 " In terrors wrap'd to thunder on the foe, 575
 " To lay the pride of all oppressors low,
 " To raze the height of yon embattel'd wall,
 " And lift thy friends victorious from thy fall !"

He said—And now the slumberous dew of night
 Mix'd with the shade, and sunk upon the sight; 580
 O'er care-swoln lids effused the balm of sleep,
 And closed those eyes that daily learn'd to weep.
 But BULLOIGN on his pensive pillow lay,
 Revolv'd through every labour of the day,
 While forming in his wakeful round of thought
 Machines arose, and novel combats fought. 586

THE bright-eyed morn from early vapour won,
 Saw GODFREY arm'd, and orient with the sun;
 At DUDON's herse, the friendly melting Chief
 Pour'd the last tribute of attending grief. 590
 Him a long train of funeral pomp convey'd,
 And low in earth the warrior's corse they laid,
 Where a tall palm its branching honours spread,
 Wove in the wind, and worship'd o'er the dead;
 His dust the priestly consecration blest, 595
 And sung the great departed soul to rest.

HIGH o'er his tomb, amid the branches strung,
 Ensigns, and arms, and blazon'd trophies hung,
 The pride and spoils of many a valiant knight,
 Seiz'd by the Victor in his days of fight. 600
 Full on the trunk his proper arms were placed,
 His plummy helm the joining corset graced;
 And thus the marble bore his sacred name—

“ Here DUDON lies—yet fills the world with fame.”

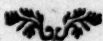
THE last sad rites of social woes express, 605
 And DUDON left to his eternal rest,
 The Chief of chiefs, on public cares intent,
 A convoy to the secret forest sent,
 Where silent grew its unfrequented shade,
 Now by a Syrian to the Duke betray'd, 610
 Who

Who meditates from hence on Sion's fall,
And plans machines the rivals of her wall.

THE Woodmen now dispose their ranging bands,
The alternate axe high brandish'd in their hands;
Unwonted noise the affrighted forest fills, 615
And Echo sighs from all the circling hills.
Beneath their strokes the victor palms subside;
Down falls the pine from its aerial pride;
Still breathes the cedar o'er a length of ground;
The firs in weeping amber mourn around; 620
Fell'd with her elm the viney consort lies,
And faithful o'er the folded trunk she dies.

THE poplar, beech, and alder's watery shade,
Sink on the marsh, or wither o'er the glade:
Imperial oaks, that, through ten ages past, 625
Had braved heaven's bolt and rough encountering
blast,

The period now of mortal glory feel,
And fall subdued beneath the conquering steel:
The exiled pard abjures his wonted den,
And every feather flies the voice of men: 630
Wide lie the realms of long usurping night,
And scenes unfold that never saw the light!



Who meditates from hence on Zion's fall, and
 And plans machines the rivals of her walls, and
 The Woodmen now dispose their ranging bands,
 The shears are high, and ready in their hands;
 Unmoted noise the slightest forest fills, and
 And Echo sighs from all the cuning hills, and
 Branch their first steps the vigor palms subside,
 Down falls the pine from its aerial pride,
 Still breathes the cedar o'er a length of ground,
 The fire in weeping amber mourns around;
 He'll wish her claim the viney copse has
 And faithful o'er the forest trunk the
 The poplar, beech, and alder's wary shade,
 Stalk on the marsh, or wither o'er the glade;
 Imperial oaks, that through two ages pass'd
 Had bowed heaven's bolt and rough thundering
 The period now of mortal glory fell,
 And laid down beneath the conquering steel,
 The oak and pine, and alder, and beech,
 And every leaflet like the voice of woe,
 While he the rector of long suffering sighs,
 And looks unfold, then never saw the light,
 Now

C O N S T A N T I A :

O R,

The M A N of L A W ' s T A L E ,

Modernized from C H A U C E R .

Printed, M D C C X L I .

To which is now added,

T H E T A L E ,

As Written by C H A U C E R ;

Taken from the A C C U R A T E E D I T I O N of the
C A N T E R B U R Y T A L E S ,

Printed at L O N D O N , M D C C L X X V .

CONSTANTIA:

O. R.

THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE,

Modernized from CHAUCER.

Printed, MDCCXII.

To which is now added,

THE TALE,

as Written by CHAUCER;

Taken from the Accurate Edition of the
CANTERBURY TALES.

Printed at London, MDCCXXV.

CONSTANTIA:

OR,

The MAN of LAW's TALE.

HENCE WANT, ungrateful visitant, adieu!
Pale empress hence, with all thy meager
crew—

Sour Discontent, and mortified Chagrin,
Lean hollow Care, and self-corroding Spleen ;
Distress

THE MAN OF LAWES TALE.

I.

O SCATHFUL harm, condition of poverté,
With thirst, with cold, with hunger so confounded,
To asken helpe thee shameth in thin herte,
If thou non ask, so fore art thou ywounded,
That veray nede unwrappeth al thy wound hid.

Maugre

Distress and Woe, sad parents of Despair,
 With wringing hands, and ever rueful air ;
 The tread of Dun, and Bum's alarming hand,
 Dire as the touch of Circe's circling wand ;
 Keen Hunger with his sharp but famish'd eye,
 And dusky Theft, a desperate prompter nigh ;
 While agues shudder to the whistling gale,
 And jointly Law and Infamy assail !
 But worse, O worse, than all the hideous train,
 Hot-mouth'd Reproach, and saucy writhed-Disdain !
 These in the rear of thy assembly wait ;
 Still point the anguish, and augment the weight.

The worst oppression, who, ah ! who could bear,
 If VIRTUE, hovering angel, was not there ?
 Where Poverty her blasting progress bends,
 The Goddess with superior wing attends :
 Around the Fair her blest associates play,
 Bask in her eye, and whiten in her ray—
 Bright Purity, with firm unalter'd cheek,
 The mild, the kind, the gentle, and the meek ;
 Humility's benignly placid grace,
 And Innocence with sweet seraphic face ;

Calm

Maugre thin hed thou must for indigence
 Or stele, or begge, or borwe thy dispenche.

2. Thou

Calm Piety that smiles amidst the storm,
And Charity with boundless wishes warm.

Bold in the front, to guard the Heavenly Band,
Behold the masculine adherents stand !
Patience, with Atlantean shoulders spread ;
Hail Temperance, on thrifty viands fed ;
Firm Fortitude, unknowing how to yield ;
And Perseverance with his batter'd shield ;
And honest Industry, whose early toil
Wins health and plenty from the labour'd soil.
The genuine Arts behind the Goddess wait,
Her reign illustrate, and improve her state :
With eye elate here Contemplation soars,
And Learning piles his intellectual stores ;
Here mental sciences arranging shine ;
Here manual crafts the various task design ;
While Diligence the busy finger plies,
And wing'd, from rank to rank, Invention flies.

Such

2.

Thou blamest Crist, and sayst ful bitterly,
He misdeparteth richesse temporal ;
Thy neighebour thou witest sinfully,
And sayst, thou hast to litel, and he hath all :
Parfay (sayst thou) somtime he reken shall,
Whan that his tayl shall brennen in the glede,
For he nought helpeth needful in hir nede.

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S

3. Herken

Such wide extremes on Indigence attend !
 There Vice assails, the Virtues here defend :
 Below, the gloom of every passion storms ;
 Above, calm VIRTUE moderates and reforms ;
 Here, highly elevate ; there, deep depress ;
 And give, or bliss, or anguish, in excess.

Hail VIRTUE ! Chaste Eternal Beauty, hail !
 Still on the foe, O Goddess, still prevail !
 The world, e're framed, lay open to thy view ;
 You form'd the whole, and shall again renew !
 E're I thy arduous pleasing toils decline,
 Be Want, ah, still be each disaster mine ;
 Till even Oppression be itself subdued,
 Nor yet a wish for wealth or power intrude !

Nor be the Poor alone thy favourite care ;
 Fly, fly to courts, and let the Mighty share !

The

3.

Herken what is the sentence of the wise,
 Bet is to dien than have indigence.
 Thy selve neighebour wol thee despise,
 If thou be poure, farewell thy reverence.
 Yet of the wise man take this sentence,
 Alle the dayes of poure men ben wicke,
 Beware therfore or thou come to that pricke.

4. If

The filken lethargy at once awake;
 Debauch from his intemperate opiate shake;
 Thence every vice, and every folly drive,
 That sting or glitter round the gorgeous hive.
 Before thy touch let Insolence retire,
 And Vanity, an empty breath, expire;
 Hypocrisy cast off the fair disguise,
 And starting in his native gloom arise.

Now, Goddess, entering, view the dome of state!
 Do thou inform, and give me to relate;
 Let demons obvious to my eye appear,
 (Which known, could sure find no admittance here.)
 Amid the buzzing, busy, idle croud,
 The mix'd assembly of the mean and proud,
 See, Treason smiles, a suitor to his king;
 See, Promise flutters on a Cypress wing;
 Her pinion like autumnal foliage falls,
 And on the pavement Disappointment crawls.

A friendly

4.

If thou be poure, thy brother hateth thee,
 And all thy frendes fleeen fro thee, alas!
 O riche marchants, ful of wele ben ye,
 O noble, Oprudent folk, as in this cas,
 Your bagges ben not filled with ambes as,
 But with fis cink, that renneth for your chance;
 At Cristenmasse mery may ye dance.

S 2

5. Ye

A friendly aspect Enmity assumes;
 Beneath applause, deep lurking Envy glooms;
 The tempting mammon Subornation shows;
 And in the patriot's zeal Dissention glows.

Oppression there with gently winning grace,
 And Ignorance with solemn thinking face,
 And Pride with mortified and Christian guise,
 And Infidelity with saintly eyes,
 Four rival-candidates, their monarch sue;
 Two for the Bench, and for the Mitre two.

Lo there Ambition, from his height elate!
 And Pleasure lolling on a couch of state!
 On these the pageantry of pomp attends;
 To these the idolizing tumult bends;

5.

Ye seeken lond and see for your winningses,
 As wise folk ye knowen all th'estat
 Of regnes, ye hen fathers of tidinges,
 And tales, both of pees and of debat:
 I were right now of tales desolat,
 N'ere that a marchant, gon is many a yere,
 Me taught a tale, which that ye shull here.

The

The poor, the rich, the peasant, and the peer,
And all religions, join in worship here.
Ambition, reaching from his airy stand,
Grasps at a globe that shuns his desperate hand :
Around the glittering sphere, confusedly gay,
Crowns, truncheons, gems, and trophied radiance
lay ;

But changing with alternate light and shade,
The lures appear, and vanish, shine, and fade ;
Vain as the cloudy meteor of the morn,
Which fancy forms, and transient rays adorn.

The prime rewards four suppliant sons of fame,
Lust, Rapine, Violence, and Slaughter, claim ;
And tho' essential happiness is due,
For toys the Wise, for toys the Virtuous sue.
Deluded men, the ready ambush fly !
Dire lurking deaths behind Ambition lie—
The mourning block, keen axe, and racking wheel,
The poison'd goblet, and the bosom'd steel !

Here Pleasure on her velvet-couch reclines,
Smiles to undo, and in destruction shines ;

With

With seeming negligence displays her charms ;
The strong she withers, and the steel'd disarms.
Imagination, specious handmaid, waits,
And serves a pomp of visionary cates :
The Sorceress still essays the fresh repasts ;
But mock'd eternally, she feeds, and fasts.
Around her couch unnumber'd votaries meet,
And wish to share the imaginary treat ;
Devour each morsel with desiring eye,
And for large draughts of fancied nectar sigh :
A thousand nymphs of wanton sprightly mien,
Trip round the sofa, and amuse their Queen ;
With transport she surveys the darling train,
All daughters of her light fermenting brain :
Here Laughter, Mirth, and Dalliance unite,
Illusive Joy, and volatile Delight,
Conceits, sports, gambols, titillations gay,
Hopes that allure, and projects that betray.
Prime sister of the inessential bands,
Erect, persuasive Expectation stands ;
On each pursuit she flourishes with grace,
And gives a butterfly to lead the chace ;
Or wasts a bubble on the parting gale,
And bids surrounding multitudes assail ;

With

With sweets the fond pursuit alone is fraught,
The game still vanishes, when once it's caught :
Vain is the joy—but not the anguish vain ;
And empty pleasure gives essential pain :
Couch'd as a tyger, watchful to surprize,
Grim Death beneath the false enchantress lies ;
The fiends around invisibly engage,
Guilt stings, pains rack, and disappointments rage ;
Aches, asthmas, cholicks, gouts, convulsions,
rheums,
Remorse that gnaws, and languor that consumes.

Far other train, Apparent Queen! you lead ;
True bliss attends, tho' arduous toils precede :
Serene thy bosom, tho' thy brow severe ;
Pain points thy path, but Heaven is in thy rear.
Wondrous the influence thy power supplies,
Where triumphs only from oppression rise ;
Peace springs from passion, and from weakness
might ;
Calm ease from travel, and from pain delight ;
No sweets that vanish, and no gusts that cloy—
Clear is the rapture, and serene the joy ;
Reflection culls from every labour past,
And gives the same eternal bliss to last.

Thus, by long trial, and severe distress,
 You, VIRTUE! truly, tho' severely, blest;
 Thro' each tradition, each recorded page,
 Thro' every nation, and thro' every age,
 From purpled monarchs to the rural hind,
 By pain you purified, by toil refined:
 The mightier weight thy favourite heroes bore;
 Chief you depress'd, whom chief you meant should
 soar;
 Still with the foe gave forces to prevail,
 And with this Moral form'd the following Tale.

While yet the Turk his early claim avow'd,
 And ruled beneath his scepter, Judah bow'd;
 A set of worthy wealthy merchants chose
 The world for trade, and Sion for repose.
 Here they select the gems of brightest rays,
 Rich stuffs, wrought silks, and golden tissues blaze;
 Thro'

6.

In Surrie whilom dwelt a compaignie
 Of chapmen rich, and therto sad and trewe,
 That wide where senten hir spicerie,
 Clothes of gold, and satins riche of hewe.
 Hir chaffare was so thrifty and so newe,
 That every wight hath deintee to chaffare
 With hem, and eke to sellen hem hir ware.

7. Now

Thro' every climate, and to every gale,
They launch the cargo, and expand the sail:
Wide, with their name, their reputation grew,
And to their mart concurring chapmen drew.

The lure of novelty, and thirst of gain,
Now points their passage o'er the Midland-main;
The Tiber now their spumy keels divide,
And stem the flow of his descending tide.
To Rome, imperial Rome, the traders came;
Rome heard the voice of their preceding fame:
Free mart and splendid mansion she affords;
Joy crown'd their nights, and elegance their boards.

With mutual chat they gratify desire,
What's curious now relate, and now enquire;

Alike

7.

Now fell it, that the maisters of that fort
Han shapen hem to Rome for to wende,
Were it for chapmanhood or for disport,
Non other message woïd they thider sende,
But comen hemself to Rome, this is the ende:
And in swiche place as thought hem advantage
For hir entente, they taken hir herbergage.

8.

Sojourned han these marchants in that town
A certain time, as fell to hir plesance:

6

And

Alike for knowledge, and for wealth they trade,
And are with usury in both repaid.

But Fame surprized them with a wonder new,
Beyond what times of brightest record drew,
The poet's fancy, or the lover's tongue;
And thus the Darling Excellence she sung.

To crown our monarch's age with fond delight,
His cares alleviate, and his toils requite,

Beyond

And so befell, that the excellent renoun
Of the emperoures doughter dame Custance
Reported was, with every circumstance,
Unto these Surrien marchants, in swiche wise
Fro day to day, as I shal you devise.

9.

This was the commun vois of every man :
Our emperour of Rome, God him fe,
A doughter hath, that fin the world began,
To reken as wel hire goodnesse as beaute,
N'as never swiche another as is she :
I pray to God in honour hire sustene,
And wold she were of all Europe the quene,

10.

In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
Youthe, withouten grenehed or folie :
To all hire werkes vertue is hire guide;
Humbleffe hath slaien in hire tyrannie :

She

Beyond whate'er paternal wish could crave,
 Indulgent Heaven a peerless Infant gave :
 The softer sex her beauteous body forms,
 But her bright soul each manly virtue warms ;
 Youth without folly, greatness without pride,
 And all that's firm to all that's sweet allied.
 Rich as the land by sacred promise blest,
 Lies the fair vale of her expanded breast ;
 Mild on a Parian pillar turns her head,
 Her front, like Lebanon, divinely spread ;
 There sit the Chaste, the Placid, and the Meek,
 And morn smiles fresh upon her open cheek.
 Babes learn distinction at CONSTANTIA's sight,
 And wither'd age revives to strange delight ;
 Tumultuous wishes breathe along her way,
 Hands rise, tongues bless, and centering eyes sur-
 vey ;
 All run to bend the voluntary knee,
 The blind to hear her, and the deaf to see.
 Ah ! were she born to universal sway,
 How gladly would the willing world obey ?

And

She is mirrour of all curtesie,
 Hire herte is veray chambre of holinesse,
 Hire hond minifre of fredom for almesse.

11. And

And now with wealthy manufacture stow'd,
 Launch'd on the tide their freighted vessels rode;
 The pendants vainly point the favouring gale,
 Court the weigh'd anchor, and the opening sail,
 Till first the Fair Perfection they beheld,
 Who all report, in fatal hour, excell'd:
 For Syria then they ply the labouring oar,
 And the crook'd keels divide their native shore.

Exulting now they touch the favourite land,
 Unlade, and moor along the yielding strand.
 Now duteous, on their youthful Sultan wait,
 Unfold new treasures, and new tales relate.

With

II.

And al this vois was soth, as God is trewe,
 But now to purpos let us turn agein.
 These marchants han don fraught hir shippes newe,
 And whan they han this blisful maiden sein,
 Home to Surrie ben they went ful fayn,
 And don hir nedes, as they han don yore,
 And liven in wele, I can say you no more.

12.

Now fell it, that these marchants stood in grace
 Of him that was the Soudan of Surrie:
 For whan they came from any strange place
 He wold of his benigne curtesie

Make

With usual grace, and curious ear he hears;
 With usual courtesy, and bounty cheers;
 The strange, the wondrous narrative admires,
 And all that's foreign, all that's new requires.

Ah, hapless prince, thy further search restrain;
 Couch'd in the tale, death lurks to entertain!
 CONSTANTIA's charms their raptured tongues
 disclose;
 In every word some kindling beauty glows;
 Her form, her features, mien, and soul they
 breathe,
 Unpraise all praise, and leave all terms beneath.

Strong Eloquence can picture to the blind,
 Create new forms, and people all the mind;

Can

Make hem good there, and besily espie
 Tidings of sundry regnes, for to lere
 The wonders that they mighte seen or here.

13.

Amonges other thinges specially
 These marchants han him told of dame Custance
 So gret nobleffe, in ernest seriously,
 That this Soudan hath caught so gret plesance
 To han hire figure in his remembrance,
 That all his lust, and all his besy cure
 Was for to love hire, while his lif may dure.

14. Para-

Can pain or mitigate, can heal or wound,
 Enchant with sentences, and kill with sound.
 The fancied sweets his ear impatient drinks ;
 Deep on his soul the Imaged Beauty sinks ;
 Thro' all his thoughts, his powers, she lives, she
 reigns,
 Pants in each pulse, and thrills along his veins.

Sure, thro' the tracts of yon' celestial maze,
 Where mystic planets dance, and glories blaze ;
 More wonders typical impress the sky,
 Than e'er was traced with astrologic eye !
 There haply, e're his natal hour exprest,
 First burn'd the flame that glowed within his breast :

There

14.

Paraventure in thilke large book,
 Which that men clepe the heven, ywritten was
 With sterres, whan that he his birthe took,
 That he for love shuld han his deth, alas !
 For in the sterres, clerer than is glas,
 Is writen, God wot, who so coud it rede,
 The deth of every man withouten drede.

15.

In sterres many a winter therbeforn
 Was writ the deth of Hector, Achilles,
 Of Pompey, Julius, or they were born ;
 The strif of Thebes ; and of Hercules,

Of

There might the Nymph with previous beauty bloom,
 With previous languishment the Youth consume;
 Expire the victim of successless care;
 Die e're he lived, and e're he loved despair.
 There the dear friendly stream, e're Julius bled,
 Great Brutus to his dearer country shed;
 With destined tyranny there Pride enslaves,
 With destined virtue there the Patriot saves;
 There Pompey glow'd for freedom and for fame,
 There Socrates, of Greece the pride and shame:
 Alcides there each horrid monster flew;
 There triumph'd Sampson, the heroic Jew;
 There All, or doom'd to save, or to destroy,
 The chiefs who fought at Thebes, or fought at
 Troy!

Long mourn'd the Youth, with secret woe
 oppress'd;

The latent vulture prey'd within his breast:

Constrain'd

Of Sampson, Turnus, and of Socrates
 The deth; but menes wittes ben so dull,
 That no wight can wel rede it at the full.

16.

This Soudan for his prive councel sent,
 And shortly of this matere for to pace,
 He hath to hem declared his entent,
 And sayd hem certain, but he might have grace

To

Constrain'd at length, nor able to sustain
 The wasting malady, and mental pain;
 The sage the bearded pillars of his state
 He calls, and privily unfolds his fate:

"No mean," he cries, "my cruel stars assign;
 "Swift death, or else CONSTANTIA must be
 mine!"

Alternate, each their hopes, or fears disclose,
 Invent, reject, and now again propose;
 While some with mystic rites of wondrous art,
 Engage to gain the sympathetic heart;
 By philter'd science, and infernal charms,
 To win the Bright Perfection to his arms:
 The abhorrent scheme his generous thoughts dis-
 dain,
 Resolved to die, or justly to obtain;

And

To ban Custance, within a litel space,
 He n'as but ded, and charged him in hie
 To shapen for his lif some remedie.

17.

Diverse men, diverse thinges saiden;
 They argumentes casten up and down;
 Many a subtil reson forth they laiden;
 They speken of magike, and abusoun;
 But finally, as in conclusion,

They

And all their arguments, howe'er renew'd,
 In rites of nuptial sanctitude conclude;
 But here again new obstacles appear'd;
 And much for this their latest hope they fear'd;
 Fear'd, that diversity of faith, might prove
 Alike diversity, and breach in love;
 Nor the Fair Christian e'er consent to wed
 A prince in Macon's sacred precepts bred.
 The monarch then, " Ah! wherefore doubt, my
 friends;
 " Why yet dispute where love and life depends?

" That
 They cannot seen in that non advantage,
 Ne in non other way, save mariage.

18.

Than saw they therin swiche difficultee
 By way of reson, for to speke all plain,
 Because ther was swiche diversitee
 Betwene hir bothe lawes, that they sayn,
 They trowen that no cristen prince wold fayn
 Wedden his child under our lawe swete,
 That us was yeven by Mahound our prophete.

19.

And he answered: Rather than I lese
 Custance, I wol be cristened douteles:
 I mote ben hires, I may non other chese,
 I pray you hold your arguments in pees,

" That faith must sure have most prevailing
charms,

" That gives CONSTANTIA to my circling arms :

" No obstacles shall bar, no doubts deter ;

" Nor will I think, that she was form'd to err."

The voice determined, and imperial eye,
Leave no pretence for courtiers to reply :

With the fond speed of Love's impatience warm'd,
Now embassies are sent, and treaties form'd.

All zealous to promote the cause divine,
The pope, the church, and christian powers combine ;

The royal long-reluctant parents yield,
And contracts are by mutual proxy seal'd.

High

Saveth my lif, and beth not reccheles
To geten hire that hath my lif in cure,
For in this wo I may not long endure.

20.

What nedeth greter dilatation ?
I say, by tretise and ambassatrie,
And by the popes mediation,
And all the chirche, and all the chevalrie,
That in destruction of Maumetrie,
And in encrese of Cristes lawe dere,
They ben accorded so as ye may here ;

5

21. How

High was the trust the regal writings bore,
And solemn the attesting parties swore,
That the young Syrian, and his barons bold,
Each sex and state, the infant and the old,
Should all MESSIAH's hallow'd faith embrace,
And bright CONSTANTIA be the bond of grace.

We list not here of pompous phrase to say,
What order'd equipage prepares the day;
Grooms,

21.

How that the Soudan and his baronage,
And all his liege shuld ycriftened be,
And he shal han Custance in mariage,
And certain gold, I n'ot what quantitee,
And hereto finden suffisant suretee.
The same accord is sworne on eyther fide;
Now, fair Custance, almighty God thee gide.

22.

Now wolden som men waiten, as I gesse,
That I shuld tellen all the purveiance,
The which that the emperour of his noblesse
Hath shapen for his doughter dame Custance.
Wel may men know that so gret ordinance
May no man tellen in a litel clause,
As was arraied for so high a cause.

23.

Bishopes ben shapen with hire for to wende,
Lordes, ladies, and knightes of renoun,
And other folk ynow, this is the end.
And notified is thurghout al the toun,

Grooms, prelates, peers, and nymphs, a shining
train,

To wait the beauteous Victim o'er the main :

All Rome attend in with the lovely Maid ;

And Heaven their univervsal vows invade.

At length the day, the woful day arrives,

And every face of wonted cheer deprives ;

The fatal hour admits no fond delay,

That shall the joy from every heart convey.

Ye men of Rome ! your parting glory mourn ;

Far from your sight your Darling shall be torn ;

No more the morn with usual smiles arise,

Or with CONSTANTIA blefs your longing eyes,

Of every tongue, of every pen the theme,

The daily subject, and the nightly dream !

But,

That every wight with gret devotioun
Shuld prayen Crist, that he this mariage
Receive in gree, and spede this viage.

24.

The day is comen of hire departing,
I say the woful day fatal is come,
That ther may be no longer taryng,
But forward they hem dresfen all and some.
Custance, that was with sorwe all overcome,
Ful pale arift, and dresseth hire to wende,
For wel she feth ther n'is non other ende.

25. Alas !

But, O CONSTANTIA! say, thou fair distressed,
What woes that hour thy lovely soul possesse?
Its native cheek the bright carnation fled,
And charg'd with grief reclined thy beauteous head;
To lands unknown those limbs must now repair,
Nurs'd in the down of fond paternal care:
Peace spread thy nightly couch to sweet repose,
Delight around thy smiling form arose,
Each scene familiar to thy eye appear'd,
And custom long thy native soil endear'd:
Eas'd by thy bounty, at thy sight exiled,
Grief was no more, or in thy presence smiled;
Each rising with thy glad attendants seiz'd;
To give thee pleasure, every heart was pleas'd:
But now to strange to foreign climes convey'd,
Strange objects must thy loathing sense invade,
Strange features to thy weeping eyes appear,
Strange accents pierce thy undelighted ear;

In

25.

Alas! what wonder is it though she wept?
That shal be sent to strange nation
Fro frendes, that so tenderly hire kept,
And to be bounde under subjection.
Of on, she knoweth not his condition.
Houshondes ben all good, and han ben yore,
That knowen wives, I dare say no more.

T 3

26. Fader,

In distant unacquainted bondage tied,
 The gilded slave of insolence and pride,
 Perhaps of form uncouth, and temper base,
 Thy lord shall clasp thee with abhorr'd embrace.

Thus sad the Fair revolv'd; soft sorrows flow,
 And all her sighing soul was loos'd to woe:
 "Father!"—she cried," your fond, your wretch-
 ed child!—
 "And you, my mother! you, my mother mild!—
 "My parents dear, beneath whose kindly view,
 "Blest by whose looks, your cherish'd infant
 grew;

"When

26.

Fader, (she said) thy wretched child Custance,
 Thy yonge daughter, fostered up so soft,
 And ye, my moder, my soveraine plesance
 Over all thing, (out taken Crist on lost)
 Custance your child hire recommendeth oft
 Unto your grace; for I shal to Surrie,
 Ne shal I never seen you more with eye.

27.

Alas! unto the Barbare nation
 I muste gon, sin that it is your will:
 But Crist, that starfe for our redemption,
 So yeve me grace his hestes to fulfill,
 I wretched woman no force though I spill;

Women

- “ When far, O far from your embraces torn,
 “ Will you then think a wretch like me was born?
 “ Shall then your child some sad remembrance
 claim?
 “ And some dear drops embalm CONSTANTIA’S
 name?
 “ Your face—ah cruel fortune, can it be?—
 “ These eyes shall never, never, never see!
 “ For ever parted by the rolling main,
 “ I now must feel a lordly husband’s chain;
 “ From every friend, from every joy remove,
 “ And the rough yoke of rude barbarians prove:
 “ But so may Heaven the precious issue bless,
 “ And all find happiness through my distress!
 “ Woman was doom’d, ere yet the world began,
 “ The prey of sorrow, and the slave of man.”

She could no more; her voice by sobs sup-
 preßt,
 And tears pour’d forth in anguish, told the rest.

Wide

Women are borne to thralldom and penance,
 And to be under man’s governance.

28.

I trow at Troye when Pirrus brake the wall,
 Or Ilion brent, or Thebes the citee,

T 4

Ne

Wide through the croud the sad contagion flew;
 Each hoary beard is drench'd with mournful dew;
 In shortening throbs ten thousand bosoms rise,
 Grief showers its tempest from ten thousand eyes;

Along

Ne at Rome for the harm thurgh Hanniball,
 That Romans hath venqueshed times three,
 N'as herd swiche tendre weping for pitee,
 As in the chambre was for hire parting,
 But forth she mote, wheder she wepe or sing.

29.

O firte moving cruel firmament,
 With thy diurnal swegh that croudest ay,
 And hurtlest all from Est til Occident,
 That naturally wold hold another way;
 Thy crouding set the heven in swiche array
 At the beginning of this fierce viage,
 That cruel Mars hath slain this marriage.

30.

Infortunat ascendent tortuous,
 Of which the lord is helpeles fall, alas!
 Out of his angle into the derkeft hous.
 O Mars, o Atyzar, as in this cas;
 O feble Mone, unhappy ben thy pas,
 Thou knittest thee ther thou art not received,
 Ther thou were wel fro thennes art thou weived.

31.

Imprudent emperour of Rome, alas!
 Was ther no philosophre in al thy toun?
 Is no time bet than other in swiche cas?
 Of viage is ther non electioun,

Namely

Along the shore the deepening groans extend,
And louder shrieks the cloudy concave rend:
Not through old Rome when desolation reign'd,
And bleeding senators her forum stain'd;
Not in the wreck of that all dismal night,
When Ilium tumbled from her towery height;
Such uttering plaints the deep despair betray'd,
As now attend the dear departing Maid.

To the tall ship, with slow desponding tread,
All drown'd in grief the Beauteous Victim's led:
She turn'd, and with an aching wistful look,
A long farewell of every field she took;
"Adieu!" to all the melting croud she cried—
"Adieu! Adieu!" the melting croud replied,

Her

Namely to folk of high condition,
Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknowe?
Alas! we ben to lewed, or to flow.

32.

To ship is brought this woful faire maid
Solempnely, with every circumstance:
Now Jesu Crist be with you all, she said.
Ther n'is no more, but farewell fair Custance.
She peineth hire to make good countenance,
And forth I let hire sayle in this manere,
And turne I wol againe to my matere.

33. The

Her launching bark the mournful notes pursue,
And echoing hills return, " Adieu ! Adieu !"

Here let us leave the Virgin on the main,
With all her peerage, and her pompous train ;
To Syria let the swifter muse repair,
And say what cheer prepares her welcome there.

The Dame, from whom his birth the Prince
derived,
Imperial Dowager, had yet survived :
Ambitious, greedy of supreme controul,
And born with all the tyrant in her soul,
At filial government she long repined,
Nor yet the reins of secret rule resigned.
Her savage sentiments her sex belied,
And versed in wiles with deepest statesmen vied ;
Yet o'er her softning tongue, and soothing face,
The subtle varnish spread with easy grace :

The

33.

The mother of the Soudan, well of vices,
Espied hath hire sones pleine entente,
How he wol lete his olde sacrifices :
And right anon she for her conseil sente,
And they ben comen, to know what she mente,
And whan assembled was this folk in fere,
She set hire down, and sayd as ye shul here.

34. Lordes,

The Sage discern'd, but still confest her sway ;
 And whom their hearts detest, their fears obey.
 Tenacious zeal her Prophet's lore revered,
 The practice scorn'd, but to the text adhered ;
 And far as faith with fury could inflame,
 She was indeed a most religious dame.

When she her Son's determin'd bent perceived,
 Her breast with cruel agitation heaved ;
 Her call, each hoary, each experienced friend,
 In haste, and midnight privacy, attend ;
 When dire, amid the dusky throng she rose,
 And from her tongue contagious poison flows.

“ Ye peers, ye pillars of our falling state !
 “ Too faithful subjects of a Prince ingrate ;
 “ A Son,

34.

Lords, (she sayd) ye knowen everich on,
 How that my sone in point is for to lete
 The holy lawes of our Alkaron,
 Yeven by Goddes messager Mahomete :
 But on avow to grete God I hete,
 The lif shal rather out of my body sterte,
 Than Mahometes lawe out of myn herte.

35.

What shuld us tiden of this newe lawe
 But thralldom to our bodies and penance,
 And

" A Son, whom these detesting breasts have fed,
 " A serpent grown, to your destruction bred!
 " Say, shall a single hand such patriots awe?
 " Insult your Prophet, and supplant your Law?
 " First, Heaven! be all the bonds of nature broke,
 " E'er I assume the curs'd, the Christian yoke:
 " For, what import these innovating rites,
 " But here a living death of all delights?
 " Such threats as penitence can ne'er appease,
 " The body's penance, and the mind's disease?—
 " Yet, were I of some faithful hearts secure,
 " Not such the malady, but we can cure."

She spoke, and all with swift compliance swear,
 The glorious deed with all their powers to dare;
 Her charge though ne'er so bloody to fulfill,
 Though ne'er so dangerous to effect her will.

" Doubt

And afterward in helle to ben drawe,
 For we reneied Mahound our creance?
 But, lordes, wol ye maken assurance,
 As I shal say, assenting to my lore?
 And I shal make us sauf for evermore.

36.

They sworn, and assented every man
 To live with hire and die, and by hire stond:
 And everich on, in the best wise he can,
 To strengthen hire shal all his frendes fond.

And

- "Doubt not a birth," she cried, "so well
conceived,
"Great acts are more by fraud, than force at-
chieved;
"To gain the conquest we must seem to yield,
"And feign to fly that we may win the field.
"Let each in public wear a Christian face,
"And counterfeit the faintly signs of grace:
"What though our skin the sprinkling priest
baptize?
"Our skin's unsullied, while our hearts despise.
"Not such the tricks our bolder hands shall play,
"When revels end the unsuspecting day;
"Nor such the stream our purpling points shall
shed,
"When we shall, in our turn, baptize with red.

Ah

And she hath this emprise ytaken in hond,
Which ye shull heren that I shall devise,
And to hem all she spake right in this wise.

37.

We shul first feine us cristendom to take;
Cold water shal not greve us but a lite:
And I shal swiche a feste and revel make,
That, as I trow, I shal the Soudan quite.
For tho his wife be cristened never so white,
She shal have nede to wash away the rede,
Though she a font of water with hire lede,

38. O Sou-

Ah sex! still sweet, or bitter, to extreme;
 Gloomy as night, or bright as morning beam!
 No fiend's may with a female's wrath compare;
 No angel's purity, like woman's fair!
 To save or damn, for bliss or ruin given,
 Who has thee feels a hell, or finds a Heaven.

Smooth as the surface of the dimpled main,
 While brooding storms the gathering ruin rein,
 Her

38.

O Soudanneffe, rote of iniquitee,
 Virago thou Semyramee the second,
 O serpent under femininitee,
 Like to the serpent depe in helle ybound:
 O feined woman, all that may confound
 Vertue and innocence, thurgh thy malice
 Is bred in thee, as nest of every vice.

39.

O Sathan envious, fin thilke day
 That thou were chased from our heritage,
 Wel knowest thou to woman the olde way.
 Thou madest Eva bring us in servage,
 Thou wolt fordon this cristen mariage:
 Thin instrument so (wala wa the while!)
 Makest thou of women whan thou wolt begile.

40.

This Soudanneffe, whom I thus blame and warrie,
 Let prively hire conseil gon hir way:

What

Her son, with dire dissembling leer she seeks,
And in the depth of smiling malice speaks.

“ My child! tho’ froward age is over wise,
“ Let no offence against a parent rise;
“ Long habits gain a privilege from time,
“ And frequent custom mellow every crime:
“ Repugnant hence I dared to thwart your will;
“ I fear’d the novelty, I fear’d the ill:
“ But now, convinced by Christ’s superior grace,
“ His law I reverence, and his faith embrace.
“ Blest be thy bed! thy bridal transports blest!
“ Nor you refuse a mother’s fond request—
“ Mine be the joy to entertain the Fair;
“ To form the festival, be mine the care;
“ To

What shuld I in this tale longer tarie?
She rideth to the Soudan on a day,
And sayd him, that she wold reneie hire lay.
And cristendom of prestes hondes song,
Repenting hire she bethen was so long:

41.

Beseching him to don hire that honour,
That she might han the cristen folk to fest:
To plesen hem I wol do my labour.
The Soudan faith, I wol don at your heft,
And kneling, thanked hire of that request;
So glad he was, ne n’iste not what to say,
She kist hire sone, and home she goth hire way.

42. Arrived

" To show the peers who on thy bride attend,
 " As she in beauty, we in love transcend."

The Royal Youth in silent wonder stood;
 Joy held his voice, and rapture thrill'd his blood:
 Around her knees his prostrate arms he threw,
 And duteous tears distill'd the grateful dew
 Her son she rais'd, all innocent of ill,
 And smiling kist whom soon she meant to kill.

At length the Bride, and all her solemn train,
 Past o'er the danger of the Midland main:
 The Main is past, but not the danger o'er,
 The sea less cruel than the Syrian shore!
 Applauding

42.

Arrived ben these cristen folk to lond
 In Surrie, with a gret solempne route
 And hastily this Soudan sent his sondy
 First to his mother, and all the regne aboute,
 And sayd, his wif was comen out of doute,
 And praide hem for to riden again the quene,
 The honour of his regne to sustene.

43.

Gret was the presse, and riche was th'array
 Of Surriens and Romanes met in fere.
 The mother of the Soudan riche and gay
 Received hire with all so glad a chere,

Applauding crouds the landed Beauty greet,
 And Judah's peers in rich procession meet;
 Great was the throng, and splendid the array,
 And guards arranging lined the glittering way.
 Such were the triumphs of imperial Rome,
 When conquest led some darling victor home;
 While meeting millions his approach withstand,
 And walls, and trees, and clamber'd roofs, are
 mann'd.

All gem'd in ornaments of curious mode,
 Gay in the van, the false Sultana rode;
 Oft to her breast she clasp'd the Heavenly Maid,
 And wondring oft with cruel gaze survey'd.

Laft

As any mother might hire doughter dere:
 And to the nexte citee ther beside
 A softe pas solempnely they ride.

44.

Nought trow I, the triumph of Julius,
 Of which that Lucan maketh swiche a boft,
 Was realler, or more curious,
 Than was th'assemblee of this blisful host:
 But yet this scorpion, this wicked goft,
 The Soudanneffe, for all hire flattering
 Cast under this ful mortally to sting.

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U

45. The

Last came the Sultan, royal, hapless youth,
 Grace in his form, and in his bosom truth !
 The last he came, for timorous love controll'd,
 He fear'd, and long'd, and trembled to behold :
 A faint salute his faltering voice supplied ;
 Scarce, " Welcome ! O divinely fair !" he cried :
 He blush'd, and sigh'd, and gazed with wavering
 view,

Nor dared to hope the blissful vision true.

Thus onward to a neighbouring town they fared,
 In purposed pomp, and regal state prepared ;
 And here the old maternal fiend invites,
 To order'd feasts, and dearly bought delights.

Down

45.

The Soudan cometh himself sone after this
 So really, that wonder is to tell :
 And welcometh hire with all joye and blis.
 And thus in mirth and joye I let hem dwell.
 The fruit of this matere is that I tell.
 Whan time came, men thought it for the best
 That revel stint, and men go to hir rest.

46.

The time come is, this olde Soudanneffe
 Ordeined hath the fesse of which I tolde,
 And to the fesse cristen folk hem dresse
 In general, ya bothe yonge and olde.

Ther

Down sit the guests, triumphing clarions blow,
Drums beat, mirth sings, and brimming goblets
flow;

In boundless revel every care is drown'd,
And Clamour shouts, and Freedom laughs around.

Ah hapless state of every human mind,
Wrapt in the present, to the future blind!
In the gay vapour of a lucky hour,
Light Folly mounts, and looks with scorn on power:
Nor sees how swift the tides of fortune flow,
The swelling happiness, and ebbing woe;
That man, should ne'er indulge, or bliss, or care,
The Prosperous triumph, or the Wretch despair;
So close, so sudden, each reverse succeeds,
And Mischief treads where'er Success precedes.

Ther may men fest and realtee beholde,
And deintees mo than I can you devise,
But all to dere they bought it or they rise.

47.

O soden wo, that ever art successour
To worldly blis, spreint is with bitternesse
Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:
Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
Herken this conseil for thy fikernesse:
Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
The unware wo of harm, that cometh behinde.

U 2

And

And now the night, with brooding horrors still,
Gloom'd from the brow of each adjacent hill;
Slow heaved her bosom with distemper'd breath,
And o'er her forehead hung the weights of death.
Opprest with sleep, and drown'd in fummy wine,
The prostrate guards their Regal Charge resign;
But far within, still wakeful to delight,
The Prince and peers protract the festal night—
When from the portal, lo! a sudden gloom
Projects its horrors through the spacious room:
Fearful and dark the ruffian bands appear,
The dire Sultana storming in the rear.
The bloody task invading treason plies:
Quick, and at once alarm'd, the nobles rise;
But these, as faith or faction led, divide,
And traitors most with entering traitors side:
Boards, bowls, and seats o'erturn'd, the pavement
 strow;
Of blood with wine the mingling currents flow;
Vain is the fear that wings their feet for flight,
They fall who basely fly or bravely fight;
With screams and groans the echoing courts re-
 sound,
And gasping Romans bite the traitorous ground.

Say,

Say, ROYAL SYRIAN! in that hour of death,
Say, didst thou tamely then resign thy breath?
Surprize and shame, and love and boundless rage,
Flash from his eyes and in his breast engage.
Threatning aloft, his flaming steel he drew,
And swift to save his loved CONSTANTIA flew;
Before his bride a beauteous bulwark stands,
Now presses on, and backwards bears the bands:
Bold to his aid surviving Romans spring,
Some Syrians too could dare to join their king;
Invaded late, they in their turn invade,
And traitors are with mutual death repaid.
But what may courage, what may strength avail,
Where still o'erpowering multitudes assail;
Where number with increasing number grows,
And every sword must match a thousand foes?
As melting snows with gradual waste subside,
So sink the warriors from their Hero's side:
Thin'd are the remnants of his bleeding train,
And scarce, but scarce, the unequal strife sustain;
Their veins exhausted, and o'ertoil'd their might,
And struggling, but to fall the last, they fight.

The Monarch thus on every side distress'd,
And hope extinguish'd in his valiant breast,

Turn'd to his Queen, he sent the parting look,
And brief the eternal last adieu he took :

“ Since here,” he cried, “ our hapless loves must
end,

“ Where this arm fails, may mightier Heaven de-
fend !

“ This is my last, my only, fond desire:

“ Too blest am I, who in thy cause expire.”

So saying, with recruited powers he glows,
Exalted treads, and overlooks his foes :

Of more than mortal size the warrior seems,
And terror from his eye imperial streams.

The circling host his single voice defies ;

Amid the throng, with fury wing'd, he flies :

Deep bites his sword, in heaps on heaps they fall ;

Hands, arms, and heads, bespread the sanguin'd
hall ;

Untired with toil, resistless in his course,

Disdain gave fury, and despair gave force.

As here, and there, his conquering steps he bends,

Down his fair form the purpling stream descends ;

Exhausted nature would persuade to yield,

But courage, still tenacious, holds the field.

As when the lamp its wavering light essays,

The source consumed that fed the vital blaze,

Extinguish'd

Extinguish'd now its kindly flame appears,
And now aloft a livelier radiance rears ;
Subsides by fits, by fits again aspires,
And bright, but doubtful, burn its fainting fires ;
Till recollected to one force of light,
Sudden she flashes into endless night—
So the brave Youth the blaze of life renews,
Reels, stands, defends, attacks, and still subdues ;
Till every vein, and every channel drain'd,
One last effort his valiant arm sustain'd :
As lightning swift, he sped the latest blow,
And greatly fell, expiring on his foe.

As should an oak within some village stand,
Young, tall, and straight, the favourite of the land,
Beneath the dews of heaven sublime he grows,
Beneath his shade the wearied find repose ;
To deck his boughs each morn the maidens rise,
And youths around his form contest the prize :
Yet haply if a sudden storm descend,
Sway'd by the blast, his beauteous branches bend ;
But vigorous, to their towering height recoil,
Maintain the combat, and outbrave the toil ;
Till the red bolt with levell'd ruin shoots,
And cuts the pillar'd fabrick from the roots :

Swift falls the beauty o'er a length of ground;
The nymphs and swains incessant mourn around.
So did the Youth with living form excel,
So fair, so tall, and so lamented, fell!
Relenting traitors would revive the dead,
And weep the blood their ruthless weapons shed:
One tender pang the dire Sultana felt,
And nature, spite of hell, compels to melt.

While sudden thus each bloody arm suspends,
And round their Prince the satiate tumult bends;
Regardless of her fate, CONSTANTIA goes
Thro' pointed javelins, and a host of foes.
Amaze before the daring Virgin yields,
And Innocence from every weapon shields;
Till mourning by the great remains she stood,
And o'er her lover pour'd the copious flood:
" Ah, valiant arm! a waste of worth in vain!
" Ah, Royal Youth," she cried, " untimely slain!
" O! had I perish'd, e're I reach'd thy shore,
" The surge devour'd, or watery monsters tore;
" To bless the world your worth had yet survived,
" Nor I, too fatally beloved, arrived.
" 'Tis I, who have this dear effusion shed;
" For me, for me, a luckless bride, you bled!"

So

So saying—furious, the Sultana cries,

“ Strike; strike; the source of all our mischief
dies !”

“ Yes, strike !” the bright, the intrepid Maid
replies.

But vainly this consents, or that commands;

Heaven check’d their hearts, and pity bound their
hands :

At once a thousand javelins rise in air ;

A thousand wishes whisper,—“ Ah, forbear !”

Recoiling arms the bloody task refuse,

And beauty with resistless charm subdues.

Alone relentless, the Sultana cries,

“ ’Tis well, the death she wish’d, may still suffice :

“ Hence with that form, that knows so well to reign ;

“ Hence with the witch, and plunge her in the
main !

“ Her

48.

For shortly for to tellen at a word,

The Soudan and the cristen everich on

Ben all to-hewe, and stiked at the bord,

But it were only dame Custance alone.

This old Soudanneſſe, this curſed crone,

Hath with hire frendes don this curſed dede,

For ſhe hireſelf wold all the contree lede.

49. Ne

" Her passage thence to Rome she may explore,
 " And tell her welcome on the Syrian shore.
 So saying, quick to a selected band
 She gave to execute the dire command;
 Reluctant to the charge, they yet obey,
 And to the shore the Mourning Fair convey.
 Slow as she moved, soft sorrows bathe the ground;
 Her guards too melt, and pitying weep around;
 Tho' vers'd in blood, detest the stern commands,
 And feel their hearts rebellious to their hands.
 When now upon the appointed beach they stood,
 That look'd with horror o'er the deepening flood,
 Each eyed his fellow with relenting look,
 And each to each the cruel task forsook;
 With distant awe the Heavenly Maid survey,
 Nor once her harm in act or thought essay.
 The still suspense at length their leader broke,
 And bow'd before the Trembling Beauty, spoke:
 " O thou,

49.

Ne ther was Surrien non that was converted,
 That of the conseil of the Soudan wot,
 That he n'as all to-hewe, er he asterted:
 And Custance han they taken anon fote-hot,
 And in a ship all sterles (God wot)
 They han hire set, and bidden hire lerne sayle
 Out of Surrie againward to Itaille.

1

50. A cer-

" O thou, endow'd with more than mortal charms,
 " Who every foe of all his force disarms!
 " Say, how shall we our power or will employ;
 " Where both are weak, to spare thee, or destroy—
 " Both impotent alike our power and will,
 " The means to save thee, or the thoughts to kill?
 " Yet one extreme may cruelly remain,
 " To yield thee haply to the pitying main;
 " And Heaven, who form'd thee so divinely fair,
 " If Heav'n has power, will sure have will to
 spare."

He said; the rest assent, and to the bay
 With secret step the Virgin-Bride convey.
 Convenient here a Roman bark they find;
 They hoist the hasty canvas to the wind:
 The bark with Roman wealth and plenty stow'd,
 Now launching with the Lonely Sailor rode;
 The gale from shore with ready rapture blew,
 And to her vessel bore the last adieu.

Now,

50.

A certain trefor that she thither ladde,
 And soth to sayn, vitaille gret plentee,
 They han hire yeven, and clothes eke she hadde,
 And forth she sayleth in the salte see:

O my

Now, stain'd with blood, the self-convicted night
 Fleed from the face of all enquiring light ;
 And morn, unconscious of the murderous scene,
 O'er Syria, guilty Syria, rose serene.
 The mountains sink before CONSTANTIA's eyes ;
 Wing'd o'er the surge, her bounding galley flies ;
 From sight of land, and human face conveys,
 The skies alone above, and all around the seas.

“ Go, Lovely Mariner ! Imperial Fair !
 “ The warring winds and angry ocean dare ;
 “ Strange climes and spheres, a lone adventurer,
 view,
 “ New to the main, and to misfortune new ;
 “ Without the chart, or polar compass steer,
 “ Nor storms, in which the stoutest tremble, fear.
 “ But ill those limbs, for gentle office form'd,
 “ And in the down of nightly softness warm'd,
 “ Shall now, obsequious to the ruder gale,
 “ Command the frozen cord, and ponderous sail ;
 “ Shall now, beneath the watery sky obscure,
 “ The nightly damp and piercing blast endure.”

Thus

O my Custance, full of benigneity,
 O emperours yonge daughter dere,
 He that is lord of fortune be thy steere,

She

Thus all disconsolate, and fore distrest,
 And sorrow heaving in her beauteous breast,
 Down sinks the Fair; her hands in anguish rise,
 And up to Heaven she lifts her streaming eyes:
 "O THOU!" she said, "whence every being rose,
 "In whom they safe exist, and soft repose;
 "Fix'd in whose power, and patent to whose eye,
 "Immense, those copious worlds of wonders lie;
 "To me, the meanest of thy works descend;
 "To me, the last of every being, bend!
 "Since not exempt, in thy paternal care,
 "The lowest triumph, and minute'st share;
 "Thy subjects all, and all their sovereign know,
 "The seas that eddy, and the winds that blow;
 "The winds thy ruling inspiration tell;
 "The seas, exulting in thy presence, swell:
 "O'er these, o'er those, supreme, do THOU preside;
 "For I desire no other star to guide:

"In

51.

She blesteth hire, and with ful pitous vois
 Unto the crois of Crist thus sayde she.
 O clere, o weleful auter, holy crois,
 Red of the lambes blood ful of pitee,
 That wesh the world fro the old iniquitee,
 Me fro the fende, and fro his clawes kepe,
 That day that I shal drenchen in the depe.

52. Victorious

" In want, and weakness, be thy power display'd,
 " And THOU assist, where else no arm can aid.
 " But if, as surely every mortal must,
 " If now I hasten to my native dust,
 " From the dread hour, and this devouring deep,
 " The Spark of Deathless Animation keep;
 " Then may my Soul, as bright instinctive flame,
 " Aspiring then, thy Kindred Radiance claim;
 " Or to some humbler Heaven the trembler raise,
 " Tho' there the last, the first to sing thy praise:
 " Some lowly, vacant seat, ETERNAL, deign,
 " Nor be Creation, and Redemption vain!"

So pray'd the Maid, and Peace, a wonted guest,
 Sought the known mansion of her spotless breast;
 To every peril arm'd, and pain resigned,
 Cheer in her looks, and patience in her mind.

The wind fresh blowing from the Syrian shore,
 Swift thro' the floods her spooming vessel bore.

Long

52.

Victorious tree, protection of trewe,
 That only were ordeined for to bere
 The king of heven, with his woundes newe,
 The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere;
 Flemer of fendes, out of him and here
 On which thy limmes faithfully extenden,
 Me kepe, and yeve me might my lif to amenden.

53. Yeres

Long breathed the current of the eastern gale,
 And swell'd the expanse of each distended sail:
 And now the hills of Candia rise to view,
 As evening clouds and settled vapours blue;
 And now, still driven before the orient blast,
 Morea, and her lengthening capes are past:
 Now land again her wistful prospect flies,
 And gives the unvarying ocean to her eyes;
 Till Malta's rocks, emerging from the main,
 The circling war of earth and sea maintain.
 Alike unknown, each varying clime appear'd;
 The land and main alike the Virgin fear'd;
 While every coast her wandering eyes explore,
 Reminds her soul of Syria's hostile shore;
 And more than every monster seas can yield,
 From man, from man, she begs that Heaven would
 shield.

Full many a day, and many a night, forlorn,
 Thro' shelves, and rocks, and eddying tempest
 born,
 Thro'

53.

Yeres and dayes fleet this creature
 Thurghout the see of Grece, unto the straite
 Of Maroc, as it was hire aventure:
 On many a fory mele now may she baite,

After

Thro' drizzling sky, and nightly damp severe,
 No fire to warm, no social face to cheer;
 On many a meal of tainted viands fed,
 The chill blast whistling round her beauteous
 head;

The pensive Innocence attends her fate,
 Amidst surrounding deaths, and storms, sedate.

Ye silken sons of Affluence and Pride!
 Whose fortunes roll a soft superfluous tide,
 Who yet on visionary wants refine,
 And rack'd with false fantastic woes repine;
 And ye, whom Penury and sharp Distress,
 With bitter, but salubrious medicine, bless—
 Behold that sex, whose softness men despise;
 Behold a Maid, who might instruct the wise,
 Give patience precedent, fierce frenzy 'swage,
 And with philosophy new-form the sage!
 For her the tides of regal fullness flow'd;
 For her oppression heap'd the cumbrous load;
 In affluence humble, in misfortune great,
 She stands the worst alternatives of fate!

After hire deth ful often may she waite,
 Or that the wilde waves wol hire drive
 Unto the place ther as she shal arive.

At

At length, her galley wing'd before the blast,
Swift launching, thro' the straits of Ceuta past,
And winding now before the varying gale,
Tempestuous Auster rends her labouring sail:
Hispania's realm the obsequious vessel coasts;
Now Gallia's surge the Beauteous Burthen boasts;
Till last, Britannia's wave the Charge receives,
And from the Atlantic main, exalting, heaves;
The destined freight with pleased emotion bore,
And gently wafted to Northumbria's shore.

But haply now 'twere obvious to demand,
How borne from Solyma's far-distant land,
Thro' many a clime and strait that might restrain,
The gust of winter, and the whelming main,
Britannia's coast should fix the wandering Maid,
Thro' such a length of devious tracts convey'd?

“ Say

54.

Men mighten asken, why she was not slain?
Eke at the feste who might hire body save?
And I answer to that demand again,
Who saved Daniel in the horrible cave,
Ther every wight, save he, master or knave,
Was with the leon frette, or he asterte?
No wight but God, that he bare in his herte,

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X

55. God

- " Say first, when ships in dizzy whirlwinds
 wheel,
 " Who points the fervour of the amorous steel?
 " Wing'd by whose breath the bidden tempests
 blow?
 " Heaved in whose fulness mighty oceans flow?
 " Yet what are winds that blow, or seas that roll?
 " The globe stupendous, or the poising pole?
 " What the seven planets on their axis spun?
 " What the wide system of our centering sun?
 " A point, an atom, to the ambient space,
 " Where worlds on worlds in circling myriads race!
 " Yet

55.

God list to shew his wonderful miracle
 In hire, for we shuld seen his mighty werkes :
 Crist, which that is to every harm triacle,
 By certain menes oft, as knowen clerkes,
 Doth thing for certain ende, that ful derke is
 To mannes wit, that for our ignorance
 Ne can nat know his prudent purveiance.

56.

Now sith she was not at the feste yllawe,
 Who kepte hire fro the drenching in the see?
 Who kepte Jonas in the fishes mawe,
 Til he was spouted up at Ninivee?
 Wel may men know, it was no wight but he

That

" Yet these the inanimate volution keep,
 " And roll elliptic thro' the boundless deep;
 " While ONE HAND weighs the infinite suspense,
 " The insensate loads and measures the immense;
 " Within, without, thro' height and depth pre-
 sides;
 " With equal arm, the bark, or planet, guides.
 " By THEE uplifted, thro' the pathless skies,
 " With conscious plume, the birds of passage rise,
 " Thro' THEE their patent longitude is known,
 " The stated climate, and the varying zone.
 " THY WILL informs the universal plan,
 " The ways of Angels, and the ways of man;

" The
 That kept the peple Ebralke fro drenching,
 With drye feet thurghout the see passing.

57.

Who bade the foure spirits of tempest,
 That power han to anoyen lond and see,
 Both north and south, and also west and est,
 Anoyen neyther see, ne lond, ne tree?
 Sothly the commander of that was he
 That fro the tempest ay this woman kepte,
 As wel whan she awoke as whan she slepte,

58.

Wher might this woman mete and drinke have?
 Three yere and more, how lasteth hire vitaille?

X

Who

" The moral and material world connects,
 " Thro' each, SUPREME, both governs and inspects;
 " Conducts the blood thro' each arterial round,
 " Conducts each system thro' the vast profound:
 " ONE RULE, the joint, the boundless model
 forms,
 " And the small ant to love of order warms;
 " Alike, thro' high, and low, and great, and small,
 " Nor aught's mysterious, or mysterious all."

What time the wafting tide, and favouring blast,
 The Fair on Britain's fated region cast;
 Young ALLA then Northumbria's sons obey'd,
 Whose substituted scepter Offa sway'd:
 Illustrious Offa, who in worth excell'd
 Whate'er the rolls of Saxon heroes held!

Alone

Who fed the Egyptian Mary in the cave
 Or in desert? no wight but Crift *sans faille*.
 Five thousand folk it was as gret marvaille
 With loves five and fishes two to fede:
 God sent his foyson at hire grete nede.

59.

She driveth forth into our ocean
 Thurghout our wide see, til at the last
 Under an hold, that nempnen I ne can,
 Fer in Northumberlond, the wave hire cast,

And

Alone Rodolphus, to the chief allied,
 Excell'd in arms, but much excell'd in pride,
 High on the brow of a commanding steep,
 And full in prospect of the eastern deep,
 His feat, addrest for war, as for repose,
 And fix'd with elegance, brave Offa chose.
 And now the hero, at his wonted hour,
 Where trees o'er-arching form'd the Sylvan bower,
 With Hermigilda sought the evening air,
 His bride, the fairest of the Saxon fair —
 When from the main, and obvious to the view,
 The apparent wreck their fix'd attention drew;
 And quickly by innate compassion led,
 Attended, to the neighbouring shore they sped.

CONSTANTIA

And in the sand hire ship stik'd so fast,
 That thennes wolde it not in all a tide :
 The wille of Crist was that she shulde abide,

60.

The constable of the castle down is fare
 To seen this wrecke, and al the ship he sought,
 And fond this wery woman ful of care;
 He fond also the tresour that she brought :
 In hire langage mercy she besought,
 The lif out of hire body for to twinne,
 Hire to deliver of wo that she was inne,

X 3

61. A maner

CONSTANTIA here sole mariner they found,
 Admiring gaze, and silently surround:
 Her eyes to Heaven the Grateful Charmer rais'd,
 And with mute thanks of swift acceptance prais'd;
 Then turn'd, with suppliant mien her arms extends,
 And lowly at their feet for mercy bends,
 Tho' Pagans, yet with native virtues blest,
 The sentiment humane inform'd their breast:
 They her sad narrative of woes enquire,
 Prompt to redress, as courteous to desire.
 With moving eloquence the Maid began,
 And thro' a length of strange disasters ran:
 What truth required, with artless grace reveal'd;
 What prudence check'd, with graceful art conceal'd;
 Pathetic gave her sufferings to the view,
 But o'er her state a specious covering threw.

Sweet

61.

A maner Latin corrupt was hire speche,
 But algate therby was she understood.
 The constable, when him list no lenger seche,
 This woful woman brought he to the lond.
 She kneleth down, and thanketh Goddes sond;
 But what she was, she wolde no man seye.
 For foule ne faire, though that she shulde deye.

62. She

Sweet flow'd the accents of her gentle tongue;
 Attention on the mournful music hung :
 Each heart a sympathetic anguish felt—
 Who saw that face, and could refuse to melt?
 Great Offa's bride with answering woes distressed,
 With streaming eyes and clasping arms carest:
 Officious now to please, and prompt to aid,
 They to the palace lead the Peerless Maid;
 With feast, and song, and social aspect cheer,
 And, as of more than mortal mould, revere.

Here, pleased with privacy, and long content,
 Her days the Universal Charmer spent;

To

62.

She said, she was so mased in the see,
 That she forgate hire minde, by hire trouth.
 The constable hath of hire so gret pitee
 And eke his wif, that they wepen for routh :
 She was so diligent withouten slouth
 To serve and plesen everich in that place,
 That all hire love, that loken in hire face.

63.

The constable and dame Hermegild his wif
 Were payenes, and that contree every wher;
 But Hermegild loved Custance as hire lif;
 And Custance hath so long sojourned ther

To office apt, and each obliging art,
 She kindly stole the voluntary heart;
 Adored around, a mental empire gain'd,
 And still a Queen thro' every bosom reign'd.

What winning power on beauty's charm attends!
 The rude it softens, and the bigot bends.

What
 In orisons, with many a bitter tere,
 Til Jesu hath converted thurgh his grace,
 Dame Hermegild, constableffe of that place.

64.

In all that lond no cristen dorste route;
 All cristen folk ben fled fro that contree
 Thurgh payenes, that conquereden all aboute
 The plages of the North by lond and see.
 To Wales fled the cristianitee
 Of olde Bretons, dwelling in this ile;
 Thir was hir refuge for the mene while.

65.

But yet n'ere cristen Bretons so exiled,
 That ther n'ere som which in hir privitee
 Honoured Crist, and hethen folk begiled;
 And neigh the castle swiche ther dwelten three;
 That on of hem was blind, and might not see,
 But it were with thilke eyen of his minde,
 With which men mowen see when they ben blinde.

66. Bright

What precept from CONSTANTIA's lips can fail
 What truth so musical, and not prevail?
 Persuasive while she pleads, the priest might learn,
 The deaf find ears, and even the blind discern.

66.

Bright was the sonne, as in that sommers day,
 For which the constable and his wif also
 And Custance, han ytake the righte way
 Toward the see, a furlong way or two,
 To plaien, and to romen to and fro;
 And in her walk this blinde man they mette,
 Croked and olde, with eyen fast yshette.

67.

In the name of Crist (cried this blinde Breton)
 Dame Hermegild, yeve me my sight again.
 This lady wexe afraid of that foun,
 Left that hire husband, shortly for to sain,
 Wold hire for Jesu Cristes love have slain,
 Til Custance made hire bold, and bade hire werche
 The will of Crist, a doughter of holy cherche.

68.

The constable wexe abashed of that sight,
 And sayde; What amounteth all this fare?
 Custance answered: Sire, it is Cristes might,
 That helpeth folk out of the fendes snare;
 And so ferforth she gan our lay declare,
 That she the constable, er that it were eve,
 Converted, and on Crist made him beleve.

69. This

Soon thro' the house of generous Offa spread,
 Her pleasing tongue its sacred influence shed;
 And all the cordial profelytes of grace,
 The Christian Law, the LAW OF LOVE, embrace.
 But ah, sweet Maid, how short is thy repose!
 Nor hope that here thy scenes of suffering close;
 Heaven speeds the planet that o'er-ruled thy birth,
 And hastes to make one Angel, even on earth.

Rodolphus to the Saxon chief allied,
 Whose strength of limb with mightiest giants vied,
 Of feature crude, and insolent of soul,
 Whose heart nor knew, or mercy, or controul—

He

69.

This constable was not lord of the place
 Of which I speke, ther as he Cufstance fond,
 But kept it strongly many a winter space,
 Under Alla, king of Northumberland,
 That was ful wise, and worthy of his hond
 Againe the Scottes, as men may wel here;
 But tourne I wol againe to my metere,

70.

Sathan, that ever was waiteth to begile,
 Saw of Cufstance all hire perfectioun,
 And cast anon how he might quite hire wife,
 And made a yonge knight, that dwelt in that town,

He saw; and though to deeds of discord bred,
 He saw, and on the lovely vision fed:
 Swift through his veins the sulphurous poison run,
 But women seem'd all obvious to be won.
 Malicious fervour prompts him to enjoy;
 Dire is the love that's eager to destroy!
 Vows, prayers, and oaths, and menaces he tried,
 And prized alike the prostitute, and bride.
 But when repuls'd with merited disdain,
 He found all threats, as all intreaties vain,
 The flame that gloomy in his bosom burn'd,
 To deadly hate by swift transition turn'd;
 And nightly, in his dark designing soul,
 Dire future scenes and schemes infernal roll,

Mean-time, the sons of hostile Scotia arm,
 And fame through Albion gives the loud alarm.

Young

Love hire so hote of foule affection,
 That veraily him thought that he shuld spille,
 But he of hire might ones han his wille.

71.

He woeth hire, but it availeth nought,
 She wolde do no sinne by no wey:
 And for despit, he compassed his thought
 To maken hire on shameful deth to dey.

He

Young ALLA at the warlike call arose,
 And speeds with answering boldness to oppose;
 While OFFA, with glad heart, and honours due,
 To welcome his approaching sovereign flew.

And now Rodolphus, of whose baleful breast
 The fiends and every fury stood possess'd,
 On ills of cruellest conception bent,
 To perpetrate his deadly purpose meant.

All wrapt in clouds, from Heaven's nocturnal
 sleep

Mid darkness hung, and weigh'd the world to sleep;
 When OFFA's consort, and the Roman Maid,
 By unsuspecting innocence betray'd,
 Divinely pious, and divinely fair,
 Tired with long vigil and the nightly prayer,

Together

He waiteth when the constable is away,
 And prively upon a night he crept
 In Hermegildes chambre while she slept.

725

Wery, forwaked in hire orisons,
 Slepeth Custance, and Hermegilde also.
 This knight, thurgh Sathanas temptations,
 All softly is to the bed-ygo,

And

Together lock'd in calm oblivion lay;
 Not both to rise and greet returning day.
 Rodolphus, unperceived, invades the room,
 His bosom darker than the midnight gloom:
 Dire o'er the gentle pair the felon stands,
 A ponyard thirsting in his impious hands.
 As should some cottager, with hourly care,
 Two lambs, his sole delight and substance, rear,
 With fondness at his rural table fed,
 Beneath his eye, and in his bosom bred;
 Till fierce for blood, and watchful to devour,
 Some prowling wolf perceives the absent hour,
 His nightly tread through some fly postern bends,
 And the meek pair with savage fury rends—
 So sweet, so innocent, the Fair Ones lay;
 So stern, the human savage views his prey!
 His steel swift plunged through Hermigilda's breast,
 From the pure form, dismiss'd the purer guest;
 Without one sigh her gentle soul expires,
 And waked in bliss, the wondrous change admires,
 Beyond beyond what utterance e'er can name,
 Or vision of ecstatic fancy frame.

Not

And cut the throate of Hermegilde atwo,
 And layd the bloody knif by dame Custance,
 And went his way, ther God yeve him mischance.

Its wing tow'rds Heaven her waking soul extends,
 And in a rhapsody of praise ascends.
 But ah, not long those lively transports burn !
 Confused, alarm'd, her thoughts to earth return :
 All chill, and in the vital current drown'd,
 Pale at her side, her lovely friend she found ;
 A cloud of horror quick involved the Fair,
 And uttering shrieks exprest the loud despair.
 Waked to her griefs, the scared domestics rose :
 In rush'd the train, shrill echoing to her woes ;
 O'er the pale dame a mourning torrent shed,
 And with repeated cries invoke the dead.
 Rodolphus too, with well-dissembled fears,
 And face of busy feign'd concern, appears :
 From Heaven's high wrath, with swift perdition
 sped,
 He calls down vengeance on the guilty head ;
 Apparent zeal his earnest visage fires,
 And loud the murderer for himself enquires.

With

74.

To king Alla was told all this mischance,
 And eke the time, and wher, and in what wise,
 That in a ship was fonden this Custance,
 As here before ye han herd me devise :

The

With bloody marks of dire conjecture stain'd;
 CONSTANTIA, hapless virgin, stands arraign'd;
 The Fair with fears her guiltless cause essays;
 But ah! each specious circumstance betrays:
 Rude cords around her polish'd arms they strain;
 Strong pleads the Innocent, but pleads in vain.
 Far were thy friends, CONSTANTIA, lovely maid!
 Far distant all, that had the power to aid;
 From guilt, from death, from infamy to save,
 Or shed a tear upon a stranger's grave.

And now the tale, with deadly tidings fraught,
 To Offa's ear a speedy courier brought.
 Heart pierc'd with anguish stood the mourning
 chief;
 No plaints express'd the inutterable grief;
 No sighs exhale, no streaming sorrows flow,
 Fix'd and immoveable in speechless woe.
 Compassion touch'd the generous ALLA's breast,
 For his brave subject, for his friend distress;
 Each circumstance the Royal Youth enquires,
 And the dire act his just resentment fires.

The kinges herte of pitee gan agrise,
 Whan he saw so benigne a creature
 Falle in disese and in misaventure.

By

By specious proofs of false suggestion led,
He vows full vengeance on CONSTANTIA's head;
To doom the luckless Innocent he speeds,
And in his wrath the previous victim bleeds.

Fame flies before with voluntary wing;
A thousand distant shouts proclaim their King!
Pour'd from all parts, the populace unite,
And on his form insatiate feed their sight;
For ALLA, bright in each perfection, shone,
That graced the cottage, or enrich'd the throne:
The nerve Herculean braced his youthful arm,
His cheek imbibed the virgin's softest charm:
Mild was his soul, all spotless as his form;
His virtues not severe, but chaste and warm;
His manners sweet and sprightly, yet sincere;
His judgment calm and deep, yet quick and clear;
Graceful his speech, above the flowers of art;
Open his hand, more bounteous yet his heart;
As Mercy soft, kind, social, and humane,
Vice felt alone, that ALLA held the rein:
To all the pride of courts, and pomp of show,
The brightest ornament, yet greatest foe!

Within, without, thus rich in every grace,
 And all the Angel in his soul and face,
 Not form'd to feel Love's passion, but impart,
 No charms were yet found equal to his heart:
 For him each virgin sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,
 By him unpitied, since unknown the pain.

Detesting flattery, yet fond of fame,
 Thro' deadly fields he fought a deathless name;
 Still foremost there, he sprung with youthful heat,
 And War, not Love, gave ALLA's breast to beat;
 Each foe he conquer'd, and each friend retain'd,
 And scepter'd in his subjects bosoms reign'd.

And now arrived—severe in solemn state,
 Whence no appeal, the grand tribunal fate.
 Great ALLA, throned conspicuous to the view,
 Attention, love, and centering reverence drew.

In

75.

For as the lamb toward his deth is brought,
 So stant this innocent beforne the king:
 This false knight, that hath this treson wrought,
 Bereth hire in hond that she hath don this thing:
 But natheles ther was gret murmuring
 Among the peple, and sayn they cannot gesse
 That she had don so gret a wickednesse.

76. For

In form, the deadly process strait began;
 Wide thro' the croud, a doubtful murmur ran;
 Rodolphus chief the Friendless Prisoner charged,
 Enforced the pain, and on the guilt enlarged.

The Fair Unknown to her defence they cite:
 Guarded she comes, as pure, as angels bright;
 As tho' delight and grief at once combined,
 And fled to her, displeased with all mankind;
 Or as delight would grief, in grief, excell,
 Or grief could find delight with her to dwell.
 Pensive she moves, majestically slow,
 And with a pomp of beauty decks her woe:
 All murmurs, silenced by her presence, cease,
 And from her eye the yielding croud gives place;

Even

76.

For they han seen hire ever so vertuous,
 And loving Hermegild right as hire lif:
 Of this bare witnesse everich in that hous,
 Save he that Hermegild flow with his knif:
 This gentil king hath caught a gret motif
 Of this witnesse, and thought he wold enquire
 Deper in this cas, trouthe for to lere.

77.

Alas! Custance, thou hast no champion,
 Ne fighten canst thou not, so wata wa!

Y a

But

Even ALLA's looks his softening soul confest,
 And all resentment died within his breast.
 But ah! while shame with injured honour vies,
 While yet her tongue its faltering task denies,
 More than all phrase, or studied quaint address,
 Her down-cast eyes and speaking looks express.
 At length pathetic, with a starting tear,
 She thus to bow'd attention charm'd the ear.

“ Where may the wretched for protection bend?
 “ Or when, ah when, shall my misfortunes end?
 “ Sure, persecution in the grave will cease;
 “ And death bestow, what life denies me, peace.
 “ Driven from before the face of humankind,
 “ Earth, air, and sea, with cruel man combined;
 “ Each hour, each element, prepared a foe,
 “ And nature seem'd exhausted in my woe.
 “ At length, with every grace and virtue crown'd,
 “ One friend, one pitying faithful friend I found;
 “ With

But he that starf for our redemption,
 And bond Sathan, and yet lith ther he lay,
 So be thy stronge champion this day:
 For but if Crist on thee miracle kithe,
 Withouten gilt thou shalt be slaine as swithe.

78.

She set hire down on knees, and thus she sayde;
 Immortal God, that savedest Susanne

Fro

" With her, retired, to pass my days I chose,
 " And here presumed to taste a late repose;
 " But peace to me, alike all climes refuse,
 " And mischief to the farthest pole pursues;
 " 'Tis even a crime to be CONSTANTIA's friend,
 " Nor less than death to those who would defend,
 " Ah Hermigilda! could my forfeit life,
 " To the fond husband give the faithful wife;
 " From death recall thy chaste featured charms,
 " And yield thee to the generous Offa's arms;
 " Ah! gladly would I then resign my breath,
 " If life so dear could be revived by death.
 " But thus to die with foul suspicion stain'd,
 " For murder, murder of my friend arraign'd!—
 " Alas! unkill'd in every cruel art,
 " Had I the power to hurt, I want the heart:
 " No creature e'er CONSTANTIA's malice felt;
 " Ev'n suffering foes have taught my heart to melt,
 " My heart, for birds, for insects oft distress;
 " And Pity is its known, its only guest.

" O Youth!

Fro false blame, and thou merciful mayde,
 Mary I mene, doughter to seint Anne,
 Beforn whos child angels singen O'sanne,
 If I be giltelefs of this felonie,
 My socour be, or elles shal I die.

" O Youth! thy happy people's boasted theme,
 " O ALLA! sacred to the breath of fame,
 " To whom subjected realms their rights submit,
 " Who throned in judgment like an Angel sit;
 " Still more extensive be thy guardian care,
 " And let the Innocent, the Stranger share!"

Here rudely on her plea Rodolphus broke,
 And all inflamed, and interrupting, spoke:

" Lift not, O King, to that bewitching tongue!
 " So sweetly false the tempting Syrens sung;
 " Her words would give the knotted oak an ear,
 " And charm the moon from her enchanted sphere,
 " That by her hand our dear relation bled,
 " This sword shall witness on her guilty head,
 " Whatever champion, or bold odds oppose,
 " And, arm'd by justice, dare a thousand foes:
 " Then be her purity by combat tried;
 " And by the conquering arm let Heaven decide.

" Alas,

79.

Have ye not seen sometime a pale face
 (Among a prees) of him that hath ben lad
 Toward his deth, wher as he geteth no grace,
 And swiche a colour in his face hath had,
 Men mighten know him that was so bestad,
 Amonges all the faces in that route,
 So stant Custance, and loketh hire aboute.

80. O queenes

" Alas, O ALLA!" cried the trembling Maid,
 " My sex, not arms but Innocence must aid.
 " Helpless I stand, and distant every friend,
 " That has the power, or courage to defend.
 " If justice is ordain'd to crown the strong,
 " Then the weak arm is ever in the wrong;
 " The hawk may triumph in his lawless deeds,
 " While doom'd beneath his gripe the turtle
 bleeds.
 " Yet that I'm guiltless, even my charge admits,
 " And malice, meaning to arraign, acquits:
 " What tho' the sword lay treacherous at my side?
 " Sure, guilt could never want the craft to hide!
 " The spots of bloody circumstance explain,
 " That inward truth fears no exterior stain;
 " And last my capture with the slain implies,
 " That guilt, not Innocence, from vengeance flies.

"I fear

80.

O quenes living in prosperitee,
 Duchesses, and ye ladies everich on,
 Haveth som routhe on hire adversitee;
 An emperoures doughter stant alone;
 She hath no wight to whom to make hire mone;
 O blood real, that stondest in this drede,
 Fer ben thy frendes in thy grete nede.

Y 4

81. This

" I fear not death, but that surviving shame,
 " Which must to ages blast my spotless name—
 " Be that from taint of guilty censure freed,
 " And all that malice can inflict, decreed!"

Thus while she spake, with secret passion tost,
 And in a world of new found wonders lost,
 Scarce ALLA could his struggling heart controul:
 Fix'd were his eyes, but restless was his soul;
 His breast with various agitation burn'd;
 Now pale, now red, his varying aspect turn'd:
 Her accents dwell upon his listening ears;
 When now she ceased, delighted still he hears;
 Her form with changed with feverish look surveys,
 And could for ever hear, for ever gaze.

At length collected, as from bonds he broke,
 And with cold speech, and feign'd indifference,
 spoke;

" Thy

81.

This Alla king hath swiche compassioun,
 As gentil herte is fulfilled of pitee,
 That fro his eyen ran the water down.
 Now hastily do secche a book, quod he;

And

" Thy charge, bright Maid! my secret soul acquits;
 " But public law no private voice admits :
 " Kings fit not here, with arbitrary sense
 " To form new laws, or cavil, but dispense;
 " Though law is fallible, yet law should sway,
 " And kings, more fallible than law, obey.
 " Say, gallant warriors! who, unmatch'd in arms,
 " May yield uncensured to resistless charms;
 " Say, is there one, who, singularly brave,
 " At his own peril greatly dares to save;
 " From pain, from death, from slander, to defend,
 " And give the Stranger, and the Fair, a friend?"

The Hero said; but mute was every tongue,
 Blank every face, and every nerve unstrung;
 So much Rodolphus, never match'd in arms,
 Each weaker hand and conscious heart alarms;
 So was the giant famed for brutal power,
 Strode like an arch, and menaced like a tower!

Then ALLA—" Soon as Phosphor's dewy ray
 " Shall gild the shade, bright promiser of day,
 " Prepared

And if this knight wol fweren, how that she
 This woman flow, yet wol we us avise,
 Whom that we wol that shal ben our justice.

" Prepared and meted with the morning light,
 " Be the rail'd barrier, and the lifts of fight :
 " Then, e'er the sun, swift mounting up the sky,
 " Views the wide world with his meridian eye,
 " While issuing from the trumpet's brazen throat
 " Defiance loudly breathes its martial note,
 " If haply Heaven, not impotent to aid,
 " With interposing arm protect the Maid,
 " Some angel, or unlook'd for champion fend,
 " And with prevailing ministry defend ;
 " Freed be the Fair, and spotless be her fame—
 " E'er evening else, she feeds the hungry flame !"
 So spake the Prince, descending from his throne :
 Sad through the concourse went the lengthening
 groan ;

The

82.

A Breton book, written with Evangiles,
 Was fet, and on this book he swore anon
 She giltif was, and in the mene whiles
 An hond him smote upon the nekke bone,
 That down he fell at ones as a stone :
 And both his eyen brost out of his face
 In sight of every body in that place.

83.

A vois was herd, in general audience,
 That sayd ; Thou hast defclandred gilteles

The

The Maid, to death inevitably doom'd,
A guiltless victim every heart presumed;
To her they consecrate the pitying tear,
Nor e'er, till then, could think their Prince severe.

CONSTANTIA (when with firm tho' hopeless eye
She now perceived the fatal hour drew nigh)
In conscious innocence erects her head;
With doubt exiled, all care and terror fled;
Death stole from triumph to adorn her state,
And gave a smile beyond the reach of fate.
All night, in prayer and mental song, the Maid,
With Angels choir'd, her soul for Heaven array'd:
Light from her heart, as summer's careless robe,
Dropt each affection of this sin-worn globe;
O'er

The daughter of holy churche in high presence;
Thus hast thou don, and yet hold I my pees.
Of this mervaille agast was all the pees,
As mased folk they stonden everich on
For drede of wreche, save Custance alone.

84.

Gret was the drede and eke the repentance
Of hem that hadden wrong suspection
Upon this sely innocent Custance;
And for this miracle, in conclusion,
And by Custances mediation,
The king, and many another in that place,
Converted was, thanked be Cristes grace.

O'er honour, late so loved, o'er brutal foes,
 And every sense of mortal coil she rose;
 Till tow'rd the dawn she gently sunk to rest,
 With all Elysium open'd in her breast.

Gray morning now involved in rising dew,
 O'er the cap't hills her streaming mantle threw;
 While, far beyond, the horizontal sun
 With beam of intersected brightness shone;
 Gold paved o'er ocean stretch'd his glittering road,
 And to the shore the lengthening radiance glow'd.
 Full in his sight, and open to the main,
 Concurring squadrons throng'd Northumbria's
 plain:

To learn what fate attends the foreign Fair,
 Each sex and age in mingling routs repair,
 Whom, pour'd by millions to the list'd field,
 Dispeopled towns, and emptied hamlets yield.
 Within the lists, conspicuous to the sight,
 Rode the proud stature of the Saxon knight:
 His mien, with thirst of opposition fired,
 Appeared to menace what it most desired;
 Gave all to wish some champion for the Fair,
 Gave all to wish the fight, but none to dare.

His

His bold defiance o'er the measured ground,
The brazen blasts of winding clarions found;
While strong lung'd heralds challenge to the fight,
And seem, at once, to threaten, and invite.

And now, expectant of the murderous flame,
In sable pomp the Lovely Victim came:
On her, all looks, and centering hearts were fix'd,
Love, grief, and awe, with soft compassion mix'd;
To Heaven, the voice of wide affliction cries;
Earth drinks the tribute of ten thousand eyes—
Such sighs, as from the dying breast expire,
And tears, as meant to quench a world on fire.
To the tall pyre, in sad procession led,
The Tranquil Maid ascends her sylvan bed;
And fearless on the funeral summit placed,
Her seat of fearful preparation graced.
Hence, with wide gaze, she threw her eyes around,
Nor ALLA, cruel, lovely ALLA, found.

“ Ah,” soft she said, “ where’s this heroic youth,
“ So famed for clemency, so famed for truth;
“ So sage, so cautious in the casuist’s chair,
“ Too firm to deviate, and too just to spare;
“ To strangers cruel, tho’ to subjects kind;
“ In law discerning, yet to mercy blind ?

“ Why

“ Why comes not he to feast his savage eyes,
“ And view the pains he can so well devise?
“ Heaven framed thee, ALLA, with exterior art,
“ Soften’d thy form, but left a flinty heart;
“ Too perfect else had been the beauteous plan,
“ And ALLA had been something more than
man!”

Thus while she spoke, a distant murmur rose,
As when the wind thro’ rustling forest blows,
And gathering now still louder and more near,
To mute attention turn’d each listening ear.
Distinctly heard along the lifted ground,
To trumpets, now, shrill answering trumpets
sound;

A clamorous cheer from rank to rank extends,
And sudden shout the deafen’d welkin rends.
Straight, usher’d to the field with loud acclaim,
A knight unknown, and unattended came:
No trophied boast, no outward shine of arms,
Nor love device, with quaint attraction charms;
Unplumed the motion of his sable crest,
And black the guardian corselet on his breast;
Black was the steed that bore him to the field,
And black the terror of his ample shield.

As when, to flake Ierne's feverish plain,
And check the Dog-star's short but sultry reign,
A cloud, full-freighted with the coming storm,
Black brow'd o'er ocean lifts its cumberous form,
Dread, to the shore its gloomy progress bends,
And charged with Heaven's avenging bolt sus-
pends—

So to the field the gloomy champion show'd;
So charged with mercy, as with vengeance rode.

Where the Bright Victim blest the circling view,
Close to the pyre the fable warrior drew:

“Guilty,” aloud, “or innocent?” he cried—

“Ah guileless—so help Heaven!” the Maid re-
plied;

“So by this arm,” he said, “may Heaven for
thee decide!”

Surprised Rodolphus stood; abash'd the bold,
And like a torrent in mid course controll'd;
Abash'd to find, that any mortal wight
Could singly dare to match his matchless might.
But soon, of conscious force, and scorn, and pride,
With two-fold fury swelled the impetuous tide:

Resistless, dreadful, in his wrath he rose ;
For courage still with opposition grows.

Attending heralds straight divide the field,
And the dire interval for combat yield.
To either goal retired each threatful knight,
Fierce thro' restraint, and trembling for the fight,
On each by turns was every look intent,
Now here, now there, with swift emotion bent :
Perch'd on the summit of the Stranger's crest,
Here conquest seem'd to every eye confest ;
Not long confest, for from his rival, there,
Again the varying judgment learns despair ;
For every wish assumed the Stranger's part,
And quick expectance throbb'd in every heart.

Fix'd in his seat, each waits the dread career,
And in each rest firm sits the ponderous spear ;
Each conscious steed impatient beats the ground ;
Eager and wan was every face around.
The signal given, they vanish from the goals ;
Earth backward spurn'd from either courser rolls ;
Space gathers quick beneath their nimble feet,
And horse to horse, tremendous shock ! they
meet.

Nor

Not yet blind wrath, or head-long valour ruled ;
More forceful was their force, by judgment cool'd :
The deadly aim each hostile eye selects,
Each eye too marks where either arm directs ;
With art they ward, and with dread action wield,
Point with the lance, and parry with the shield.
Full at the bosom of his active foe,
Rodolphus levell'd the resistless blow ;
But from his oblique buckler glanced the spear,
Which else, nor targe, nor mortal arm could bear.
Not so his lance the Sable Champion sped,
Feign'd at the breast, then brandish'd at the head ;
Thro' his foe's shield the verging weapon prest,
And razed the plume that wanton'd on his crest.
Together, with impetuous onset push'd,
Thus horse to horse, and man to man, they rush'd ;
Then backward, driven by mutual shock, they
 bound :
Beneath the conflict shakes the suffering ground.

So wing'd, in war, or darkness, on the deep,
Two ships adverse the mediate ocean sweep :
With horrid brunt joins each encountering prow ;
Loud roars the rifled surge, and foams below ;

Sails, shrowds, and masts, all shiver in the toil,
And backward to their sterns the foundering keels
recoil.

But each well skill'd in every warlike meed,
New to the charge revives his sinking steed;
Swift from his side his steely terror drew,
And on his foe with answering fury flew.
The sway long time intemperate valour bore,
While artless rage unlearn'd the warrior's lore:
On their hack'd arms the restless peal descends,
Targe, plate, and mail, and riven corselet, rends;
Struck from their helms, the steely sparks aspire,
And from their swords forth streams the mingling
fire.

As in the glow of some Vulcanian shed,
Two brawny smiths heave high the ponderous sled,
Full front to front, a grizzly pair, they stand;
Between their arms extends the fiery brand;
Huge strokes from the tormented anvil bound;
Thick flames the air, and groans the labouring
ground—

So toil'd these heroes with commutual rage,
And such reciprocated combat wage.

Around

Around them, trembling Expectation waits ;
 With speechless horror every bosom beats ;
 For either seem'd resistless in the fight,
 But each too seem'd to match resistless might.
 Surprized at length the wary warriors own
 A rival to their arms till then unknown ;
 With mutual wile defensive now they fought,
 And mutual wounds a mutual caution taught :
 All dint of force, and stratagem, they try,
 Reach with their arms, and measure with their eye ;
 They feint, they ward, strike out, and now evade,
 Foin with the point, and parry with the blade ;
 Probe each defect, some purpos'd limb expose,
 Now grappling seize, and with dread union close ;
 Their waists with unenamour'd grasp they wind ;
 Their arms, like cramps, and forceful engines, bind ;
 Each strives to lift the other from his seat,
 Heaved thick, and short, their labouring bosoms
 beat ;
 Struggling they gripe, they pull, they bend, they
 strain,
 But firm and still unsway'd their seats retain ;
 Till loosed as by consent again they turn,
 And with reviving force and fury burn.

Thus future ages had this fight beheld,
Where both all might excelling, none excell'd,
Had not Rodolphus with impassion'd pride,
High heaved a blow that should at once decide,
His utmost powers collected in the stroke—
Like thunder o'er the yielding foe he broke :
The foe elusive of the dire intent,
His force in air the embarrass'd Pagan spent,
And by his bulk of cumbersome poise o'er sway'd,
Full on his helm received the adverse blade :
Prone fell the Giant o'er a length of ground ;
With ceaseless shouts the echoing heavens resound.

As from the brow of some impending steep,
The sportive diver views the briny deep,
From his high stand with headlong action flies,
And turns his heels retorted to the skies ;
Inverted so the bulky Chief o'erturns,
And heaven, with heel of quick elation, spurns.

Light from his steed the conquering Hero sprung,
And threatful o'er the prostrate monster hung :
He, with feign'd penitence, and humbled breath,
Fond to evade the fear'd, the impending death,

(The

(The infant weapon glittering at his breast)
The murderous scene and nightly guilt confest.

Mean-while, attended by the shouting crew,
The Fair, now freed, to greet her Champion flew ;
For not of mortal arm the Chief she thought,
But Heaven's own delegate with vengeance fraught.
When now, enchanting to the Warrior's fight,
The Maid drew near, the Maid as Angels bright,
His beaver from his lovely face he rais'd,
And all on ALLA, conquering ALLA, gazed :
Earth, sea, and air, with endless triumph ring,
And shouting thousands hail their Victor King.
Not so CONSTANTIA,—struck with strange surprize,
Her great deliverer in her judge she eyes ;
Conquest and love upon his regal brow,
A cruel judge, but kind deliverer now :
Soft shame, and trembling awe, her step repress,
And wondrous gratitude disturb'd her breast ;
Joys, fainting fears, quick thrill'd through every
vein,
And scarce her limbs their beauteous charge sustain.

How widely devious from the ways of man,
Is the great maze of Providential plan !

Vain man, short-sighted politician ! dreams,
That things shall move subservient to his schemes ;
But Heaven the fond projector undermines,
And makes the agent thwart his own designs ;
Against it self the instrument employs,
And with the means the end proposed destroys.
What shall prevent OMNISCIENCE to direct ?
And what, what can't OMNIPOTENCE effect ?
HE to the event subdues the opposing cause,
And light from darkness, wondrous influence,
draws ;
Defeat from conquest, infamy from fame ;
And oft to honour paves the path of shame.
Why then this toil, and coil, and anxious care ?
Why does man triumph, why does man despair ?
Why does he chuse by vicious steps to scale,
Where VIRTUE may, at least as well, prevail ?
Since not in him his proper fortune lies,
And Heaven alone ordains his fall or rise :
Man may propose, but only Heaven must speed ;
And tho' the will is free, the event's decreed.
Be then the scope of every act, and thought,
To will, and do, still simply as we ought ;
The less shall Disappointment's sting annoy,
And each success will bring a double joy :

To

To boundless POWER and PRESCIENCE leave the
rest;

But thou enjoy the province in thy breast!

Lo! in one hour, by fortune unforeseen,
The lowly Criminal becomes the Queen;
From shame to glory, anguish to repose,
From death to life, and bonds to freedom rose.
In love, as war, resistless, ALLA woo'd,
And whom he won by arms, by suit subdued:
CONSTANTIA with her secret wish complied,
For ALLA would not, could not be denied.

Nor

85.

This false knight was slain for his untrouthe
By judgement of Alla hastily;
And yet Custance had of his deth gret routhe;
And after this Jesus of his mercy
Made Alla wedden ful solempnely
This holy woman, that is so bright and shene,
And thus hath Crist ymade Custance a quene,

86.

But who was woful (if I shal not lie)
Of this wedding but Denegild and no mo,
The kinges mother, ful of tyrannie?
Hire thoughte hire curfed herte braft atwo;
She wolde not that hire sone had do so;
Hire thoughte a despit, that he shulde take
So strange a creature unto his make.

Z 4

87. Me

Nor list we here, with pomp of long array,
 To blazon forth that chaste connubial day;
 To tell what numbers numberless, what knights
 And glittering dames adorn'd the festal rites;
 What joys the banquet or the bowl could yield,
 Or what the trophies of the tilting field.
 Loud were the revels, boundless was the mirth,
 That hail'd the sweetest brightest pair on earth—
 Of men, the wisest, bravest, fairest, He;
 Of all that's beautiful most beauteous, She;
 Love, nature, harmony, the union claim'd,
 And each for each, and both for one were framed.
 But we of subsequent adventure treat,
 And hasten to unfold their future fate.

Some months young ALLA and his peerless bride,
 In cordial bond of dear accordant tied,

Had

87.

Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre
 Maken so long a tale, as of the corn.
 What shulde I tellen of the realtee
 Of this mariage, or which cours goth beforne,
 Who bloweth in a trompe or in an horn?
 The fruit of every tale is for to say;
 They ete and drinke, and dance, and sing, and play.

88.

They gon to bed, as it was skill and right,
 For though that wives ben ful holy thinges,

They

Had look'd and smiled the precious hours away,
 And fed on blifs that ne'er could know decay:
 He, whose charm'd ear on that enchanting tongue
 With thirst of fondest inclination hung,
 Won by a preacher with so fair a face,
 Becomes the zealous profelyte of Grace;
 And subjects too their heathenish rites forego,
 For still from courts, or vice, or virtues flow.
 But ah! too soon, from beauty's softer charms,
 War, rigorous war, and Scotia call to arms;
 CONSTANTIA must her blooming Hero yield,
 For Honour sends him to the embattell'd field.

Mean-while

They mosten take in patience a night
 Swiche maner necessaries, as ben plesinges
 To folk that han ywedded hem with ringes,
 And lay a lite hir holinesse aside
 As for the time, it may no bet betide.

89.

On hire he gat a knave childe anon,
 And to a bishop, and his constable eke
 He toke his wif to kepe, whan he is gon
 To Scotland ward, his fomen for to seke.
 Now faire Custance, that is so humble and meke,
 So long is gon with childe til that still
 She halt hire chambre, abiding Cristes will.

90. The

Mean-while, the pregnant fruit of chaste delight
 With a male infant crown'd the nuptial rite;
 All sweet and lovely as the smiling morn,
 MAURITIUS was to bless a nation born:
 Their pledge of future bliss, their princely boy,
 The Britons hail with universal joy;
 Their fancy frames him what their prayers require,
 Sweet as their Queen, and valiant as his Sire.
 Offa, to whom the King's departing care,
 Inestimable charge! consigned the Fair,
 Advice of loyal gratulation sent,
 To glad his Sovereign with the blest event.

* But Donnegilda, cruel, crafty dame,
 Great ALLA's mother, over-fond of fame,
 She, (as all antique parents, wondrous sage,
 For youth project the inappetence of age,

Each

90.

The time is come, a knave child she bere;
 Mauricius at the fontstone they him calle.
 This constable doth forth come a messenger,
 And wrote unto his king that cleped was Alle,
 How that this blisful tiding is befallé,
 And other tidings spedeful for to say.
 He hath the lettre, and forth he goth his way.

91. This

* See Stanza 86.

Each sense endearing and humane despise,
And on the Mammon feast their down-cast eyes)
Malevolent beheld a Stranger led,
Unknown, unfriended, to the Regal Bed :
For in the secret closet of her breast,
CONSTANTIA her imperial birth suppress,
Till Heaven should perfect the connubial band,
And with her Royal Offspring bless the land.
“ Ah ! ill-timed caution ! were this truth declared,
“ What a vast cost of future woe was spared !
“ But where Heaven’s will the unequal cause
supplies,
“ To set the world on fire a spark may well suffice.”

The subtle dame, who now the occasion spied
To tear **CONSTANTIA** from her **ALLA's** side,
Debauch'd

91.

This meflager, to don his auantage,
Unto the kinges mother rideth fwithē,
And falueth hire ful faire in his langage.
Madame, quod he, ye may be glad and blithe,
And thanken God an hundred thoufand fithē;
My lady quene hath child, withouten doute,
The ioye and bliffe of all this regne aboute.

92.

Lo here the lettre sealed of this thing,
That I must bere in all the hast I may :

Debauch'd the messenger, his mandate stole,
 And forged in Offa's name the crafty scroll;
 Wherein she framed a tale with wondrous art,
 "How the feign'd Fair by witchcraft won his
 heart,
 "Seduced his senses with infernal lore,
 "And a dread monster, hideous offspring! bore."
But

If ye wol ought unto your sone the king,
 I am your servant bothe night and day.
 Donegilde answerd, As now at this time nay;
 But here I wol all night thou take thy rest,
 To-morwe wol I say thee what me left.

93.

This messenger drank sadly ale and wine,
 And stolen were his lettres prively
 Out of his box, while he slept as a swine;
 And contrefeted was ful subtilly
 Another lettre, wrought ful sinfully,
 Unto the king directe of this matere
 Fro his constable, as ye shal after here.

94.

This lettre spake, the quene delivered was
 Of so horrible a fendliche creature,
 That in the castle non so hardy was
 That any while dorste therein endure:
 The mother was an elfe by aventure
 Ycome, by charmes or by forcerie,
 And everich man hateth hire compaignie.

But ALLA, of whose fond, whose faithful breast,
His Consort was the dear eternal guest,
Unmoved, return'd—" His blifs was too refined,
" Without the just allay that Heaven assigned;
" And what CONSTANTIA bore, or Heaven decreed,
" To be unwelcome, must be strange indeed!"

This letter too the courier, as before,
To Britain's Dowager unweeting bore;

And

95.

Wo was this king whan he this lettre had sein,
But to no wight he told his forwes fore,
But of his owen hand he wrote again;
Welcome the fonde of Crist for evermore
To me, that am now lerned in his lore:
Lord, welcome be thy lust and thy plesance,
My lust I put all in thyn ordinance.

96.

Kepeth this child, al be it foule or faire,
And eke my wif, unto min home coming:
Crist whan him list may senden me an heire,
More agreable than this to my liking.
This lettre he seled, prively weping,
Which to the messager was taken sone,
And forth he goth, ther is no more to done.

97.

O messager fulfilled of dronkenesse,
Strong is thy breth, thy limmes faltren ay,

And

And in the surfeit of oblivious wine
 Left her to perpetrate the black design,
 This too she cancell'd, forged the Regal Hand,
 And pitylefs inscribed " the dire command,

" With

And thou bewreiest alle secrenesse ;
 Thy mind is lorne, thou janglest as a jay ;
 Thy face is tourned in a new array ;
 Ther dronkenesse regneth in any route,
 Ther is no conseil hid withouten doute.

98.

O Donegild, I ne have non English digne
 Unto thy malice, and thy tirannie :
 And therefore to the fende I thee resigne,
 Let him enditen of thy traitorie.
 Fy mannish, fy ; o nay by God I lie ;
 Fy fendliche spirit, for I dare wel telle,
 Though thou here walke, thy spirit is in helle.

99.

This messager cometh fro the king again,
 And at the kinges modres court he light,
 And she was of this messager ful fayn,
 And plesed him in all that ever she might.
 He dranke, and wel his girdel undespight ;
 He slepeth, and he snoreth in his gise
 All night, until the sonne gan arise.

100.

Eft were his lettres stolen everich on,
 And contrefeted lettres in this wise.

The

“ With threats, that Offa, to the wonted sea,
 “ Should the false Queen and hated Imp convey;
 “ And there permit the now detested Dame
 “ To seek the shore from whence the sorceress
 came.”

When Offa had the barbarous mandate read,
 To Heaven his eyes and lifted hands he spread.

Like

The king commanded his constable anon
 Up peine of hanging and of high Jewife,
 That he ne shulde soffren in no wise
 Custance within his regne for to abide
 Three daies and a quarter of a tide;

101.

But in the same ship as he hire fond,
 Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere
 He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,
 And charge hire, that she never eft come there.
 O my Custance, wel may thy ghost have fere,
 And sleping in thy dreame ben in penance,
 Whan Donegild cast all this ordinance.

102.

This messager on morwe whan he awoke,
 Unto the castel halt the nexte way;
 And to the constable he the lettre toke;
 And whan that he this pitous lettre sey,
 Ful oft he sayd alas, and wala wa;
 Lord Crist, quod he, how may this world endure?
 So ful of sinne is many a creature.

103. O mighty

Like Niobe to marble turn'd, he stood ;
 Grief, fear, and horror, froze the generous blood !
 Again he stirr'd, as from some wistful dream ;
 Again he read—alas! he read the same.

But, tho' in terms of soothing phrase express'd,
 When now CONSTANTIA learn'd her Lord's behest,
 Keen anguish, piercing to the springs of life,
 At once arrests the Mother and the Wife :
 For not, to her alone confined, as late
 When bold she stood the weightiest stroke of fate,
 A thou-

103.

O mighty God, if that it be thy will,
 Sin thou art rightful judge, how may it be
 That thou wilt soffren innocence to spill,
 And wicked folk regne in prosperitee ?
 A good Custance, alas! so wo is me,
 That I mote be thy turmentour, or dey
 On shames deth, ther is non other wey.

104.

Wepen both yong and old in al that place,
 Whan that the king this cursed lettre sent :
 And Custance with a dedly pale face
 The fourthe day toward the ship she went :
 But natheles she taketh in good entent
 The will of Crist, and kneeling on the strond
 She fayde, Lord, ay welcome be thy sond.

105. He

A thousand cares of soft endearing kind,
Now share with Heaven the motions of her mind;
And with fond thoughts of sweet concern divide,
The melting Mother, and the clasping Bride:
And these alone her bursting bosom rend,
And o'er the couch her lifeless limbs extend.

Fame pour'd the mourning populace around:
In gushing anguish every eye is drown'd;
Compassion set her virtues full to view,
And with their Queen bade every joy adieu:
Swift from his throne they with their ALLA hurl'd,
And her crown'd empress of the peopled world:

But

105.

He that me kepte fro the false blame,
While I was in the lond amonges you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame
In the salt see, although I se not how:
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now,
In him trust I, and in his mother dere,
That is to me my sail and eke my stere.

106.

Hire litel child lay weping in hire arm,
And kneeling pitously to him she said;
Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm:
With that hire couverchief of hire hed she braid,
And over his litel eyen she it laid,

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And

But ah ! in vain their prayers and tears delay ;
 Strict was the charge, and Offa must obey.

With heavy heart and faint reluctant hand,
 He led the Mourner to the neighbouring strand :
 She to the heaving whiteness of her breast,
 With melting looks, her helpless Infant preſt ;
 And thus, while ſobs her piteous accent broke,
 Her little inattentive child beſpoke.

“ Weep

And in hire arme ſhe talkeſt it ſul faſt,
 And into the heven hire eyen up ſhe caſt.

107.

Mother, quod ſhe, and mayden bright Marie,
 Soth is, that thurgh womannes eggement
 Mankind was lorne, and damned ay to die,
 For which thy child was on a croiſ yrent :
 This bliſful eyen ſaw all his turment,
 Than is ther no compariſon betwene
 Thy wo, and any wo man may fuſtene.

108.

Thou ſaw thy child yſlain before thin eyen,
 And yet now liveth my litel child parſay :
 Now, lady bright, to whom all woful crien,
 Thou glory of womanhed, thou faire may,
 Thou haven of refute, bright ſterre of day,
 Rew on my child, that of thy gentilleſſe
 Reweſt on every rewful in diſtreſſe.

109. O liſe

- " Weep not, sweet Wretch! Tho' such thy father's will,
 " Yet hast thou one, one tender parent still:
 " Peace, peace! to thee thy Mother means no harm;
 " Nor let our lot thy little heart alarm:
 " O'er thee, till death, o'er thee my cares shall wake,
 " And love thee for thy cruel Father's sake."

Had every fire as on the banks of Nile,
 Lost his first-born throughout Britannia's isle;
 Or death with undistinguish'd carnage swept
 Wives, sons, and fires, by all the living wept;
 Such

109.

O litel child, alas! what is thy gilt,
 That never wroughtest sinne as yet parde?
 Why wol thin harde fader have thee spilt?
 O mercy, dere constable, (quod she)
 As let my litel child dwell here with thee:
 And if thou darst not saven him fro blame,
 So kisse him ones in his fadres name.

110.

Therwith she loketh backward to the lond,
 And saide; Farewel, housbond routheles!
 And up she rist, and walketh doun the strond
 Toward the ship, hire foloweth all the prees:
 And ever she praieth hire child to hold his pees,

A 2 2

And

Such haply were the woes that now deplore
 Their Queen attended to the echoing shore :
 They tear their locks, their rueful bosoms smite,
 And trace her bark with long pursuing fight.

Tedious it were, tho' wondrous strange to tell,
 What new adventures o'er the main befel;
 How fondly prattling, while her Infant smiled,
 She the long hours and wintry nights beguiled;
 Till seiz'd by pirates on the Atlantic wave,
 A prince of Gallia bought the Imperial Slave :
 How, in calm peace and friendship long retain'd,
 High trust and grace her winning sweetness gain'd;
 Till she to Rome, predestinate event !
 Associate with her lord and mistress went.

But

And taketh hire leve, and with an holy entent
 She blesteth hire, and into the ship she went.

III.

Vitailled was the ship, it is no drede,
 Habundantly for hire a ful long space :
 And other necessaries that shuld riede
 She had ynow, heried be Goddes grace :
 For wind and wether, almighty God purchase,
 And bring hire home, I can no better say,
 But in the see she driveth forth hire way.

112. Alla

But now to Britain let the Muse repair;
For there the valiant ALLA claims her care.
Triumphant soon from Scotia he return'd,
And to behold his loved CONSTANTIA burn'd:
This wings his feet along the toilsome way—
But thoughts are swifter, swifter far than they;
Hope, elevate, the distant journey metes,
And to his march his heart the measure beats.

But when o'er Tweed he led his conquering host,
And trod the verdure of Northumbria's coast,
While laurels round their trophied temples twined,
And banners wanton'd in the curling wind,
No wonted crowds their once-loved ALLA meet,
No prostrate knees, or hailing voices greet:
Blank was his passage o'er the penfive ground,
And silence cast a mournful gloom around;

Or

112.

Alla the king cometh home sone after this
Unto his castel, of the which I told,
And asketh wher his wif and his child is;
The constable gan about his herte cold,
And plainly all the matere he him told
As ye han herd, I can tell it no better,
And shewed the king his fele and his letter;

Or if his Prince some straggling peasant spied,
As from a basilisk he sunk aside.

What this might mean, revolved within his breast,
Conjecture dire, and whispering doubts suggest;
More dread than death, some hideous ill impart—
This the first fear e'er seized on ALLA's heart.
But worse, O worse than fancy yet could fear,
When now the killing truth arrests his ear!
Athwart his eyes, and mantling round his soul,
Thick clouds of grief and dreary darkness roll;
His sense, nor tears nor uttering groans could tell,
But froze and lock'd in speechless woe he fell.
At length by care, by cruel kindness, brought
To all the anguish of returning thought,
Swift from the sheath he drew the deadly guest,
And would have pierc'd this vulture in his breast;
Such

113.

And saide; Lord, as ye commanded me,
Up peine of deth, so have I don certain,
This messenger turmented was, til he
Moste beknowe, and tellen plat and plain,
Fro night to night in what place he had lain:
And thus by wit and subtil enquering
Imagined was by whom this harm gan spring.

114. The

Such was the sting of agonizing pain,
 His frenzy would the immortal soul have slain!
 But this prevented, round the attending crew,
 With baleful glance, his eager eyes he threw:
 "CONSTANTIA!" he requires with frantic tongue
 "CONSTANTIA!" still the restless accents sung:
 To her, as present, now his fondness speaks;
 As absent, into desperate action breaks.
 "O never, never more, my Queen!" he cries,
 "Shall that known form attract these dying eyes!"
 "Never?—O, 'tis the worst, the last despair—
 "Never is long, is wondrous long to bear!
 "Down, down, ye cloud-topt hills, your sum-
 mits stoop;
 "With me, in sign of endless mourning, droop!"
 "Snap

114.

The hand was knownen that the lettre wrote,
 And all the venime of this cursed dede;
 But in what wise, certainly I n'ot.
 The effect is this, that Alla out of drede
 His moder slew, that moun men plainly rede,
 For that she traitour was to hire ligeance:
 Thus endeth this old Donegild with meschance.

115.

The forwe that this Alla night and day
 Maketh for his wif and for his child also,

" Snap be the spear, bright armour ground to dust;
 " Repose thou corset in eternal rust;
 " Still'd be each tube, the trumpeter's warlike
 swell—
 " Empire, and fame, all, all, with Thee, farewell!
 " For Thee alone, thy conquering foldier arm'd,
 " The banner waved, and sprightly clangor
 charm'd :
 " But arms and loathed desire with Thee are dead;
 " And joy—no, never to return—is fled!"

Thus raved the youth, to wilful woes resigned;
 And offer'd aid was sickness to his mind.
 To frenzy by uxorious transports rais'd,
 His vengeance on his aged parent seiz'd;
 Who, doom'd to lose that too designing head,
 A victim to his loved CONSTANTIA bled.

But violence in nature cannot last:
 What region's known to bear eternal blast?

Time

Ther is no tonge that it tellen may.
 But now wol I agen to Custance go,
 That fleteth in the see in peine and wo
 Five yere and more, as liked Cristes sonde,
 Or that hire ship approached to the londe.

Time changes all, diffolves the melting rock,
And on fix'd water turns the chrystal lock.

Time o'er his anguish shed a silent balm,
A peace unsmiling, and a gloomy calm;
By ill untaught to mourn, by joy to glow,
And still insensible to bliss or woe.

To

116.

Under an hethen castel at the last,
(Of which the name in my text I not find)
Custance and eke hire child the see up cast,
Almighty God, that saved all mankind,
Have on Custance and on hire child som mind,
That fallen is in hethen hond estione
In point to spill, as I shal tell you sone,

117.

Doun fro the castel cometh ther many a wight
To gauren on this ship, and on Custance:
But shortly fro the castel on a night,
The lordes steward (God yeve him meschance)
A thief, that had reneyed our creance,
Came into the ship alone, and said, he wolde
Hire lemman be, whether she wolde or n'olde.

118.

Wo was this wretched woman tho begon,
Hire childe cried, and she cried pitously:
But blisful Mary halpe hire right anon,
For with hire strogling wel and mightily
The thief fell over bord al sodenly,
And in the see he drenched for vengeance,
And thus hath Crist unwemmed kept Custance.

119. O soule

119.

O foule lust of luxurie, lo thin ende,
 Nat only that thou faintest mannes mind,
 But veraily thou wolt his body shende.
 Th'ende of thy werk, or of thy lustes blind,
 Is complaining : how many may men find,
 That not for werk somtime, but for th'entent
 To don this sinne, ben other slain or shent.

120.

How may this weke woman han the strenght
 Hire to defend again this renegate ?
 O Goliath, unmesurable of length,
 How mighte David maken thee so mate ?
 So yonge, and of armure so desolate,
 How dorst he loke upon thy dredful face ?
 Wel may men seen it was but Goddes grace.

121.

Who yaf Judith corage or hardinesse
 To sleen him Holofernes in his tent,
 And to deliver out of wretchednesse
 The peple of God ? I say for this entent,
 That right as God spirit of vigour sent
 To hem, and sayed hem out of meschance,
 So sent he might and vigour to Custance.

122.

Forth goth hire ship thurghout the narwe mouth
 Of Jubaltare and Septe, driving alway,
 Somtime West, and somtime North and South,
 And somtime Est, ful many a very day :
 Til Cristes moder (blessed be she ay)
 Hath shapen thurgh hire endeles goodnesse
 To make an end of all hire hevinesse.

123. Now

123.

Now let us stint of Cufance but a throw,
And fpeke we of the Romane emperour,
That out of Surrie hath by lettres knowe
The slaughter of cristen folk, and difhonour
Don to his daughter by a falfe traitour,
I mene the curfed wicked Soudanneffe,
That at the feft let fleen both more and leffe.

124.

For which this emperour hath fent anon
His fenatour, with real ordinance,
And other lordes, God wote, many on,
On Surriens to taken high vengeance:
They brennen, fleen, and bring hem to mefchance
Ful many a day: but shortly this is th'ende,
Homward to Rome they shapen hem to wende.

125.

This fenatour repaireth with victorie
To Rome ward, faying ful really,
And met the fhip driving, as faith the storie,
In which Cufance fitteth ful pitoufly:
Nothing ne knew he what fhe was, ne why
She was in fwiche array, ne fhe wil fey
Of hire estat, though that fhe fhulde dey.

126.

He bringeth hire to Rome, and to his wif
He yaf hire, and hire yonge fone alfo:
And with the fenatour fhe lad hire lif.
Thus can our lady bringen out of wo
Woful Cufance, and many another mo;

And

To him, thus careles of the circling year,
 Five annual suns had roll'd their bright career:
 To Heaven alone, his earthly ardours turn'd;
 There, late to meet the dear CONSTANTIA, burn'd:
 Still that fond hope remain'd—his sole desire!
 And gave new wings to the celestial fire.

“ But yet—Hereafter!—What might there betide
 “ The blood-stain'd hand, by whom a parent
 died?

This,
 And longe time dwelled she in that place,
 In holy werkes ever, as was hire grace.

127.

The senatoures wif hire aunte was,
 But for all that she knew hire never the more:
 I wol no longer tarien in this cas,
 But to king Alla, which I spake of yore,
 That for his wif wepeth and fiketh fore,
 I wol returne, and let I wol Custance
 Under the senatoures governance.

128.

King Alla, which that had his moder slain,
 Upon a day fell in swiche repentance,
 That if I shortly tellen shal and plain,
 To Rome he cometh to receive his penance,
 And putte him in the popes ordinance,
 In high and low, and Jesu Crist besought,
 Foryeve his wicked werks that he had wrought.

129. The

This, this gave doubtful thought, unhinged his rest,
And shook the region of his contrite breast;
At length taught satiate vengeance to relent,
And shipped for Rome, the Royal Pilgrim sent.

O'er Tiber soon the far-fraught tidings sped,
(For far beyond the Warrior's fame had spread)
And Gallia's Hugo, to whose generous care,
Protecting Heaven consigned the wandering Fair,
With those whom virtuous approbation fired,
(As still the Brave are by the Brave admired)
To see to touch the gallant ALLA glowed,
And rank'd to meet the Regal Pilgrim rode.
With all due rite and answering grace humane,
The courteous Prince received the shining train:
But Hugo chief, with port of winning view,
The Hero's eye and prime affection drew;
And him, with note selected from the rest,
The Prince solicits for a frequent guest.

But

129.

The fame anon thurghout the town is born,
How Alla king shal come on pilgrimage,
By herbergeours that wenten him beforne,
For which the senatour, as was usage,
Rode him againe, and many of his lineage,
As wel to shewen his high magnificence,
As to don any king a reverence.

130. Gret

But ah! when now it reach'd CONSTANTIA's ear,
 That ALLA, lovely, barbarous man, was near,
 Her soul a thousand different thoughts assail;
 Expell'd by turns, by turns they all prevail:
 With melting joy and burning love she glows,
 With cooling grief and icy hate she froze;
 Dear to her heart, though horrid to her will,
 He was the loved the charming ALLA still.

Nor Hugo now, in pompous dress array'd,
 To wait Britannia's potent Lord delay'd.
 With him MAURITIUS frequent chat supplied,
 A little gay companion at his side—
 He beams a Ganymede, in whose sweet face

The

130.

Gret chere doth this noble senatour
 To king Alla, and he to him also;
 Everich of hem doth other gret honour;
 And so befell, that in a day or two
 This senatour is to king Alla go
 To fete, and shortly, if I shal not lie,
 Custances sone went in his compaignie.

131.

Som men wold fain at requeste of Custance
 This senatour hath lad this child to fete;
 I may not tellen every circumstance,
 Be as he may, ther was he at the leste:

The Sire and Mother lived with mingling grace :
 Here still they met, in beauty reconciled ;
 Here still, in soft delicious union, smiled ;
 So join'd, so blended, with Divinest art,
 As left it not in any power to part !

Upon the Pratler's aspect, with surprize,
 And charm'd attention, ALLA fix'd his eyes :
 Somewhat of wonted semblance there he spied,
 Dear to his sense, and to his heart allied ;
 Somewhat that touch'd beyond all mortal view,
 And inly with the link of nature drew.
 Disturb'd he rose, upon his secret soul,
 Unweeting thaw, and cordial earnings stole :
 Big with the soft distress, aside he stept,
 And much the Warrior wonder'd why he wept.

Composed,

But soth is this, that at his mothers heste
 Beforn Alla, during the metes space,
 The child stood, loking in the kinges face.

132.

This Alla king hath of this child gret wonder,
 And to the senatour he said anon,
 Whos is that faire child that stondeth yonder ?
 I n'ot, quod he, by God and by Seint John ;
 A moder he hath, but fader hath he non,
 That I of wote: but shortly in a found
 He told Alla how that this child was found.

133. But

Composed, he clasp'd the infant to his breast,
 And ask'd, what sire with such a son was blest?
 "That," Hugo cried, "his Dame alone must show;
 "Sire hath he none, or none of whom we know
 "But Mother, sure, he hath, that's such a mate
 "No man can boast, nor boastful tongue relate:
 "Though Fancy, to give semblance of her face,
 "From all her sex should cull each separate grace,
 "To speak her soul should rob from every saint;
 "Low yet were phrase, and all description faint!"

Thus, while his tongue with free encomium
 flowed,
 With strange emotion Alla's aspect glowed:

Full

133.

But God wot, quod this fenatour also,
 So vertuous a liver in all my lif
 Ne saw I never, as she, ne herd of mo
 Of worldly woman, maiden, widewe or wif:
 I dare wel sayn hire hadde lever a knif
 Thurghout hire brest, than ben a woman-wikke,
 Ther is no man coude bring hire to that prikke.

134.

Now was this child as like unto Custance
 As possible is a creature to be:

This

Full on his heart the dear idea rush'd;
His cheek with hope, and lively ardour flush'd;
When straight despondence sickening in his soul,
From its known seat the rosy tincture stole:

"Once, once," he cried (the labouring sigh suppressed)

"Such treasure once these widow'd arms possess!

"Nature is rich—yet gladly should I know,

"If the world's round can such another shew."

"Be that," replied the Gallic chief, "confest,

"Whene'er my house boasts ALLA for a guest."

They went. But when the long-dissolv'd pair,
Her ALLA here, and his CONSTANTIA there—

By

This Alla hath the face in remembrance
Of dame Custance, and thereon mused he;
If that the childes moder were aught she
That is his wif, and prively he sighte,
And sped him fro the table that he mighte:

135.

Parfay, thought he, fantome is in min hed,
I ought to deme of skilful jugement,
That in the salte see my wif is ded.
And afterward he made his argument;
What wot I, if that Crist have hider sent
My wif by see, as wel as he hire lent
To my contree, fro thennes that she went?

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B b

136. And

By doubts, loves, fears, and rushing joys dis-
may'd,

Unmoved, each face with mutual gaze survey'd—
Such was the scene, the impassion'd gesture such,
As phrase can't reach, nor liveliest pencil touch!

Three times the Fair One sought the shades of
death,

Three times revived by ALLA's balmy breath;

And thrice his guiltless plea he would essay,

And thrice she turn'd, CONSTANTIA turn'd away.

"Now, by this hand," Britannia's Hero cried,

"This hand, by whom a cruel parent died,

"Long

136.

And after noon home with the senatour

Goth Alla, for to see this wonder chance.

This senatour doth Alla gret honour,

And hastily he sent after Cuffance:

But trusteth wel, hire luste nor to dance.

Whan that the wiffe whenfore was that fonde,

Unnethe upon hire feet the mighte stonde.

137.

Whan Alla saw his wif, faire he hire grette,

And wept, that it was routhe for to see,

For at the firste look he on hire sette

He knew wel veraily that it was she:

And she for sorwe, as domb stant as a tree:

So was hire herte shette in hire distresse,

Whan she remembered his unkindenesse.

138. Twits

- " Long since for thee, for thee thou dear one,
bled,
" A victim sacred to that injured head—
" Of all thy wrongs thy ALLA is as clear,
" As here my son, thy other ALLA here!
" Ah! could you know the anguish, the distress—
" But who can know what words can ne'er ex-
press?—
" What racks, what deaths, thy torturing absence
cost;
" What restless toil this suffering bosom tost—
" 'Twas such a ruin, such a breach of care,
" As this and only this could e'er repair!"

So saying, swift resistless to his breast,
The yielding Fair repeated transport prest.

But

138.

Twice she swooneth in his own sight,
He wepeth and him excuseth pitoussly:
Now God, quod he, and all his halwes bright
So wisly on my soule as have mercy,
That of your harme as gilteles am I,
As is Maurice my sone, so like your face,
Elles the fend me fetche out of this place.

139.

Long was the sobbing and the bitter peine,
Or that hir woful hertes mighten ease,

B b 2

Gret

But when all doubt and cold suspicion clear'd,
 Her Lord still faithful as beloved appear'd;
 By her so oft, so cruelly accused,
 Still kind and true, and as her self abused;
 She in his bosom, all with joy o'erpower'd,
 Of sobs and tears the copious tempest shower'd—
 All eyes around the melting measure kept,
 And pleasure through contagious transport wept:
 For Heaven, alone, can emulate the sweet
 Of one hour's bliss, when two such lovers meet.

Still had CONSTANTIA, lock'd within her breast,
 The Royal Secret of her Birth suppress'd,

When

Gret was the pitee for to here hem pleine,
 Thurgh which pleintes gan hir wo encrese.
 I pray you all my labour to relese,
 I may not tell hir wo until to-morwe,
 I am so wery for to speke of forwe.

140.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist,
 That Alla gilteles was of hire wo,
 I trow an hundred times han they kist,
 And swiche a blisse is ther betwix hem two,
 That save the joye that lasteth evermo,
 Ther is non like, that any creature
 Hath seen or shal, while that the world may dure.

141.

Tho praid she hire hushond mekely
 In releef of hire longe pitous pine,
 That

When Rome's Imperial Monarch wide invites
To social cheer and festival delights:
For now triumphant from the Syrian coast,
Tho' long detain'd, return'd his vengeful host;
And to reward their toils and drown their cares,
The monarch on a solemn day prepares.
With festal robes adorn'd each warrior came;
In glittering vesture many a Roman dame:
And there, amid the peers, a peerless guest,
There ALLA came in regal splendors drest,
All India beaming at the Hero's side;

O'er

That he wold pray hire fader specially,
That of his magestee he wold encline
To vouchesauf som day with him to dine:
She praied him eke, he shulde by no way
Unto hire fader no word of hire say.

142.

Som men wold sayn, how that the child Maurice
Doth this message until this emperour;
But as I gesse, Alla was no so nice,
To him that is so soveraine of honour,
As he that is of cristen folk the flour,
Send any child, but it is bet to deme
He went himself, and so it may well seme.

143.

This emperour hath granted gentilly
To come to dinner, as he him besoughte:

B b 3

And

O'er beaming India shone his brighter Bride ;
 While the young joy of each applauding tongue,
 MAURITIUS on his smiling parents hung,
 As tho' a stripling Cherub should attend,
 Where two of prime Angelick Rank descend.
 Struck at the pleasing prospect all admire,
 But mute with wonder stood the Imperial Sire ;
 For haply, since our primal parents fell,
 Ne'er met a pair that could this pair excel.

He at his left Britannia's Monarch placed,
 And his right hand the unknown CONSTANTIA
 graced ;

When

And wel rede I, he loked basily
 Upon this child, and on his doughter thought.
 Alla goth to his inne, and as him ought
 Arraied for this feste in every wise,
 As ferforth as his conning may suffice.

144.

The morwe came, and Alla gan him dresse,
 And eke his wif, this emperour to mete:
 And forth they ride in joye and in gladnesse,
 And whan she saw hire fader in the firete,
 She light adoun and falleth him to fete.
 Fader, quod she, your yonge child Cufance
 Is now ful clene out of your remembrance.

When with a starting tear the Reverend Man,
 To ALLA turn'd, in placid speech began :
 " Young tho' thou art, with earliest vigour strung,
 " And the fond theme of Fame's applauding
 tongue,
 " 'Tis said thou hast the stings of fortune felt ;
 " And such can learn from others woes to melt.
 " I had a Daughter—once my only care!—
 " As virtuous as thy Consort, and as fair :
 " But her (sad cause of folly to repent)
 " To Syria with a numerous train I sent ;
 " And there the toil, the treacherous toil was spread,
 " And there CONSTANTIA, there, my child, you
 bled !
 " Around the Maid her brave attendants fell,
 " Nor one was left the fatal tale to tell :
 " Hence age through grief has doubly known
 decay,
 " And care untimely turn'd my locks to grey.
 " This day selected from the circling year,
 " To her I consecrate the annual tear ;
 " And these the chiefs, who, in her quarrel
 crown'd,
 " Have late in vengeance bathed the hostile ground,
 " But vain is vengeance where all hope is fled ;
 " Nor hosts of victims can revive the dead !

“ My child! thou’st robb’d my life of all delight—

“ But death shall soon our happier souls unite!”

Nor yet he ended,—when, with troubled mein,
Quick at his knees low bow’d Britannia’s Queen:

“ Not so, not so, my Father!” loud she cried—

“ See here thy Child, thy daughter at thy side!

“ Why look you thus with wild and piercing eye?

“ Your Daughter here, your Daughter you descry!

“ CONSTANTIA, who through many a death survives,

“ And yet to see her King and Sire, arrives.”

“ Yes, yes, you are my child,—these accents tell!”—

He could no more, but on her neck he fell.

Down her soft cheek his mingling tears o’erflow;

Joy, joy too great, assumed the form of woe!

The roof, surprize and echoing transport tore;

And eyes then wept, that never wept before.

Wing’d

145.

I am your daughter, your Custance, quod she,

That whilom ye han sent into Surrie:

It am I, fader, that in the salte see

Was put alone, and dampned for to die,

Now, goode fader, I you mercy crie,

Send

Wing'd as an arrow from some vigorous arm,
Through Rome's wide city flew the glad alarm—
“CONSTANTIA's here,—she lives!—she lives!”—
they cried;
“CONSTANTIA, now the British Hero's bride!”
Around the palace pour'd in wild delight,
On thousands gathering thousands straight unite:
With ceaseless clamours and extended hands,
CONSTANTIA's presence every voice demands;
CONSTANTIA, ALLA, and their Lovely Boy
They claim, the blooming pledge of future joy!
Forth straight they come conspicuous to the view,
And greet with graceful mien the applauding crew:
In shouts to Heaven their exultations fly,
And universal joy torments the sky.

Send me no more into non hethenesse,
But thanketh my lord here of his kindenesse.

146.

Who can the pitous joye tellen all
Betwix hem thre, sin they ben thus ymette?
But of my tale make an ende I shal,
The day goth fast, I wol no longer lette,
Thise glade folk to dinner ben ysette,
In joy and blisse at mete I let hem dwell,
A thousand fold wel more than I can tell,

147. This

147.

This child Maurice was fithen emperour
 Made by the pope, and lived cristenly,
 To Cristes chirche did he gret honour:
 But I let all his storie passen by,
 Of Cufance is my tale specially,
 In the olde Romane gesses men may find
 Maurices lif, I bere it not in mind.

148.

This king Alla, whan he his time fey,
 With his Cufance, his holy wif so swete,
 To Englonde ben they come the righte wey,
 Ther as they live in joye and in quiete.
 But litel while it lasteth I you hete,
 Joye of this world for time wold not abide,
 Fro day to night it changeth as the tide.

149.

Who lived ever in swiche delite o day,
 That him ne meved other conscience,
 Or ire, or talent, or som kin affray,
 Envie, or pride, or passion, or offence?
 I ne say but for this end this sentence,
 That litel while in joye or in plesance
 Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Cufance.

150.

For deth, that taketh of hie and low his rente,
 Whan passed was a yere, even as I gesse,
 Out of this world this king Alla he hente,
 For whom Cufance hath ful gret hevinesse,
 Now let us praien God his soule blesse:
 And dame Cufance finally to say,
 Toward the toun of Rome goth hire way.

151. To

151.

To Rome is come this holy creature,
And findeth ther hire frendes hole and found:
Now is she scaped all hire aventure:
And whan that she hire fader hath yfound,
Doun on hire knees falleth she to ground,
Weping for tenderneſſe in herte blithe
She herieth God an hundred thouſand ſithe.

152.

In vertue and in holy almeſſe dede
They liven alle, and never aſonder wende;
Till deth departeth hem, this liſ they lede:
And fareth now wel, my tale is at an ende.
Now Jeſu Criſt, that of his might may ſende
Joye after wo, governe us in hiſ grace,
And kepe us alle that ben in this place.

